

# MACLEAN'S

MAY  
1916



Starting -  
The Best Detective  
Story of the year

By  
Arthur E.  
McFarlane

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



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to-day—and to-morrow—

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All are within a few inches of the hand or foot when the driver is sitting in a perfectly natural position.

And everything works easily and smoothly.

Then there is that wonderful flow of abundant power.

No other car is anywhere near as powerful at anywhere near so low a price.

You must pay nearly \$200 more for any other car with so much power.

Small wonder, therefore, that this is two for one the favorite family car of its size or anywhere near it.

And now is the time to buy—delay may be costly.

We guarantee that the price of this model will never be less.

But \$965 for such a car is a remarkably low price.

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So we cannot guarantee that the price will remain so low.

Let the Overland dealer have your order now.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 18

**Willys-Overland, Limited, Toronto, Ont.**

# Canadian Ford Car Parts Reduced \$147 Per Car Since War Began

It is well known that the war has increased the price of practically all raw materials.

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But in spite of increased duty and increased cost, the prices of parts that go to make up a complete Ford car have been decreased \$147 since war began.

This reduction was made for two reasons. First, because under normal conditions, increased quantity production would have made these lessened prices possible. Second, under abnormal conditions brought about by the war, the executives of this company felt it their duty as loyal British subjects to absorb these taxes of war into their manufacturing costs.

This reduction in price of parts is of first importance as a reduction in the cost of service to Ford owners. Prices of Ford spare parts have always been exceptionally low as compared to prices of parts for other cars, and under war time conditions the Ford company might have withheld, with seeming justice, any reduction in the price of parts in times such as these.

But the Ford Canadian executives had enough confidence in the progress of the Dominion and of the Empire to feel that the future prosperity of the country was sufficiently assured to warrant making these reductions.

This is improving a service already unrivalled in its efficiency. Ford, the Universal Car, can as well be named the Car of Universal Service.

Thus the Ford Company has left dollars in the pockets of Ford owners which it might have acquired were it not for its policy of the best service at the lowest cost. Even the finest piece of mechanism, often through abuse or neglect, sometimes requires attention. The remarkable economy of this Ford service is known to motorists all over the world.

In every community of any size in the Dominion there is a Ford dealer who carries a complete stock of parts and whose establishment is in itself a well equipped service station. A Ford owner, no matter where he drives his

car, is never far distant from a Ford service station that is ready to give prompt and efficient service in any emergency that may arise.

Moreover, Ford parts, as is the Ford car itself, are standardized and will fit in place in any Ford car to the thousandth part of an inch.

And every Ford dealer, because of this standardization of parts over a number of years, has an expert knowledge of the construction and repair of the Ford car. There is absolutely no guesswork in this Universal Service to Ford Owners.

Backing up the service afforded by over five hundred Ford dealers are the nine Ford branches located in the nine leading Canadian cities from St. John to Vancouver.

In four of these Canadian cities new branch buildings have been constructed since the war began and are themselves as large as many automobile factories. They are so completely equipped as to be able to build a Ford car complete. The buildings alone for these four new branches were erected at a cost of over a million dollars.

This immense expenditure is another indication of the attitude of absolute confidence in Canadian prosperity that has always been shown by the Canadian Ford executives and that has not been altered in the slightest degree by any war conditions.

At the same time that reductions in the price of Ford car parts were made there was also a reduction in the price of complete car. Twice—on August 1st, 1914 and August 1st, 1915, the price of the Ford car was reduced by \$60—a total reduction of \$120 in the price of the car since the start of the war.

This reduction is made on an estimated production of a definite number of cars for the coming year. Forty thousand Canadian Ford cars must be built and sold by August 1st, 1916 in order to warrant this last reduction of \$60 in price.

And here is another most emphatic expression of confidence in Canada. The Ford Canadian executives are basing everything on the continued and increasing prosperity of the Dominion.

And their judgment is being fully justified.

# Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	- - -	\$480
Ford Touring	- - -	530
Ford Coupelet	- - -	730
Ford Sedan	- - -	890
Ford Town Car	- - -	780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario		



6-D

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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## Contents for May, 1916

### FEATURE SPECIALS

#### HUMOR AS I SEE IT

STEPHEN LEACOCK 11

The views of a great humorist on the art of making laughter, with some opinions on our Canadian humor—or lack of it.  
—Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys.

#### PUBLIC SPEAKING IN CANADA

FREDERIC ROBSON 14

An uncritical piece of family discussion—Our great and near-great orators.

#### IF UNCLE SAM GOES TO WAR?

AGNES C. LAUT 17

An article on the situation which has developed between the United States and Germany and what the effect would be on Canada if Uncle Sam went to war.

#### SPEAKING OF WOMEN

NELLIE L. McCLEUNG 25

A continuation of the subject introduced by Stephen Leacock's article "The Woman Question," treated from the feminine standpoint.  
—Cartoons by William Casey.

#### THE CANADIANS IN HOSPITAL

GEORGE EUSTACE PEARSON 31

An article on the experiences of wounded and sick soldiers from the time they leave the trenches to the period of convalescence.

#### AN OFFICIAL SUNSHINE MAKER

H. F. GADSBY 34

A sketch written in light vein of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, former member of the Laurier Government, and now a leader of the Opposition forces.  
—Drawings by Lou Skuce.

#### THE MOST COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA

78

### BUSINESS ARTICLES

#### THE PROBLEMS OF PROMOTION

WILLIAM BYRON 39

How the selection of men for promotion in big organizations is gone about and what men must do to get up the ladder of success in business.

#### BRINGING UP THE FOURTH LINE RESERVES

B. D. THORNLEY 41

An article on the steps taken by the Women's Emergency Corps to keep business going while the men are away at the war.

### THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

JOHN APPLETON 106

A review of business conditions in Canada leading up to the conclusion that there is a sound basis for prosperity in the Dominion.

### FICTION

#### BEHIND THE BOLTED DOOR?

ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE 7

A new serial story, telling of the mystery which arose out of the death of a beautiful society woman and something of the new science of psychoanalysis.  
—Illustrated by Henry Raleigh.

#### TIME AND CHANCE

A. C. ALLENSON 22

A tale of the Canadian north: How a young mining prospector won wealth and a wife.  
—With painting by J. W. Beatty.

#### THE FROST GIRL

ROBERT E. PINKERTON 27

Continuation of this strong serial story of a heroic effort to run a railway survey line through the Canadian north in the dead of winter.  
—Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

#### A LIFE-LONG HABIT

THOMAS BERTRAM 36

The story of the rivalry of two merchants and of what developed from it.  
—Illustrated by T. W. Mitchell.

### POETRY

#### MY MATE

ROBERT W. SERVICE 20

The first of a new series of poems on the war by Canada's great young poet.  
—Drawings by Arthur Lismer.

### FROM THE NATIONAL VIEWPOINT

44

A new department, containing statements on live Canadian topics by prominent men.

#### WINNING THE WAR BY PRODUCTION

C. C. JAMES

#### INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON EDUCATION

JAMES L. HUGHES

#### SOCIAL PROBLEMS BEFORE US

N. W. ROWELL

#### THE NEW PENALOGY

J. P. DOWNEY

#### SUPPORT THE PATRIOTIC FUND

SIR HERBERT AMES

#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS

47

# As We Go To Press

Sidelights on the Making of MacLean's—  
Canada's National Magazine

STATEMENT BY  
THE MANAGER

May, 1916

No. 16

**OFFICE OF PUBLICATION**  
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
TORONTO

We are proud of this Number of MacLean's, and we hope you will like it. It is out and out Canadian. The charming cover was designed in Canada, the plates from which it was printed were made in Canada. The ink was the product of a Canadian firm. The paper on which the cover and the whole of the magazine was printed was made in Canadian mills from Canadian pulpwood, and carried by Canadian railways and trucks to our office, 143-149 University Avenue, Toronto, where the raw materials were fashioned into the handsome magazine you have in your hand.



And the articles, stories and illustrations. Glance over the table of contents and see whether they keep step with the Canadian pace we have set in the mechanical department.



They do.



The first of a series of new war poems by Robert W. Service appears in this issue. Mr. Service, who has been called "The Canadian Kipling" because of the virile, swinging style of his verse, has been at the front since the outbreak of hostilities. He knows the life of the trenches and the thoughts the soldiers think. As the driver of a motor ambulance at the front, the poet of the Yukon has had little enough time for literary effort, but what he has done has all the strength that distinguishes his best Yukon verse. MacLean's Magazine has completed arrangements with Mr. Service for the rights of publication of his war poetry and it will be a regular feature in coming issues.

Arthur E. McFarlane, whose "Behind the Bolted Door" starts in this issue, paid a visit to the office of MacLean's a few days ago. Although he now makes New York his headquarters, he is very much a Canadian still at heart and takes a keen interest in the efforts that are being made by MacLean's to get the interest of Canadians aroused in Canadian reading. He is now engaged on some work which may appear later in MacLean's and the editors feel justified in promising that the appetite for McFarlane stories which "Behind the Bolted Door" will arouse, will be met by even more satisfying fare.



A new feature is presented our readers this month under the heading of "From the National Viewpoint," consisting of brief statements on live, national questions, each statement supplied and signed by the man best qualified to handle such a question authoritatively. It follows that the opinions expressed in the "National Viewpoint" will be the opinions in all cases of big men—men of national reputation. As a clearing house for authoritative utterances on all the big questions of the day affecting Canada, we commend this department to the careful attention of our readers.



The stream of new subscribers to MacLean's continues to flow in, and as last month, the quality is of the very highest. We are anxious that all readers, advertisers and prospective advertisers should know as far as possible just who MacLean's Magazine readers are. The total number of new subscribers during March was 2,503, and as you will see from the analysis given below of the very best classes.



In checking up the subscribers

received during March, we find them classified as follows:

Merchants .....	155	Brokers .....	12
Manufacturers ..	71	Bankers .....	6
Lawyers .....	23	Presidents .....	5
Doctors .....	22	Wholesalers .....	3
Managers .....	58	Postmasters .....	4
Teachers .....	406	Travellers .....	11
Contractors ..	13	Inspectors .....	6
Farmers .....	130	Superintendents ..	6
Principals .....	22	Lumbermen .....	8
Professors .....	15	Miscellaneous .....	108
Accountants .....	55	Occupations not	
Agents .....	25	learned .....	1,314
Treasurers .....	17		
Clergymen .....	5	Total .....	2,503

The buying power of MacLean's readers averages high. They represent very largely the business, professional and well-to-do classes of Canadians, people with comfortable incomes and who live well. The manufacturer, with products of merit conducive to comfort and good living will find MacLean's readers responsive to candid and informative advertising.



The opinions of our subscribers are perhaps the best test of the services we are rendering. Here are a few representative comments:



R. F. Killip, Vancouver, B.C., writes under date of March 20, 1916: Enclosed please find post office order. Your magazine is good, very instructive and entertaining, and my twin girls find it very helpful in their high-school studies. Wish you success with your magazine, I remain.

This from A. Y. McCordale, Barrister, High River, Alta., Feb. 28, 1916: I am enclosing herewith my cheque. We appreciate your paper in our home very much and are glad to know that it is gaining in circulation every month. I notice that in this town it is now found in quite a number of houses that did not have it a year ago.



**A PROMISE.** Our June issue from the present outlook is going to be just a little better than any number we have got out yet. Don't miss the opening chapters of Arthur Stringer's captivating serial "The Anatomy of Love."

## If you want plenty of POWER—economical power—this is the car!

Isn't another **SIX** on the market at any price that begins to equal it for **PERFORMANCE** power. By that, we mean power that is so exactly adapted to the car, to its weight, to what it has to do on the roads that it's **economical**, not wasteful.

And it's that nice balance of **POWER** and **ECONOMY** that has made this new Studebaker **SIX** famous as the **POWER** Six of 1916.

As a matter of fact, this new Studebaker motor is one of the most wonderful productions of the year from the efficiency side. Not a new and untried experiment—not a radical change—but simply a marvelous refinement of the Studebaker design that has been evolving for years. And it's a motor that is a pleasure to sit back of—with its flood of power flowing like liquid.

You know the quality that the name of Studebaker and the **GREAT** Studebaker plants at Walkerville insure. You will find that you can not equal this **SIX** in **POWER**, size and quality unless you pay hundreds of dollars more. And we urge you to see it, ride in it, have it demonstrated before you decide on any car. Know what this splendid car offers.



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**50 horse power  
7 passenger**

**\$1450**

#### **Four-Cylinder Models**

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7-passenger	\$1225
Roadster,	
3-passenger	1200
Landau-Roadster,	
3-passenger	1500

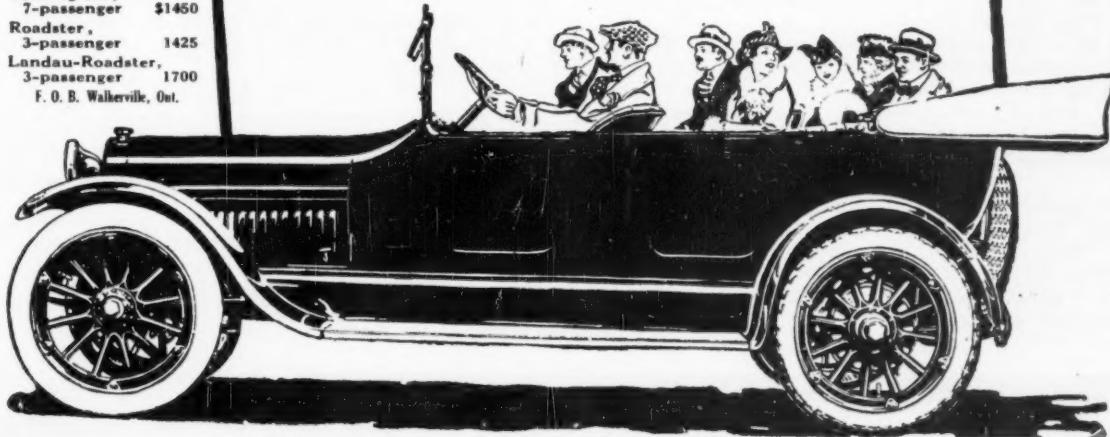
#### **Six-Cylinder Models**

Touring Car,	
7-passenger	\$1450
Roadster,	
3-passenger	1425
Landau-Roadster,	
3-passenger	1700

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

**Studebaker**

Walkerville, Ont.





Write today  
for this picture  
in colors! See  
offer below.

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*Send today for this beautiful picture—it will be a constant reminder that you, too, can have the charm of a radiant velvety skin.*

We want everyone who longs for the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch" to have a copy of this beautiful painting. Write to-day for yours.

Keep it where it will constantly remind you that the wonderful charm of this radiant, velvety complexion can be yours, too. Your skin is changing every day! As the old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. *This is your opportunity.* By using the following Woodbury treatment daily you can keep this new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater loveliness you have longed for.

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse in warm water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Use this treatment persistently, and before long your skin will take on that greater freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment.

**Write for the beautiful picture above**  
This new Alonzo Kimball painting of "A skin you love to touch" has been reproduced in eight colors, 15 x 19 inches. No advertising matter appears on it. Just send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin and we will mail the picture with a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. Write to-day! Address

**The Andrew Jergens  
Co., Limited**  
464 Sherbrooke St.,  
Perth, Ontario  
For sale by Canadian  
Druggists from coast to  
coast.



# MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

MAY, 1916

Number 7

## Behind the Bolted Door?

CHAPTER I.

PSYCHOANALYSIS, AND  
A RIDE UP-TOWN

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

WONDERFUL,  
Holmes, won-  
derful! Sherlock, you astonish me."

The Judge was a big man. He spoke and looked like Tom Reed, one time power in American politics. And he laughed like him.

Laneham grinned the tight-lipped grin of challenged battle, as he worked the car through the snow-pyramided street.

"Take Zancray's postulate, too," he said; "Zancray says that practically never does any friend of the victim tell everything. Either for his own good, or for the good name of the gentleman murdered, the helpful friend will always hold out something. Learn what those hold-outs are, Zancray shows, and five times out of six you will have the solution of your mystery." "All right! All right!" Again the Judge haw-hawed hugely: "Bring on old Doc Zancray, and we'll give him a job."

In their professions both were big men. Laneham, alert, trim, crisp, professionally Vandycked, possessed among neuropaths a name fast becoming international. The Judge, smooth, dewlapped, benign, was Judge Fulton Bishop, lately of the Appeals bench, at present of the notable firm of Bishop, Potter, and Bishop, and soon—with the morrow and the New Year—to be the new city Attorney. They were both big men. But being old friends, their manner to each other was almost exactly that of two sophomores "on the josh." They were on their way up to Laneham's winter bungalow in the suburbs to see the year out fitly, playing Kelley pool. And the Doctor had seized upon the occasion as a chance to explain once more why the "new medicine"—the "newest" medicine—psychoanalysis, must in the scientific future become the sole and logical medium for the detection of crime.

With determination, and in the face of Bishop's joyous scoffing, he resolutely continued, too.

"Did you ever stop to ask yourself," he inquired, "why people are sent to medicos of my particular sort at all?"

"Often. Often."

Laneham grinned anew.

"They're sent because, while not crazy in any ordinary sense—most of them are a good deal *too* keen—they have morbid psychoses: from certain troubles in their bodies their minds are kinked. And when we've had 'em under observation for a while, they begin to hang out signs which tell us all about it. Well, your criminal—at any rate at the moment of his crime—is simply a Johnny with a kink. For the competent psychoanalyst he leaves his signs behind him. And any of us worth his salt ought to be able to take those signs and reconstruct him."

"As to how?"

"Why, tell you police and lawyer bats, for example, how he'll most likely try to make his getaway, and whether he's going to come back again; how he'll try to cover up, and what sort of evidence he's going to destroy. That alone, now, with us, the sort of evidence destroyed—the evidence in the destruction of evidence—is one of the things that begin to differentiate morbid kinks at once."

"Huh!" said the Judge, "as a good criminal lawyer, destroying evidence is my strong suit."

"Take the detective-bureau examination," Laneham persevered. "In place of a bullying, elephant-footed third

degree, some time you may come to realize the possibilities of the 'confrontation'—the French are using it already—of auto-suggestion, of hypnosis, or even of a well-controlled trance and medium."

BISHOP raised his legal hands and waved as if for aid.

"Or go back again to the arrest. When the regulation, present-order detective makes it in general he knows from the prisoner's actions in the first half minute whether he is innocent or guilty. But could he offer a jury any valid reasons for his belief? I suppose I could offer you half a dozen, and every one of them cleanly and basically scientific."

"Laney,"—and the Judge gave in—"there's only one thing for it. The first dark, bloody mystery of crime that comes my way—that is, providing it's sufficiently dark and bloody—"

"Well and good!" Laneham smiled with a grim brightness. "And granted the leisure, I think I'd just about take you up."

"Gad, too," said Bishop, falling back into fat reflection. "We might easily find use for you, at that. For it looks as if we'd surely have to get rid of McGloyne."

"McGloyne?"

"Our chief of detectives."

"Oh, yes. . . . Crooked?"

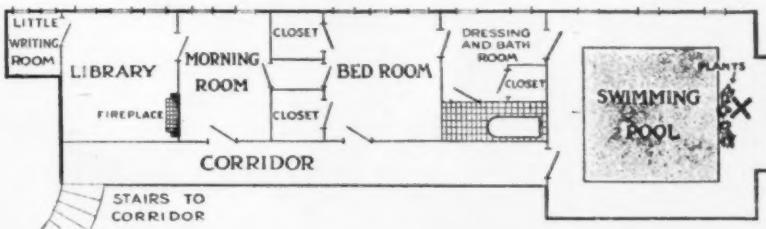
The Judge heaved his Tom Reedian dewlap from his collar points, and blew.

"Oh, no. Just more than humanly stupid. And he tries to get away with it by playing Hell-roaring Jake to the gallery."

"Naturally."

"But Boyce—the Police Commissioner, you know—is greasing the ways for him right now. And we won't mar the hour by dwelling any more upon him."

He looked up into



A plan of Mrs. Fisher's own rooms in the duplex apartment. Along the corridor shown here, Dr. Laneham and Judge Bishop rushed, only to have all three doors mysteriously locked by someone on the inside.

the high, blue pop-corn-clouded sky, and filled his lungs luxuriously with ozone that was still clean-washed from the morning's snow.

"It's some day, old man, some day!"

Laneham missed a five-ton truck by half an inch. And his face showed that it was a thing he liked to do.

"You say you've got to stop and see Mrs. Fisher," he said. "Why that?"

"Heaven knows. I didn't get her note till three. And when I 'phoned her apartment, no one seemed to be there to answer. But it'll only be some trifle; I've always had her private business. The Casa Grande is right on our way and I won't let her keep me for mor'n a jiff."

"It's all right. It's all right. And I'll have to run in to 390 to make sure I'm clear myself."

"If it hadn't been Miss Daphne Hope's afternoon off," said the Judge, again, still half apologizing, "I'd have had her go up and take care of her."

"Ah, Miss D. Hope!"

And thereupon and with obvious pleasure they began to talk of her.

"Has she enough law yet for suffrage purposes?" Laneham asked.

"Enough? She's running the whole office now. We just stick around to make things legal."

"And has she ever told you exactly why she left home?"

"Old man a malefactor of great wealth or something, isn't he?"

"He's merely the boss employer of child labour in those parts. And when the said D. Hope awakened to that, she gave him his ultimatum, disinherited herself between lunch and dinner, and came on here to live on a dollar a day at the Hudson Street Settlement. Spirit of the century, my son, spirit of the century!"

Then they found themselves stalled behind some five hundred other cars by the snow-cleaners' wagons and the new subway construction work. And for a time they could not even talk of Miss D. Hope.

**W**HAT they didn't know was that less than an hour before, the young woman herself had been seeing a young man as he boarded a car at one of the busy down town crossings. And if she herself was not going up to Mrs. Fisher's and the Casa Grande, the young man was.

He was thin and dark, with the long

under jaw of war and humor. And he wore a pair of large, round, black-rimmed glasses which, from his boys' club in that Hudson Street Settlement, had promptly won him the name of "Owly." His other name was Willings, Walter Willings.

As for Miss D., or Daphne Hope—it was as "D. Hope" that she always signed herself—she was, first of all, exceedingly good to look at; but all details of that sort can be left till later. She was, secondly, and obviously, of the new or muscular type of femininity. To be born to tennis and golf and motoring and surfing and mountain-climbing may, as is well known, damage you fearfully in some ways. But it likewise leaves you with a physique which cannot be seriously injured, even by a year of Hudson street. Thirdly, she was, at the present moment, very much in earnest. It was clear that Mr. Owly Willings had some more than ordinary mission with Mrs. Fisher. And with anxiety D. Hope was giving him her final counsel.

"And don't, above all things," she entreated, "feel that you're asking too much."



*On a low rattan couch in the alcove lay the body of Mrs. Fisher, clothed and girdled in her bathrobe. She had been dead, Laneham told them, for probably two hours.*

"No danger. I intend to be very firm and direct with her."

"Firm and direct!" And, knowing Mr. Willings, her tone immediately became that of suspicion.

"Precisely. Something like this: 'Madam, I kiss'—he began to throw it into melodrama, and a young patrolman on the corner turned and gasped—"Madam, we must have one hundred thousand dollars and at once!" 'What, one hundred thousand dollars! But, my Gawd, if I cannot?' 'If you cannot? Then, death-th-th—business of choking and death rattle—and your justly famous azur-r-re pear-r-rls!'"

"Mr. Willings!" She looked at him half like a baffled big sister, half with the expression of the woman who sees again in a man the thing that made her like him first. Then she noticed the young patrolman. And giggling a little, she could only drop her voice and whisper:

"It'd just serve you right if you suddenly got nervous aphasia, or whatever it is, and found yourself actually saying something like that up there."

"Oh, I'm nervous enough now, inside."

And at that she promptly became serious and intense again.

"Well, then, you needn't be. I know from the way she's spoken a dozen times that she's going to do it. All she'll ask is, Are we sure we're asking for enough?"

"And you're making me go alone to give me all the glory of it."

"I'm not. Believe me, I'm not."

But already he had stayed too long. And with smiling one more good-bye, he dashed for his car.

AND, very briefly, the meaning of the foregoing was this:

For more than a year that same very wealthy Mrs. Fisher on whom Judge Bishop was to call had been one of Hudson Street Settlement's most generous supporters. She had been brought to it by D. Hope. Under her guidance and that of Mr. Owly Willings, she had been learning what it really needed most, which was money. From the beginning she had been paying a regular quarterly subscription of \$500. And now, with these last weeks of the year, it was increasingly evident that she was going to do much more than that. Willings had spoken in his burlesque of \$100,000. But that was the actual amount, as Mrs. Hansi Fisher knew, that Hudson Street Settlement needed for a really adequate endowment. And, within the next hour, there was every probability that he would have her check for it.

MEANWHILE Dr. Henry Laneham and Judge Fulton Bishop had entered the triple traffic lines of the rippling, gonging avenue. And they, too, were still talking of Mrs. Fisher.

"But I hadn't any idea," said the Judge, "that she'd ever been one of your patients."

"And she never has. More than that, it's years since I've seen her. Changed a good deal lately, I believe?"

"Changed! No one more so. But it's merely your woman evolution in another

phase, and this time a woman who at last has found herself."

He wagged return salutations to some one in a taxi.

"A few years ago it was jewelry."

"Oh, yes, the pearls, and such like outbreaks. And she's incorrigibly romantic still. You never know where it'll take her next. But now, thanks largely to Miss Daphne Hope, she's spending the large amounts on 'the cause,' and factory improvements and tuberculosis homes and fresh air funds."

"Hasn't arrived at prison reform yet?" asked the Doctor mischievously.

"Prison reform? Son, that's right where she lives. Both her servants, as I understand it, are Prison Gate. She has only the two just now—the Casa Grande house service takes care of almost everything. But, English man, and Italian maid, I believe they've both done time."

"Good enough," said the Doctor. "Sounds like the real thing."

"It is. And, by the way, you'll have to come in with me, if it's only to meet Jimmy."

"Jimmy?"

"The man. A sort of general-utility butler, a little Cockney. He's not only undersized, but he wears a moustache, and he calls me 'Judge, your lordship.'"

"Ha!"

"Then, too, there's the new swimming pool. You'll have to see that."

"No," said Laneham, "I won't go in even to see the new swimming pool. My only call is here." They had swung across town, and stopped at the Doctor's city house.

He let himself out. "There's always the chance," he explained again, "of something having been sent on at the last moment from the office."

AND, evidently, something had been. The Judge could see that, even from the car. For Miss Hunt, Laneham's secretary, had come out to meet him with her call book.

And when he turned back, it was with an expression of the oddest. He waited, too, for the Judge to speak.

"Well, Laney?" asked Bishop, wonderingly. "Well?"

"Bish," said the Doctor, "it's a call, all right. But I'd give you one million guesses, and then feel safe."

"Not—not Mrs. Fisher?"

"No one else!"

"No?—And, Lord, it was a hurry, too, wasn't it?"

"Oh, that—you mustn't let that trouble you. They're all hurries, over the phone."

He jumped in again.

"Well, at any rate," said the Judge, still puffing, "you're going to see her now, after all. There were no particulars?"

"No. But Miss Hunt didn't get the call direct. It was sent up from my office."

He sent the car swiftly into the snowy Drive.

"What's Fisher himself doing now?" he asked abruptly. "He's quit practising, I understand."

"Long ago. And 'managing the estate' I believe he calls his present work. But Lord, with that patent-medicine face of his!"

"Seen much of him lately?"

"He's been down in our offices all day. And he's taking Potter back with him to dinner."

In the falling dusk they sped on up to the big fashionable block containing the towering Tudor-Gothic facades of the Casa Grande, and the Casa Reale, its annex.

## CHAPTER II.

OF DOORS THAT WERE LOCKED, OF A VOICE, OF KNOCKINGS, AND WHAT WAS FOUND BY THE SWIMMING POOL.

THE Fishers had seventeen rooms on the ninth floor, or more accurately, on the ninth and tenth; for their apartment was "duplex." And stepping from the softly clashing elevator, the Doctor followed Bishop down fifty yards of the padded, French-grey corridor which led to the right.

They stopped at the Fisher door and rang. And they heard some one pass the door on the inside. Yet minute followed minute, and their ring remained unanswered.

It was Laneham who pressed the button a second time.

"Considering that after all," he said, "it was a hurry call."

Again, on the inside, some one seemed to approach, and again to turn back or to go on again.

"Really?" This time Bishop rang again. And this time, too, the door was opened.

It was opened by the admired "Jimmy," a pale, nervous-looking little Britisher. And even in the half darkness of that inner hall the reason for his delay seemed plain enough. He had been changing into his street clothes; and, at the last moment, he had apparently been trying to choke himself into his tie. It was still awry. And he was still swallowing whitely and spasmodically.

"I beg y' pardon, Judge your lordship," he gasped. "But I thought as the maid—It's rightly 'er afternoon on the door—"

"All right, Jimmy, all right. So long as we've scared you a-plenty. And how's the good lady?"

"I'll see, sir. If you'll just go in, I'll see." And taking their cards, he went hastily on up to the mezzanine, or floor above.

"I should say there's nothing very much to be anxious about," the Doctor said. And they turned to the windows.

THEY heard themselves announced. Jimmy came down the stairs again—as they thought, to switch on the lights. For the dusk was deeper now. Outside another snow squall, black as a thunder cloud, was blowing up. And the big, beamed, Jacobean living-room was fast becoming like night itself. But the man went on past their door, and back to the service rooms beyond.

"After candles, no doubt," Bishop explained. "Mrs. Fisher's always had a pretty taste in things like that."

And they waited again.

But two, three, five minutes passed, and no candles came. Nor did Jimmy return. Nor did any maid come down to bring a message from Mrs. Fisher. In a darkness every moment growing deeper, they still waited.

"Well, Jove," said Laneham, "if this is a sample of your prison-gate service—"

The Judge took it a bit sheepishly. "I suppose I can find the switch myself," he said.

But he could not. And finally the Doctor rose again, and walked with a certain sharpness back to the windows.

"It would seem, too, from the silence," he said, "that every one has gone to sleep."

And then his voice changed wholly. "Well, by the Lord! Bishy, will you look here?"

**H**E was pointing out of the window and downward. On the other side of the street a man, carrying an overcoat and suit case, was half running towards the boulevard. And even at that distance and through the snow, the figure was unmistakable. It was that of their little Cockney butler!

There is this in the sinister: It speaks at once. But for a moment the Judge tried weakly and instinctively to evade the truth.

"Well," he said, "he told us it was his day off."

Laneham looked at him. "With or without the silver?"

"Nonsense, man, nonsense. But I'll go up myself and try to locate the lady."

First, though, he again attempted, and Laneham with him, to locate the switches. But the Fisher wiring was concealed wiring, and it still kept its secret.

"Bother it!" And, half groping, the Judge mounted the stairs in the darkness.

"Mrs. Fisher!" he called. "Mrs. Fisher!"

There was no answer. And, continuing to grope, he laid his hand upon the nearest door.

Even as he touched it, from the inside it was quietly and smoothly locked.

That was all. There was no more than that. But despite himself Bishop let his hand drop, and he felt himself grow suddenly cold.

"Mrs. Fisher!" he called again. "Mrs. Fisher! It's I—Judge Bishop."

Again, in a silence now death-like, he went unanswered.

But, a few steps further on, he could make out a second door.

He stumbled on to it, reached it, lifted his hand—and then its lock clicked fast.

"Doctor!" He could not now control his voice. "Doctor! Will you come up here? Or no, first find a 'phone, and get the house!"

"I'm just doing it." Laneham was somewhere below. "Meanwhile," he called up, "I've been doing some exploring myself in the servants' hall, and I can tell you that both your English Jimmy and your Italian maid have cleared out bag and baggage!"

**B**UT the Judge scarcely heard him. In the creeping darkness at the end of that little upper hall, his eyes had made out still a third door. And, his skin rising in goose flesh, he had stretched his hand to it.

He stretched his hand to it. And, a third time, there came that same soft and horrid click. The third and last door was locked!

"Mrs. Fisher!" Then in a sheer nervous reaction he threw himself violently against it. "Mrs. Fisher! We're right here," he cried. "We're right here, and we'll be inside in a moment!"

He was no longer muscular, but he was a big and heavy man. And he put all his heaving weight behind his drive. But the door was of solid, bronze-set oak. And his first attempt told him that in that way he could do nothing.

By then, too, somewhere below, Laneham had found a telephone, and could be heard speaking at it.

"Yes . . . Yes . . . The Fisher apartment . . . On the ninth, I tell

you. . . . Are you deaf or foolish? And get an officer—a policeman!"

Meanwhile, again, and yet again, cold sweat beading him, the Judge hurled himself against that furthest door. "Whoever you are," he shouted, "I warn you now that at least you can't get out! Doctor," he called panting over his shoulder, "will you watch the stairs? It's his only way. Lord, if we only had a *little* light!"

But help was coming now. At the end of the long outside corridor, elevators were stopping. And to the Doctor's voice there were adding themselves half a dozen more.

Yet among them there rose the voice of a woman, and a woman half hysterical.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she iterated. "And how I could ever be such a fool! But I told myself it might be just some sort of argument, as you might say, with a servant, and you know how it is if you go shoving into a thing like that!"

"Laneham!—Laneham!"—It came from the Judge in a falsetto—"Will you come up here—at once?"

**A**ND then at last the Doctor seemed to get himself away.

"It's all right, old man," he answered. "We'll be with you now, in a shake. Some of you boys find the light switches. Two of you—you two—stay down here at the foot of the stairs. And the rest of you—"

"Boss," a hall-man was speaking, "we can't find the switches! Mrs. Fisher, suh, the way she had these here lights connected—"

And then the hysterical woman began again:

"I couldn't hear what *she* was saying. But the other person, whoever it was—and I never heard any voice like that before—just kept saying, 'See! See! See! to raise your hair, and after that, 'No, no, no!' so fast like they was dying of it!"

"Doctor," cried Bishop again, "for God's sake! Never mind the lights. Never mind anything else. But get those boys up here and help me force a door!"

"We're comin', boss, we'll be right there!"

And soon, tripping and jostling, half a dozen West Indian hall-men and elevator boys were putting themselves against all the doors at once.

They moved them no more than had the Judge himself.

"I guess, boss," one of them gasped, "we sure got to have some *tools* for it. It's a job for the Sup'intendent or the Engineer."

"Get them, then, get *them*!"

And, in his turn, the Doctor began to call.

"Mrs. Fisher! Mrs. Fisher!"

But no longer now did they hope to be answered.

**O**UTSIDE, another elevator was stopping. And this time a new voice made itself heard, panting and troubled.

"Why, only an hour ago. . . . And I've just found that an envelope—some money she'd left for me—for our Settlement—has been tampered with. But I'd

*Continued on page 113*

"Doctor!" cried Bishop, again. "Never mind the lights. Get those boys up here and help me force a door!"





Primitive humor. The dawn of the joke.

# Humor As I See It

UNTIL two weeks ago, I might

have taken my pen in hand to write about humor with the confident air of an acknowledged professional.

But that time is past.

Such claim as I had has been taken from me. In fact, I stand unmasked. An English reviewer writing in a literary journal, the very name of which is enough to put contradiction to sleep, has said of my writing: "What is there, after all, in Professor Leacock's humor but a rather ingenious mixture of hyperbole and myosis?"

The man was right. How he stumbled upon this trade secret, I do not know. But I am willing to admit, since the truth is out, that it has long been my custom in preparing an article of a humorous nature, to go down to the cellar and mix up half a gallon of myosis with a pint of hyperbole. If I want to give the article a decidedly literary character, I find it well to put in about half a pint of paresis. The whole thing is amazingly simple.

But I only mention this by way of introduction and to dispel any idea that I am conceited enough to write about humor, with the professional authority of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on love, or Eva Tanguay talking about dancing.

ALL that I dare claim is that I have as much sense of humor as other people. And, oddly enough, I notice that every-

And Something About Humor in Canada

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

sense of humor deficient in the same way:

The two generally go together."

My friend was livid with rage in a moment.

"Sense of humor!" he said. "My sense of humor! Me without a sense of humor! Why, I suppose I've a keener sense of humor than any man, or any two men, in this city!"

From that he turned to bitter personal attack. He said that my sense of humor seemed to have withered altogether.

He left me, still quivering with indignation.

PERSONALLY, however, I do not mind making the admission, however damaging it may be, that there are certain forms of so-called humor, or, at least, fun, which I am quite unable to appreciate. Chief among these is that ancient thing called the Practical Joke.

"You never knew McGann, did you?" a friend of mine asked me the other day. When I said "No, I had never known McGann," he shook his head with a sigh, and said:

"Ah, you should have known McGann. He had the greatest sense of humor of any man I ever knew—always full of jokes. I remember one night at the boarding house where we were, he stretched a string across the passage-way and then rang the dinner bell. One of the boarders

body else makes this same claim. Any man will admit, if need be, that his sight is not good, or that he cannot swim, or shoots badly with a rifle, but to touch upon his sense of humor is to give him a mortal affront.

"No," said a friend of mine the other day, "I never go to Grand Opera." And then he added with an air of pride, "You see, I have absolutely no ear for music."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed.

"None!" he went on. "I can't tell one tune from another. I don't know *Home Sweet Home* from *God Save the King*. I can't tell whether a man is tuning a violin or playing a sonata."

He seemed to get prouder and prouder over each item of his own deficiency. He ended by saying that he had a dog at his house that had a far better ear for music than he had. As soon as his wife or any visitor started to play the piano the dog always began to howl,—plain'ly, he said, as if it were hurt. He himself never did this.

When he had finished I made what I thought a harmless comment.

"I suppose," I said, "that you find your



C.W. JEFFREYS

*No doubt the Scotch see things differently. Alone among the nations they have converted the devil into a familiar acquaintance not without a certain grim charm of his own.*

broke his leg. We nearly died laughing."

"Dear me!" I said. "What a humorist! Did he often do things like that?"

"Oh, yes, he was at them all the time. He used to put tar in the tomato soup, and bee's-wax and tin-tacks on the chairs. He was full of ideas. They seemed to come to him without any trouble."

McGann, I understand, is dead. I am not sorry for it. Indeed, I think that for most of us the time has gone by when we can see the fun in putting tacks on chairs, or thistles in beds, or live snakes in people's boots.

To me it has always seemed that the very essence of good humor is that it must be without harm and without malice. I admit that there is in all of us a certain vein of the old original demoniacal humor or joy in the misfortune of another which sticks to us like our original sin. It ought not to be funny to see a man, especially a fat and pompous man, slip suddenly on a banana skin. But it is. When a skater on a pond who is describing graceful circles and showing off before the crowd, breaks through the ice and gets a ducking, everybody shouts with joy. To the original savage, the cream of the joke in such cases was found if the man who slipped broke his neck, or the man who went through the ice never came up again. I can imagine a group of pre-historic men standing round the ice-hole where he had disappeared and

laughing till their sides split. If there had been such a thing as a pre-historic newspaper, the affair would have been headed up: "Amusing Incident. Unknown Gentleman Breaks Through Ice and is Drowned."

But our sense of humor under civilization has been weakened. Much of the fun of this sort of thing has been lost on us.

Children, however, still retain a large share of this primitive sense of enjoyment.

I remember once watching two little boys making snow-balls at the side of the street and getting ready a little store of them to use. As they worked there came along an old man wearing a silk hat, and belonging by appearance to the class of "jolly old gentlemen." When he saw the boys his gold spectacles gleamed with kindly enjoyment. He began waving his arms and calling, "Now, then, boys, free shot at me! Free shot!" In his gayety he had, without noticing it, edged himself over the sidewalk on to the street. An express cart collided with him and knocked him over on his back in a heap of snow. He lay there gasping and trying to get the snow off his face and spectacles. The boys gathered up their snow-balls and took a run towards him. "Free shot!" they yelled. "Soak him! Soak him!"

I repeat, however, that for me, as I

suppose for most of us, it is a prime condition of humor that it must be without harm or malice, nor should it convey even incidentally any real picture of sorrow or suffering or death. There is a great deal in the humor of Scotland (I admit its general merit) which seems to me, not being a Scotchman, to sin in this respect. Take this familiar story (I quote it as something already known, and not for the sake of telling it).

A Scotchman had a sister-in-law—his wife's sister—with whom he could never agree. He always objected to going anywhere with her and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, always refused to do so. The wife was taken mortally ill, and as she lay dying, she whispered: "John, ye'll drive Janet with you to the funeral, will ye no?" The Scotchman, after an internal struggle, answered: "Margaret, I'll do it for ye, but it'll spoil my day."

Whatever humor there may be in this is lost for me by the actual and vivid picture that it conjures up—the dying wife, the darkened room and the last whispered request.

No doubt the Scotch see things differently. That wonderful people—whom personally I cannot too much admire—always seem to me to prefer adversity to sunshine, to welcome the prospect of a pretty general damnation, and to live with grim cheerfulness within the very shadow of death. Alone among the nations they have converted the Devil—under such names as Old Horny—into a familiar acquaintance not without a certain grim charm of his own. No doubt, also, there enters into their humor something of the original barbaric attitude towards things. For a primitive people who saw death often and at first hand, and for whom the future world was a vivid reality, that could be *felt*, as it were, in the midnight forest and heard in the roaring storm—for such a people it was no doubt natural to turn the flank of terror by forcing a merry and jovial acquaintance with the unseen world. Such a practice as a wake, and the merrymaking about the corpse, carry us back to the twilight of the world, with the poor savage in his bewildered misery, pretending that his dead still lived. Our funeral with its black trappings and its elaborate ceremonies is the lineal descendant of a merrymaking. Our undertaker is, by evolution, a genial master of ceremonies, keeping things lively at the death-dance. Thus have the ceremonies and the trappings of death been transformed in the course of ages till the forced gayety is gone, and the black hearse and the gloomy mutes betoken the cold dignity of our despair.

But I fear this article is getting serious. I must apologize.

I WAS about to say, when I wandered from the point, that there is another form of humor which I am also quite unable to appreciate. This is that particular form of story which may be called, par excellence, the English Anecdote. It always deals with persons of rank and birth and, except for the exalted nature

of the subject, itself, is, as far as I can see, absolutely pointless.

This is the kind of thing that I mean: His Grace the Fourth Duke of Marlborough was noted for the open-handed hospitality which reigned at Blenheim, the family seat, during his régime. One day on going in to luncheon it was discovered that there were thirty guests present, whereas the table only held covers for twenty-one. "Oh, well," said the Duke, not a whit abashed, "some of us will have to eat standing up." Everybody, of course, roared with laughter.

My only wonder is that 'hey didn't kill themselves with it. A mere roar doesn't seem enough to do justice to such a story as this.

The Duke of Wellington has been made the storm-centre of three generations of wit of this sort. In fact, the typical Duke-of-Wellington story has been reduced to a thin skeleton such as this:

"A young subaltern once met the Duke of Wellington coming out of Westminster Abbey. 'Good-morning, your Grace,' he said, 'rather a wet morning.' 'Yes,' said the Duke, with a very rigid bow, 'but it was a damn sight wetter, sir, on the morning of Waterloo.' The young subaltern, rightly rebuked, hung his head."

**N**OR it is only the English who sin in regard to anecdotes.

One can indeed make the sweeping assertion that the telling of stories as a mode of amusing others, ought to be kept within strict limits. Few people realize how extremely difficult it is to tell a story so as to reproduce the real fun of it—to "get it over," as the actors say. The mere "facts" of a story seldom make it funny. It needs the right words, with every word in its proper place. Here and there, perhaps once in a hundred times, a story turns up which needs no telling. The humor of it turns so completely on a sudden twist or incongruity in the *dénouement* of it that no narrator, however clumsy, can altogether fumble it.

Take, for example, this well-known instance—a story which, in one form or other, everybody has heard:

"George Grossmith, the famous comedian, was once badly run down and went to consult a doctor. It happened that the doctor, though like everybody else he had often seen Grossmith on the stage, had never seen him without his make-up and did not know him by sight. He examined his patient, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and tapped his lungs. Then he shook his head. 'There's nothing wrong with you, sir,' he said, 'except that you're run down from overwork and worry. You need rest and amusement. Take a night off and go and see George Grossmith at the Savoy.'

"Thank you," said the patient, 'I am George Grossmith.'

Let the reader please observe that I have purposely told this story all wrong, just as wrongly as could be, and yet there is something left of it. Will the reader kindly look back at the beginning of it, and see for himself just how it ought to be narrated and what obvious error has been made. If he has any particle

of the artist in his make-up, he will see at once that the story ought to begin:

"One day a very haggard and nervous-looking patient called at the office of a fashionable doctor, etc., etc."

In other words, the chief point of the joke lies in keeping it concealed till the moment when the patient says, "Thank you, I am George Grossmith." But the story is such a good one that it cannot be completely spoiled even when told wrongly. This particular anecdote has been variously told of George Grossmith, Coquelin, Joe Jefferson, John Hare, Cyril Maude, and about sixty others. And I have noticed that there is a certain type of man who, on hearing this story about Grossmith, immediately tells it all back again, putting in the name of Cyril Maude, and goes into new fits of laughter over it, as if the change of name made it brand new.

**B**UT few people, I repeat, realize the difficulty of reproducing a humorous or comic effect in its original spirit.

"I saw Harry Lauder last night," said Griggs, a stock-exchange friend of mine, as we walked up town together the other day. "He came on to the stage in kilts (here Griggs started to chuckle) and he had a slate under his arm (here Griggs began to laugh quite heartily) and he said 'I always like to carry a slate with me ('Of course he said it in Scotch, but I can't do the Scotch the way he does it') just in case there might be any figures I'd be wanting to put down' (by this time Griggs was almost suffocated with laughter), and he took a little bit of chalk out of his pocket, and he said (Griggs was now almost hysterical) 'I like to carry a wee bit chalk along because I find the slate is (Griggs was now faint with

laughter) the slate is—is—not much good without the chalk.'

Griggs had to stop, with his hand to his side and lean against a lamp-post. "I can't, of course, do the Scotch, the way Harry Lauder does it," he repeated.

Exactly. He couldn't do the Scotch and he couldn't do the rich mellow voice of Mr. Lauder and the face beaming with merriment, and the spectacles glittering with amusement, and he couldn't do the slate, nor the "wee bit chalk"—in fact, he couldn't do any of it. He ought merely to have said, "Harry Lauder," and leaned up against a post and laughed till he had got over it.

**Y**ET in spite of everything, people insist on spoiling conversation by telling stories. I know nothing more dreadful at a dinner table than one of those amateur raconteurs—except, perhaps, two of them. After about three stories have been told, there falls on the dinner table an uncomfortable silence, in which everybody is aware that everybody else is trying hard to think of another story, and is failing to find it. There is no peace in the gathering again till some man of firm and quiet mind turns to his neighbor and says: "But after all there is no doubt that whether we like it or not, prohibition is coming." Then everybody in his heart says, Thank Heaven! and the whole table-ful are happy and contented again, till one of the story tellers "thinks of another" and breaks loose. "They tell a good story of Horace Greeley," he says, looking round the table, and the trouble starts all over again. When he says, "They tell a good story of Horace Greeley," the host ought to say, "Oh, they do, do they; well, they don't tell it in this house."

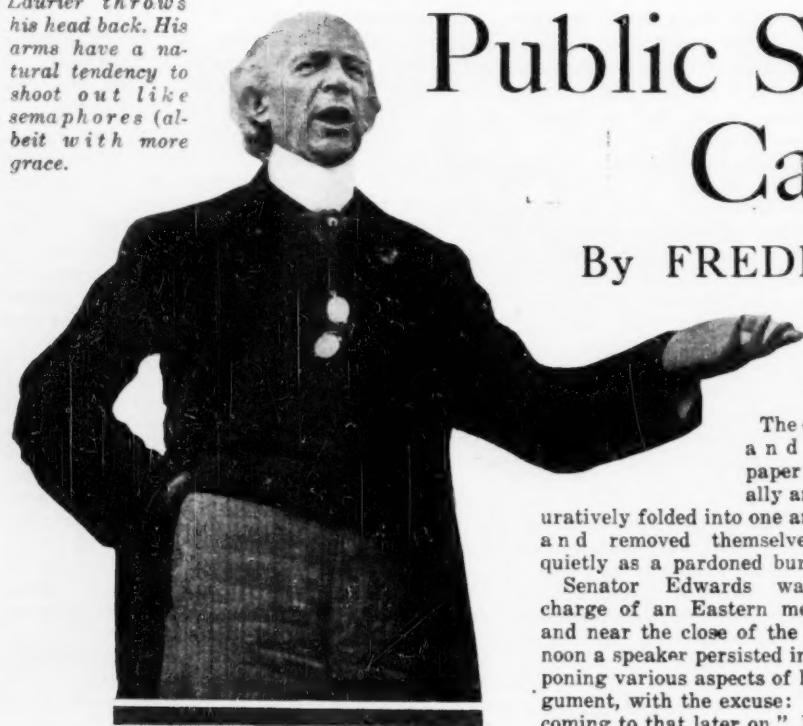
Continued on page 111

#### THE ENGLISH ANECDOTE

*It always deals with persons of rank and birth.*



*Laurier throws his head back. His arms have a natural tendency to shoot out like semaphores (albeit with more grace).*



# Public Speaking in Canada

By FREDERIC ROBSON

The orator and his paper literally and figuratively folded into one another and removed themselves as quietly as a pardoned burglar.

Senator Edwards was in charge of an Eastern meeting, and near the close of the afternoon a speaker persisted in postponing various aspects of his argument, with the excuse: "I am coming to that later on." He repeated the phrase several times and at length the courageous Senator pulled out his watch and said:

"Trot out those 'later ons' right now, sir, for it is seven minutes to six."

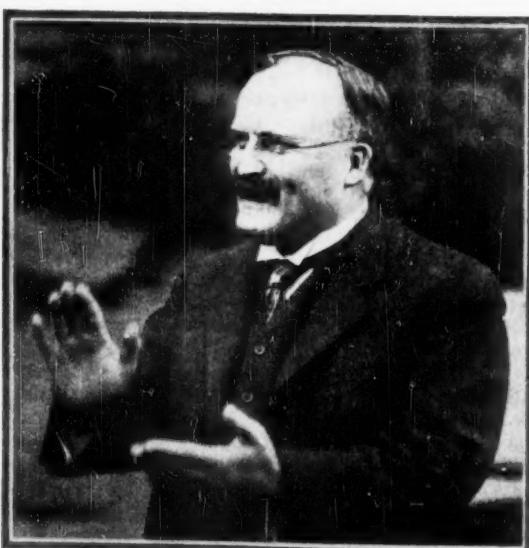
THE lean end of Canadian public speaking is the country and town chairman end, the after-dinner end, the read-a-paper end. The man among us with the least important thing to say says it in the worst possible of ways. Entitled to the least possible slice of time he presents himself with the entire face of the clock. Goldwin Smith made his best speech in the space of five minutes, but I have heard "local talent" take four times five minutes to declaim on the reason he didn't expect to be called on, why he came unprepared, what he might say if he were prepared, and why an election can't be won if every man doesn't "put his shoulder to the wheel."

Our stratum of *stump speakers* is decidedly more humane. As a rule they have practised their piece, they sound plausible, run in a few sad jokes and, all told, strike about as good a pace in ideas and expression as the occasion calls for. Of course, we may not think much of the *occasion*, but you ought to hear what the stump speaker thinks of it.

Scanning more critically the battalion of actual or would-be political preachers, we discover two main groups. They look oddly disproportionate. One consists of twenty or twenty-five men, laboring artfully and sincerely with the bricks and mortar of dialectics. I see Michael Clarke, Rodolphe Lemieux,

Hon. Arthur Meighen, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Sir Richard McBride, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Frank Carvell, N. W. Rowell, W. F. Maclean, Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Thomas White, and many, many more. They form a goodly company, and I much doubt if, taking them by and large, our friends in the United States can produce out of their hundred million such a creditable showing of platform men. Any good reporter will go bail for them, individually or collectively, as "entertaining," "cogent," "forceful," "merciless," "well-reasoned," "vivacious," "scathing," "constructive," "analytical," "dynamic" (and the other ones that come out of a good press-gallery Thesaurus). But there's another section to this building operation. You will find it in a small, wind-proof shack, some hundred yards removed. The shack was built for only two men, as if the job did not need the regular gang. Who are these two, and what are they doing?

I THINK I espy the iron-grey beard of Sir. George E. Foster and the lily locks of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, nodding above the overalls. These men are the *sculptors*. Not for them the board and trowel. They spurn piece-work. They perspire and cool off, just as they please, foreman or no foreman. This sculptor's job can't be done by your bricklayer, and the sculptors know it. They chisel off a millimetre of marble, caliper a stony fin-



*Hon. W. J. Hanna, than whom no man walks with more of the dramatic fibre in him.*

# An Uncritical Piece of Family Discussion

Illustrated by Photographs of Prominent Political Speakers

ger and then stand back and size up the general effect with an artist's optic. These men, I would have you know, are well beyond seventy years, but there is no age in the thing they do. You see only the sureness of judgment, the boldness of the stroke.

Foster and Laurier are our kings of speech. It would be a useless errand to catalogue their rhetorical height, arm reach, weight, agility, like a pair of heavy hitters. No two men in Canada have fewer external qualities in common, yet both are capable of wise and striking expression. Both possess remarkably fine voices and use gestures that are as different as they are fitting and forceful. Laurier throws his head back, Foster throws his forward. Laurier's arms have a natural inclination to shoot out like semaphores (albeit with more grace), as though the optimism of his nature led him forever up to the hills. Foster's optimism is equally expansive, but he keeps his gestures trained on the brass tacks of winning an immediate verdict. No textbook on earth ever dreamed of such effectiveness as Sir George can get by impinging his arms, elbow against elbow, and wielding palm against palm like the opening and closing of a crocodile's jaws.

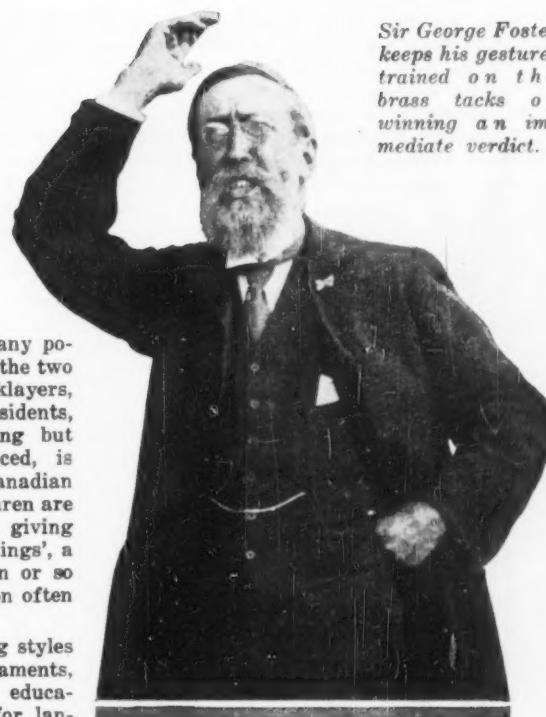
THE point in all this is that while most of us believe in "schools" and types, a survey of the Canadian public speakers demonstrates that there are no such

schools, that all the speakers of any political importance whatever, from the two sculptors, and the capable bricklayers, down to the thin edge of ward presidents, are anything but *typical*, anything but tailor-made. This, I am convinced, is rather a distinctive trait of Canadian speakers, for their American brethren are notoriously imitative in style, giving birth to a thousand William Jennings', a hundred Woodrow's and a million or so Lincoln's, and for that very reason often flamboyant and superficial.

There will be as many speaking styles among us as there are temperaments, steeped in pugnacity, passivity, education, imagination, the "instinct for language" or other such factors. Michael Clark is a good deal the son of Mr. Clark, a good deal Michael, and a mighty good deal Red Deer and free wheat. No other person can combine these accidents in identical proportions, no other can assemble on the palette of oratory the same pigments of thought and slap them on the canvas with such untiring enterprise. Take Hon. W. J. Hanna, than whom no man walks with more of the dramatic fibre in his being! And who in all the cabinets holds forth on public platforms like the Provincial Secretary of Ontario? Those who know Theodore Roosevelt best assert that his flow of comment on current happenings is the product of prodigious delving into literature, a hungry faculty for observation and a determined and rather intolerant nature. It was from his digging into historical lore that he came to call some good American pacifists "Byzantine logothetes." You cannot carve out another Roosevelt, for the clay that forms him is "out of stock." If Billy Sunday describes saloon keepers as "so low down they'd need an aeroplane to lift them into Hell," he is letting loose a thought and a phrase that ushers out of ball-player, convert, booze-hater, crowd-winner, and the biological conditions that make Billy Sunday one of the most remarkable men walking a sinful earth.

The moment we found a "school" or style of public speaking, that moment we attempt to mint what is by the nature of it above duplication. Armand Lavergne is of the "school" of Bourassa, and—have you heard Lavergne? Laurier has filled Ontario and Quebec with disciples in

Sir George Foster keeps his gestures trained on the brass tacks of winning an immediate verdict.



oratory, but the best of them lags well behind the master. To warn against the habit of seizing some well-known *pattern* is one thing. To say that every man should "paddle his own canoe" is quite another—and wrong. Good public speaking is not instinctive, except with a half-dozen men per million. With the remainder it spells laborious tuition and some nasty self-analysis. That is probably why we have so very little good public speaking on this continent. It is easier to "blather" than to construct an appeal; it is quicker to be a "jollier" and a time-killer than to believe your audience brought their brains with them. The reason that W. T. White, an amateur platform artist, if there ever was one, fresh from a financial manager's desk, became in three weeks the "big hit" in the Ontario campaign against reciprocity in 1911, was the almost astonishing fact, that he prepared his addresses, he opened his mouth and spoke, he had Something to Say. The townspeople and farmers fairly gaped at him. "Fancy," said they, "a political speaker coming out here with Something to Say! Selah!"

"I always assume," said Abraham Lincoln, "that my audience are in many things wiser than I am, and I say the most sensible things I can to them. I never found that they did not understand me."

SOMEWHERE in the libraries is a little book that lays down three laws of passable public speech: clear thinking, concise phrasing, and distinct articulation. Our ordinary members of Parliament, particularly those most on their feet in the Federal House, are reasonably sound in their "distinct articulation," and sound, too, in their "clear thinking," albeit with a strong partisan slant, but the *concise phrasing* is almost a lost art. One is led to moralize that, as conciseness is the fruit of studious preparation, most of



To Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux many observers look for real oratorical leadership.

our parliamentary deliveries are no more than a hasty set of notes entrusted to the loose and floundering phraseology of the *extempore* method.

However, we have many men who hinge upon this text-book trio very attractively. Hon. Arthur Meighen is one of them. Of Sir Robert Borden, the same may be said; his important public utterances are always painstakingly prepared; he is economical with words; some of his perorations have vibrancy and finish. And then, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux! To M. Lemieux, many observers looked, and are yet looking, for an assurance of real oratorical leadership. His voice is a fine asset, musical and varied. Gesture with him really accentuates; that in itself is a gift. Hon. Sidney Fisher is another who comes within the measure. He may not raise the "fiery cross" and send audiences home drunk with emotion, but his listeners seldom turn away disappointed. He speaks with brevity and directness. His matter is usually compactly arranged and, oddest of all, he never steps on a platform or sits behind a banquet table without knowing precisely how his speech will begin and precisely how and where it will end.

The place to develop political speakers is, of course, in the Opposition benches. He who sits with a Government and is not a Cabinet Minister takes whatever crumbs of opportunity can be scooped from his masters' table. But neither the Conservatives, previous to 1911, nor the Liberals since that time have given the country any young debater of truly first-class calibre. The Oppositions in the provincial legislatures—(the present writer is not familiar with all of them)—appear to have done scarcely better than the Federal House. Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Opposition, is quite isolated on his side. The Ontario Government benches have perhaps a higher and certainly a more uniform average, from the full-orbed unapologetic style of Hon. Mr. Hanna to the tactful, sometimes belligerent delivery of Hon. Thomas McGarry and Hon. G. H. Ferguson. Indeed, the Government forces in Ontario are capable of developing an appetizing atmosphere when need calls.

**I**N or out of power, Hon. Geo. P. Graham is relied upon for that breeziness in stump tours which is popularly supposed to blow away the druggy remnants of the "heavy-hitters." Every well-organized touring party carries a dietetic combination of Sinker-and-coffee and Chestnuts-and-cheese. Mr. Graham certainly does not open the meal. Usually one finds that when Senator Sixenseven has finished telling the audience how we exported \$7,689,252.07 to Peru in skate straps and imported less than \$1,482,939 worth of pine knots owing to the Peruvian embargo on negatives, the chairman nudges Hon. Geo. P. to get ready, and in less than three minutes wigwags his light battery into action. Hon. George P., like Andrew Broder, is the soul-mate of "Business As Usual." The store-front may fall into

the street, but G.P.G. will direct your eye to an intact cellar.

"Always avoid statistics when talking to experts," said he, speaking to some newspaper men, after a political journey through Kent county! "The other day I was trying to impress a crossroads audience from the rear of our train. Think what the price of hogs was when the Conservative party was in power—3 cents a pound."

"Four-and-three-quarters," corrected a sober old fellow just in front of us.

"All right, four and three-quarters," said I, "and after a decade of Liberal rule, what are your hogs selling at in Kent County to-day—eleven-and-a-half cents a pound."

"Ten cents even," shouted two men in the same breath.

"After that, I decided never to talk *expertly* in front of experts."

**W.** F. MACLEAN, M.P. for South York, is another testimony that, whatever grudge we bear against political speakers, we can accuse few of them of affectation. Mr. Maclean comes of his own school, the product of his own unduplicable environment. Not from tide-water to tidewater is there another "Billy" Maclean. With rural audiences, his form of speaking may cause a riot—two kinds. I have seen communities "rise up" to Maclean, M.P. and call him the Darling of the Pee-Pul and another community go home silently, swearing the while: "That guy in the checkered sack—he made me sore." Mr. Maclean is the nearest and the farthest approach we have to Theodore Roosevelt. He has most of Theodore's molars, bicuspid and canines (not to mention chevaux.) He has the quadrangular opening of the mouth to speak, and the restless smack of palm against palm. Fluency is his long shoot. He is fluent with political econ-

omy, fluent with banking and gold reserve, fluent with railroading, fluent with social and all other progress. But the thing that gives him the grip on South York is a fluent handshake.

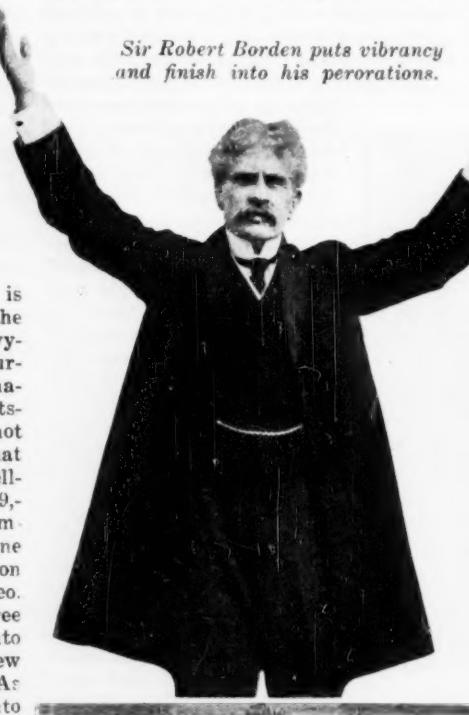
Now there's Andrew Broder, "the best story teller in Canada," a man who in the Western States would by this time have been loaded down with aliases—"the Droll Druid of Dundas," "the laughing logothete of the St. Lawrence" or other such nonsense. He has no fixed style. Strictly speaking—but he doesn't speak that way at all. He opens with a local reminiscence, leads on to his sympathy with agriculture (he owns a farm) takes a riser out of the "privileged interests"—(cheers)—and then with a gentle purring sound rubs an index finger against the bridge of his nose and says, in an aggravating coaxing slowness: "I-ah-um knew an Englishman who couldn't get along with a Scotchman and so, one day"—

You can watch the fuse sizzle and sputter. Twenty seconds, forty seconds—Bang! The Broder Bomb has splintered every rib. Farmer, artisan, doctor, butcher—they all roar out in helpless mirth. Meantime, Andy, with one hand upraised and the other driven deep in the larboard bow pocket of his best pants, shouts vainly into the uproar that "Sandy's position just about represents the Liberal party, in this, their hour of tribulation."

**I**F variety is the spice of life, we of Canada are dining on mustard. Sir Richard McBride with his expansive eloquence, his sun-worshipping philosophy (open day and night) the disarming smile, the wind-blown hair! Is there a politician in the United States who could play twin to Sir Richard in these things? I think not. Or Sir Sam Hughes, crisp bludgeon-blunt, anti-ritualist Sir Sam! He puts over his message in deckle-edged phrases. The people who hear him take away an impression, sometimes two, and lucky if it isn't three. But in the aggregate they do get the impression above all others that here is a plain citizen suddenly loaded with responsibility and authority and personal honors declining to be either mollycoddled or junkered, although both traps are baited for him and ready to spring. After all, that's quite an impression.

It would be an interesting adventure to step outside politics and consider the sculptured essays of Rev. W. T. Herridge of Ottawa, or those clever sunshine-and-shadow movies of Rev. J. L. Gordon, late of Winnipeg, or may be the over-platinated, but warming rhetoric of Dr. J. A. Macdonald of Toronto—it would be a pleasant adventure, but the space is too short to do them and others justice. To the many thousands of Canadians who have heard these men and have realized the vast gulf between the quick and the dead in religious or political pulpiteering, it would perhaps be more to the point to discover what underlies the phenomenon of a really good speaker.

*Continued on page 118*



# If Uncle Sam Goes to War?

By AGNES C. LAUT

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Business in the United States has been very much upset by recent developments between that country and Germany. It is agreed that war is closer than ever before, and Miss Laut gives an idea of the state of affairs in American diplomatic circles. As Canada would be very closely affected if Uncle Sam went to war, Miss Laut also deals with the subject from that end. Would business really improve if Germany forced Uncle Sam to resort to arms?

IT would be contradicting the evidence of the senses not to acknowledge that the United States is nearer a rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany now than at any time since the outbreak of the Great War. Germany has declared that a rupture of diplomatic relations will be regarded as a declaration of war; and the United States has answered that the sinking of a single armed merchantman on which American citizens are travelling will most assuredly mean an end of diplomatic amity between the two nations.

Before these words appear in print, war may have been declared; and if war is declared, what, the world is asking, will be the effect on general economic conditions?

I have been four times in Washington in seven days; and to describe the situation as seething is putting it mildly. There are as many prophets as there are tongues wagging; but when you get the prophecies down to a basis of fact, there are two starting places for the two main lines of expectations. One morning I met a young American diplomat, who had just come from London, where he saw Colonel House, President Wilson's unofficial emissary to European capitals. Said the diplomat: "Colonel House has come from Berlin a completely changed man. He now knows there will be no half-way measures by Germany. He knows—or my guess is wrong—that Germany is going to force the hand of the United States. Germany is going to force a quarrel; and if she can't force a quarrel, she is going to pick one by kicking Uncle Sam squarely in the face. Why? Don't ask me *why*. The *why* of all German diplomacy in this war has been too mad for man or gods; but take my word for it—and I have it direct from House—nothing in Heaven or Earth can prevent war between the United States and Germany within two months."

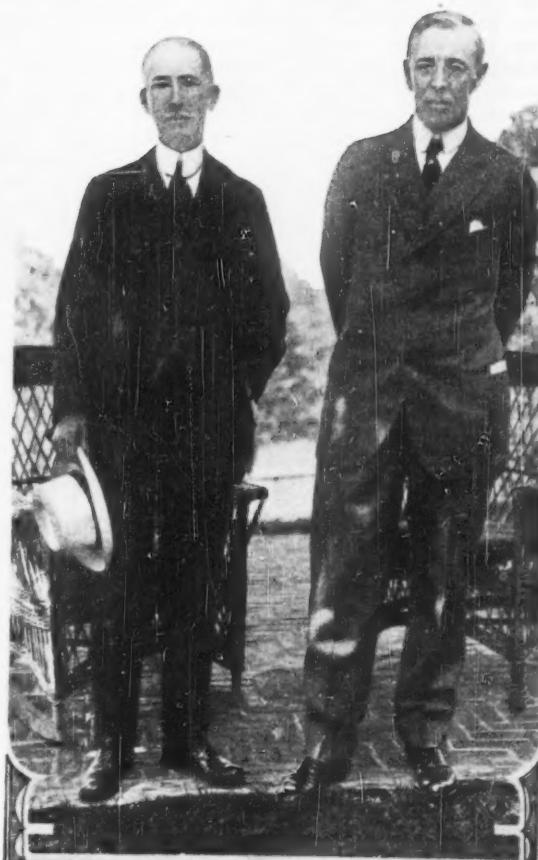
It need scarcely be told here that Colonel House's trip to European capitals was simultaneous with an unofficial visit by British, French and Belgian representatives to Paris to consider an unofficial offer of peace from Germany, conditional on retention of Poland and the Balkans, restoration and full indemnity to Belgium and France for all damage. This offer of peace—which was purely tentative—was not only rejected with ignominy. It was literally kicked off the carpet; and now Colonel House goes from Berlin to London a changed man, expecting Germany to force Uncle Sam to war.

The same day that I saw this diplomat, I met casually a party organizer among the Democrats, who had discussed the subject with three of the President's leading advisers. He said: "Unless the bottom falls out of creation, there will be no war between this country and Germany." When I retailed this opinion to the young American diplomat, who had seen House in London, he retorted: "Well, you can bet your last dollar, the bottom is going to fall out all right. Wait till House reports at the White House!"

Absolutely contradictory predictions and both from the inner inside ring of those who know and hold peace or war in the hollow of their hands. What is beneath it all? It is idle to suppose for a moment that the sudden crisis has resulted from election dodges to catch the German vote for next fall. The resolutions in the House and Senate about warning American citizens from travelling on armed merchantmen—meant nothing. They were simply a sharp decisive show-down to clear the President before the country of shilly-shallying any longer. They were trying to force a vexatious decision on him and to trip him on whichever side he took. He simply reversed the tables and threw the onus of decision on them—on members, who must go back to the country for re-election in November; and there was a fine scuttling of turn-coats and tricksters for cover.

The crisis of the last month is really the culminating explosion of a long train of events carefully and subterraneously laid since the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

Did the American people really care about the dead babies and women, or was the *Lusitania* a dead issue, as I heard a pro-German editor call it? Herr Bethman Polly-Wog, whose tongue wags yet at one end and no at the other and who regards promises as "scraps of paper" to be torn up, seems to have instructed Bernstorff—who has a consuming ambition to succeed the Polly-Wog as chancellor—to keep on bluffing and wagging and wiggling on the *Lusitania* matter till the



President Wilson photographed with Colonel House, on the occasion of a visit paid to the latter at Roslyn, L. I., to discuss the war situation.

American people are lulled into indifference.

But, somehow, patient old Uncle Sam didn't lull. A patient man's wrath is said to have some tenacious phases. Uncle Sam became too dead quiet and ominously silent to be harmless. The more ships that sank the quieter he grew. When apologies for the *Lusitania* were announced as a diplomatic triumph for Uncle Sam, a wry smile went over the face of affairs. The American nation is probably the most thoughtless and heedless on earth; but it is also square and kind at heart. Irrespective of party, the cartoonists pictured the diplomatic triumph as a fat "Boche" inviting the Professor President to kiss his foot; as the Kaiser bowing to Uncle Sam's behest but in the profound bow running the spike of a German helmet into Sam's stomach. *Life* came out with a picture of the United States as "New Prussia," and many conservative journals, which had suppressed facts as to the *Anconia* and the *Arabic* and the *Hesperian* in order not to embarrass negotiations, began to issue cartoons, photographs, drawings, which left no manner of misunderstanding as to just what outrages Belgium had suffered. This country is ruled by public opinion; and it isn't the public opinion that howls loudest

from the house-tops and is heralded by a brass band. It is the "silent vote." It was the "silent vote" defeated Roosevelt. It was the "silent vote" defeated Taft. It was the "silent vote" that now shook Wilson's confidence in his vacillating course of first hitting Germany on the nose and then evening up by giving Great Britain a sound swat—a course which he has followed in all his notes from the very first. There is some curious inside history about Wilson's various notes. Hoover of the Belgian Relief and Colonel House know this history. Wilson would remonstrate to Germany. Then he would protest to England. This was being neutral according to politics. If you hit one, hit the other. If you offend one, promptly offend the other. Because the Allies committed no atrocities, therefore suppress facts about German atrocities. See-saw, hee-haw—the diplomatic game has been swung back and forward thus for a year till Wall Street began to disregard all diplomacy.

But this was different. Uncle Sam didn't lull. He became ominously, unenthusiastically, frigidly, rigidly, stolidly silent. "The silent vote." Then Root's speeches tore every shred of excuse from Wilson's policies down to the naked, ugly facts.

THE Administration took fright; and Wilson, after conference with his advisers, played his trump card and called the bluff. Let the people's representatives declare as to Americans travelling on armed merchantmen. That would clear Wilson and save the party from another Root attack. And the people's representatives had worse than scare. They had a panic; for the people had become too silent to be wholesome. "The silent vote."

To those who have followed the underground conspiracy, it was inevitable such a show-down must come. Was this country to become a vassal of Germany's back-door diplomacy; or was it to continue to be an American democracy?

At the request of the Kaiser, the Vatican had appointed a Middle Western prelate whose elevation was to hold all German Catholics loyal to German-American politics.

At the request of a German-American, who handles the corruption funds for the German propaganda, and who also handles large party funds for the Democrats, a man was appointed to the Supreme Court who was to arouse the enthusiasm of another large class of German-Americans for Wilson.

The Peace Societies could be depended upon for Wilson, if he would whittle down Preparedness from a capital P to a small *p* in italics.

Add to these the dyed-in-the-wool Democrats,

and whether Wilson personally liked or loathed German diplomacy—it may be said here he loathes it—his political future would rest in German-American hands.

Then if Teddy and the Stand-Pat Republicans kept fighting, any Democrat would go in by a fluke.

It was right here that things miscarried.

"The silent vote" rumbled.

Garrison resigned from the Cabinet in fury. Knowing what he knew of underground plots, he would have no whittling down of Preparedness.

Teddy faded as a presidential possibility and Hughes loomed up. Now friends of Hughes know exactly what he thinks of all the German underground plotting. They also know that he is the one Republican who would receive the vote of the German-American, who is loyal to American democracy.

ALSO the public knows. Spite of thirty-six well-known correspondents in the pay of the German propagandists, whose list I have and could publish, spite of soft-peddling for politics and advertisements, though some have soft-peddled for the Germans to the extent of losing support; the public knows. What does it know?

Here are just a few of the things:

It knows that every fort and harbor on the Atlantic has been charted by German spies. The charts have been found on arrested suspects.

It knows that every state road in the East has been mapped out by German spies. These roads are so narrow that a few men and a field gun could hold out against an army.

It knows that every water works system in the East has been surveyed and mapped by German spies. If New York's system were blown up, the city would be depopulated in twenty-four hours.

It knows that the order for the sinking of the *Lusitania* went from Sayville.

It knows that over and above the loss on the *Lusitania*, two hundred Americans

have been murdered on the high seas by German Submarines.

"It knows that \$10,000,000 worth of American shipping and another \$10,000,000 worth of American factories have been destroyed by German spies.

"It knows there are large supplies of ammunition in store at strategic points owned by Germans: an excuse to prevent the Allies obtaining it.

"As to torpedoing merchantmen, the public knows that perjured affidavits were rigged up to prove the *Lusitania* armed when she was not armed; and that these perjuries were "rigged" by the order of the German Embassy. Suppose a merchantman be torpedoed; with the ship lying at the bottom of the sea, who is to prove whether she was armed or not? One might as well give Germany *carte blanche* to go out and sink every ship found on the high seas if it is carrying goods to the Allies.

"And shipments to the Allies have made the United States the most prosperous in all the country's history.

THE public knows these things; and it knows that the German Propagandists in Congress are being bribed to do what they do. Trials are pending which will demonstrate the accuracy of this knowledge. The federal attorneys of New York have obtained the check stubs of some of these bribes, which explains the efforts to impeach these attorneys.

"Will war, then, come simply because Uncle Sam has wakened up?

"No.

"Uncle Sam does not want War. Can you blame him? He can help the Allies more by staying out of war. He can help the cause of peace more by staying out of war.

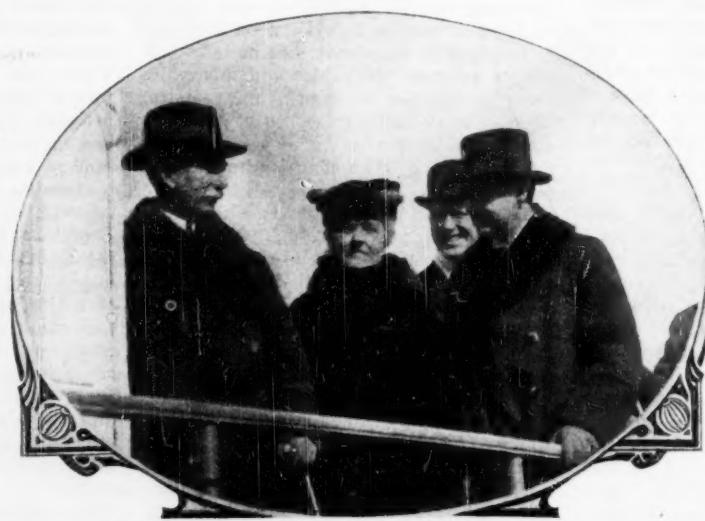
"It is not Uncle Sam who is forcing war. It is Germany; and the dispute as to armed merchantmen is simply the excuse. If Uncle Sam had conceded this, another *casus belli* would have been found.

"Why?

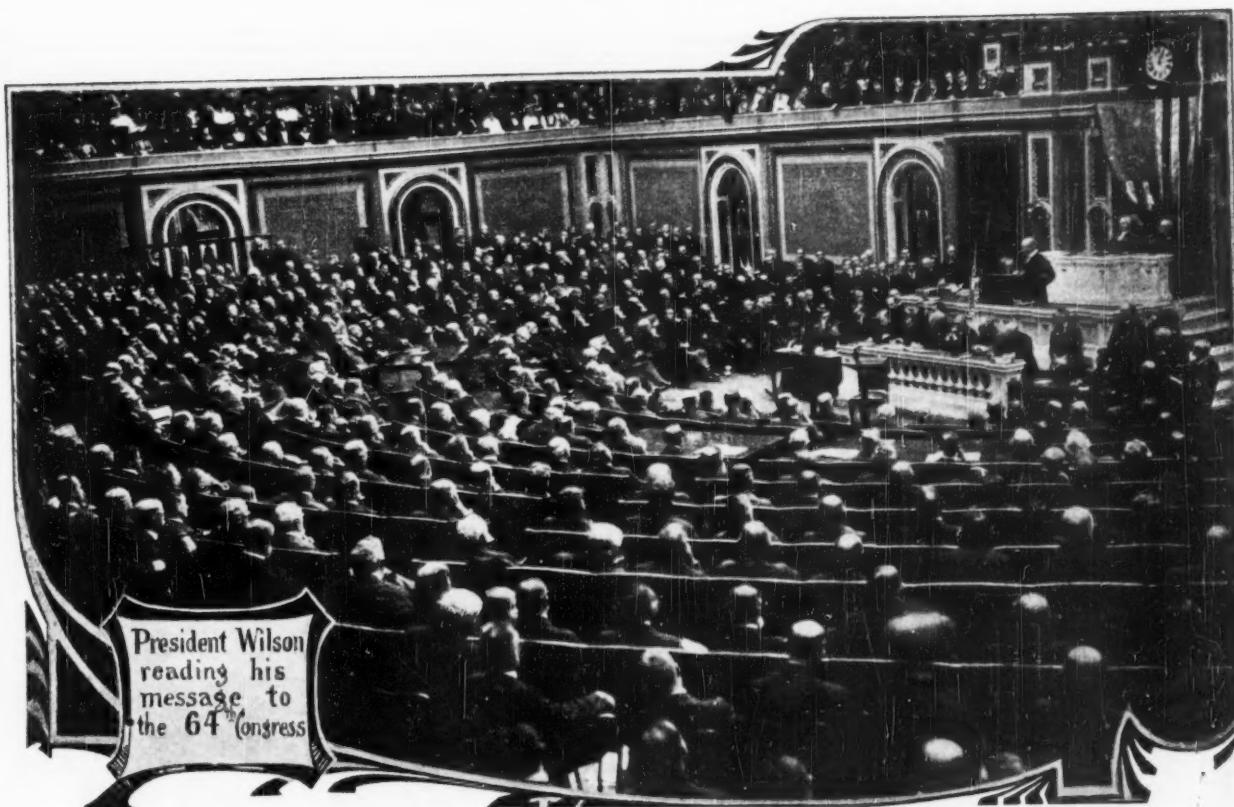
"German diplomats leave no room for guessing. They tell *why* plainly.

"First, Uncle Sam today except for the British Navy, is defenceless against invasion.

"All his arsenals and munition plants are within a radius of one-hundred-and-fifty miles from the Atlantic Coast. If the German fleet could destroy or slip past the British Navy, 200,000 men could be landed on the Atlantic Coast in a month, without this country firing a gun in defense. The greatest military authorities in Germany and the United States vouch for this fact. Germany's big guns would out-range American coast defences by twelve miles. If you want the details, read Maxim's "Defenseless America."



Colonel House (left) returning from Europe where he went as a special emissary of President Wilson.



"Before the war is over, a large share of all the world's gold will be deposited in the vaults of New York and Washington Banks. There are two billions of foreign gold in American vaults now. The German military authorities have said plainly—"We must have that gold to pay the cost of this war". This very statement has been made in the Berlin press by an Admiralty officer within the past week.

"War now—Germany hopes—would stop the shipment of munitions to the Allies. The heaviest shipments of munitions will take place between now and 1917.

"War would prevent Uncle Sam filching away German commerce in South America. If the Allies are going to form an economic alliance against Germany after the War, where except in the Americas is Germany to find a market?

"THE next reason is one which only a German mind could devise. I quote almost verbatim from a Berlin paper: "If we had War with the United States now, our reservists in the United States would man our seventy-two ships interned in American harbors and we would once more gain control of the seas". What Uncle Sam would do to those ships the instant War was declared—does not seem to have entered the German mind, though Germany had plans to sink her ships last spring when the Fleet was up the Hudson and animosity was at white heat over the *Lusitania*.

"Nor do I believe the German reservists in the United States would take up arms against their adopted country. The Allies—yes—the German-American will

fight the Allies; but when it came to fighting the country that has been his refuge, I do not believe he would obey orders. In fact, I know one of the most eager propagandists who declares flatly if ever the Fatherland declares war against the United States, he will shoulder a rifle and fight under the stars and stripes.

"The last reason for Germany forcing Uncle Sam's hand is more subtle.

"Germany has failed to obtain peace through Europe. If this country joined the Allies, could not Germany throw

up her hands and save her face? Could she not plead that she could not fight the whole world? And when peace came to be arranged, where would Germany have such good friends at court as in the United States, where there are twenty millions of people of Teutonic birth or descent?

"THE fact remains that without these arguments, there are diplomats now who anticipate Uncle Sam entering the War. What would be the effect?

"Chiefly, I judge, more munitions and more money for the Allies.

"Wall St., men say a terrific slump for a few weeks; then such a boom as this continent has never seen.

"The American fleet would probably become very active. It is doubtful if any but volunteer brigades would be sent abroad; for munitions and money are needed more than men.

"There would doubtless be some riots, some roadside lynchings of traitors stealing through back lanes with bombs; but I do not believe any great body of German-Americans would shoulder rifles for the Fatherland.

"All this is conditional on the British Fleet protecting the Atlantic Coast. If ever that Fleet were to meet disaster—and Americans pray God forefend the thought—then there might take place the catastrophe predicted by General Leonard Wood, Hudson Maxim and others: "Within a month, the invaders might gain lodgment on the Atlantic Coast which would require fifty years of bloodshed to expel."

"That is why—take what view of it you will—the interests of the United States and Britain are one in this War."

#### A NEW SERIES

*Agnes C. Laut is going to England to cover the war situation for the readers of MacLean's. A series of articles from her pen will appear in coming issues, dealing with matters of most vital interest to Canadians, including the munitions situation and the problems of Imperial relations after the war. This series will be one of the biggest features that MacLean's has yet offered.*



# MY MATE.

By Robert W. Service



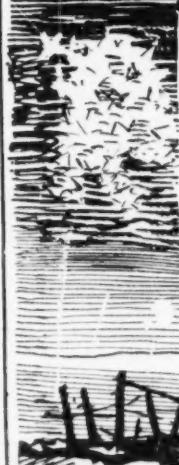
I've been sittin' starin', starin' at 'is muddy pair  
of boots;  
And tryin' to convince meself it's 'im.  
(Look out there, lad! That sniper,—'e's a dysey  
wen 'e shoots:  
'E'll be layin' of you out the same as Jim)  
Jim as lies there in the dug-out wif 'is blanket  
round 'is 'ead.  
To keep 'is brains from mixin' with the mud;  
And 'is face as white as putty, and 'is overcoat  
all red,  
Like 'e's spilt a bloomin' paint-pot . . . but it's blood.



So wen the War broke out, sez 'e: "Well, wot  
abaht it, Joe?"  
"Well, wot abaht it, lad?" sez I to 'im.  
'Is missis made a awful fuss, but 'e was mad to go:  
(E always was igh sperrited, was Jim.)  
Well, none of it's been 'eaven, and the most of  
it's been 'ell,  
But we've shared our baccy and we've 'alved  
our bread;  
We'd all the luck at Wipers, and we shaved  
through Noove Chapelle,  
Wen—that snipin' bastard gits 'im on the 'ead.

And I'm tryin' to remember of a time we wasn't  
pals.  
'Ow often we've played 'ookey, 'im and me.  
And when it wasn't music—'alls the chance is it  
was gals,  
And even there we 'ad no disagree.  
For when 'e copped Mariar Jones, the one I  
liked the best,  
I shook 'is 'and and loaned 'im 'alf a quid.  
I saw 'im through the parson's job, I 'elped 'im  
make 'is nest,  
I even stood god-farther to 'is kid.





Now wot I wants to know is—why it wasn't me  
was took?  
I've only got meself, 'e stands for three.  
I'm plainer than a pint o' mud, 'e was 'andsome  
as a dook;  
'E always *was* a better man than me.  
'E was goin' 'ome next Toosday; 'e was 'appy  
as a lark,  
And 'e'd just received a letter from 'is kid;  
And 'e struck a match to show me, as we stood  
there in the dark,  
Wen—that bleedin' bullet got 'im on the lid.



Now there's some as fights for freedom, and  
there's some as fights for fun;  
But me, my lad, I fights for bleedin' 'ate.  
You can blame the war and blast it, but I 'opes  
it won't be done  
Till I gets the bloomin' blood-price for me mate.  
It'll take a bit o' bayonet to level up for Jim;  
Then if I'm spared I think I'll 'ave a bid,  
With 'er that was Mariar Jones, to take the  
place of 'im,  
To sorter—be a farther to 'is kid.

'E was killed so awful sudden that 'e 'adn't time  
to die.  
'E sorter jumped, an' came down with a thud.  
Them corpsy-lookin' star-shells was a-streamin'  
in the sky,—  
And there 'e lay like nothin' in the mud.  
And there 'e lay so quiet, wif no mansard to  
'is 'ead;  
And I'm sick, and blamed if I can understand:  
The pots of 'alf and 'alf we've 'ad and *Zip!*—  
Like that! 'E's dead.  
Wif the letter of 'is nipper in 'is 'and.



A. L. ISMAY

# Time and Chance: A Tale of the North

By A. C. ALLENSON

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill but time and chance happeneth to them all."—Eccles. IX., 11.

**H**E came up out of the wilderness like a victorious king from the field of battle. At the edge of the woods he stood, like Moses on Pisgah, and surveyed a land fairer than Canaan. The blazing autumnal glory of it no artist mind ever conceived. No canvas ever knew the brilliance of its bewildering riot of color, unimaginable shades of green, opulent, golden magnificence, blood-red crimsons, superbly massed in infinite variety of hue. The blue lake in the bosom of the hills mirrored the splendors of the setting sun. To Falconer it seemed that the world wore its most glorious apparel to give him welcome.

The man struck no discord in the vast harmony. Still in the twenties, tall, broad-shouldered, clean-hipped, long-limbed. Crisp, curling brown hair showed under the faintly pushed back Stetson. Bronzed, good-looking face with square chin and blue eyes. The amiable mouth gave the impression of an easy-going disposition that, despite the good chin, might prove weakness in a close moral pinch. It was the face of a man, good at need against the world, who would find his most dangerous enemy to be himself. Thus he stood, in contemplation, then passed on to the village in the cleft of the hills. At the hotel he registered and secured a room. By the time he had finished supper the town knew that Dick Falconer was in from the hills.

He was not a native, but Silverton had been for many years his prospecting headquarters, and received no better-liked man. There had been a time when drink threatened his overthrow, but he had mastered it. A girl, Agnes Manton, entered his life, and the periodic carousals ended. To-night he drank nothing, was unusually reticent, and when the room at the back of the bar settled down for a cheerful night, he disappeared. The disappointed company laughed, and heads were shaken. A man is young but once.

## II.

**O**RIGINALLY Mr. Manton closed the store at nine on Saturdays. To-night the hour was ten, but he waited. He was a tall, lean-faced man in the late prime of life, with strong hooked nose and tight-drawn lips; a rather noticeable face of ascetic type, marred at times by a hawklike keenness of look. The drapery department was already in darkness and shrouded in dust cloths. A single light remained over the desk and in its shaded rays the powerful face would have been worthy the brush of a Rembrandt. He lived, a widower, with his daughter, above the shop.

Twice he went to the door to look up the street, returning to the desk and waiting. A patient man, long-viewed, deliberate, was Manton. A natural money-maker, shrewd in winning, like a steel trap in holding. Men said he was worse since his wife died. His daughter had been away at school for some years, and loneliness had not improved him. Neighbors wondered at the money he spent on his daughter, he, a country grocer, sending her to an expensive city boarding-school. He would make her dissatisfied with her position.

But he viewed it otherwise. The store was not to be his last word in ambition. Other men in Silverton had made their hundreds of thousands, one or two their millions, from the ground. The country around was mineral-rich, and strikes had been made by "lucky men" as they were called. Manton did not so regard them. He read his Bible and believed that "Time and Chance happeneth to all." He held that neither luck, nor lack of materials, makes the failure, but lack in the man. One day chance would enter the store. So he waited and watched, as this night, for the golden hour of life to come.

There was a step outside, and he looked up as Falconer entered. Then he put down his pen.

"Glad to see you, Dick," he said. "I heard you were in town."

The rapacious look vanished in the smile. Falconer liked him. Manton had always treated him well. Sometimes the Camp account ran up steeply, but the grocer never balked or nagged. He was a fine judge of men and backed his judgment. If it said a man was worthless, he could not get credit for a box of matches. Manton could say "Yes" or "No" with equal facility. And such a man makes money.

"Came in this evening," replied Dick. "I wanted to ask you to have the account made out. Guess it's a long one. You've treated me mighty white, Mr. Manton."

"That's how I treat white men," replied the other. "You stand A.1 here as you know. I'll lock up, then we'll go upstairs for a talk. I'm alone tonight. Agnes is in the city visiting for a few days."

A cloud crossed the pleasant face of the young man.

**T**HEY went upstairs, the big woodsman, unused to houses, treading the stairs gingerly. It was Agnes Manton's home. He felt clumsy and noisy.

"You'll have something to eat?" asked the host.

"Just had supper. Thanks all the same," replied Falconer.

"Light up then." And he passed the cigars. "How are things?"

"Looking pretty good," said Dick, taking a cigar.

"I'm glad of it," said the other heartily. "You've worked for it these many years."

"Seven," nodded the visitor. "I've been tempted to quit often, but I felt I was on the right track. You know how it is. When snow begins to fly and you've nothing to show, you feel like giving up, but when spring rounds again the old call comes and you're bound to go back."

"And one of these days you'll land it," said Manton with conviction. "Work like yours wins in the end."

The cordial sympathy was not without its effect on the young man. He had lived a lonely life and in some ways knew little of men. In camp they were good or bad, black or white. He was not accustomed to the subtle, neutral tints of civilization. He wanted to talk to this friendly, solid man, so different from the ordinary acquaintance. The temptation was irresistible.

"I guess I have landed it this time," he said.

"I'm gladder than you can think," said Manton, stretching out his hand.

Dick was proud. For this man was the father of Agnes.

"You've earned it, whatever you've won. Agnes will be glad, too." The youngster's face flushed, his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

At the moment a footfall was heard in the street.

"Someone at the door," said Manton. "I'll run down. Have a look at the paper till I get back."

**H**E went downstairs, switched on the light, opened the door, then shut it noisily, and stood in the middle of the floor with head bent, deep in thought. Outwardly calm, his face set as marble, he fought the sudden battle with great temptation. The man above had news, great news, he believed. Manton could read him like a book, and there had been rumors from the hill country for some time. He knew Falconer's mighty weakness, drink. Back and forth raged the battle. That which was finer in the man spoke, but the clamoring, insistent voice shouted it down. The man above was a weakling, he had won small successes before to fritter them away. To himself this might be the long-sought avenue of escape from the bondage of the narrow life. Competition is war, and the rules of war rest on expediency. He switched off the light and went upstairs.

"No one there," he said. "We'll make ourselves comfortable."

He brought whiskey and gin from the cupboard.

"We'll drink to prosperity," he said, handing the bumper glass to Dick, and raising his own.

"To prosperity," echoed the young man, draining the glass neat. The fire ran



*The world seemed fairyland, the air sweet and clear, the woods deliciously fragrant. . .  
There was a rustle in the grass and she looked up startled. Falconer stood before her.*

through his veins, scorching, glowing, genial. The walls of resolution were down. What did it matter with Agnes' father? For hours he drank and talked, the potent spirit stilling the last whispers of prudence.

It was dawn of Sunday morning when the head at last sank on the drunken man's breast, and he slept. Manton knew every detail of his secret, but as he looked on the young man, he felt like one who has murdered, and robbed the slain. He despised himself, and in the rose dawn of the holy day, swore he would not profit by this unholy thing. Then a great wave of exultation swept over him, drowning the voice of conscience. The race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, Scripture notwithstanding.

### III.

WHEN Falconer recovered from the week's bout, and learned what had happened, he went straight from his interview with the former owners of the property he had worked upon, to Manton's store. The drink he had taken had stimulated the fury of his wrath. Straight from the train he went, with no plan in mind other than the determination to avenge himself on the crafty thief. He peered through the lighted window, crept into the dark yard at the back, but did not find the man he sought. There were lights upstairs; there he would find him, where the wrong had been done. He walked to the side door, knocked, and waited for the heavy, deliberate tread. Then he started back. A light foot ran swiftly down the stairs, the door opened and in the lamp's radiance stood Agnes Manton.

One cannot live in a village without hearing the gossip that drips and passes for news. The vague story of some new luck of Falconer's and the drinking carouse with which he was celebrating it had reached her when she came home a few days before. There had been a time not very far distant when the big, good looking miner had been one of her friends and heroes. His cheery acceptance of Fortune's rebuffs, his sturdy, fighting optimism, and resolute return to attack, seemed worthy of his outer man's promise. He had a bright comradely frankness that is to women one of the most attractive forms of flattery. Something of his earlier habits she had known, and esteemed him the more for victory wherein so many fail. Latterly, owing to her absence from home, she had seen him rarely.

She was a tall, winsome girl of twenty-one, a true daughter of the Northland. One saw in her the sparkle and glow of the Northern sunlight, the strength and beauty of its hills, the fresh vigor of its airs. There was nothing of the exotic beauty, destined to be man's idol, plaything, or servant, in Agnes Manton. Nature meant her to be the matched mate of manhood's best. In the grace of her lithe form, the frank honest eyes, the bright imperiousness of her smile, one discerned the reflection of a strong, fine soul.

The girl was proud of her father, his mental grip, far-visioned ambition, success. His meaner side she had not seen. In comparison with his strong virtues and self-mastery the young woodsman now appeared to greatest disadvantage. She had meant to be severe with him, but, when she saw him, a feeling of tenderness came over her. He had few friends and no home. She began to frame excuses for him, the lone wilderness, hard work, and then the village with its circle to whom every event of life is excuse for drinking.

"Why, Dick, I am glad you've come," she said, extending her hand. "Father is away, but won't you come in?"

He looked up at her as he took her hand. Of course she didn't know.

"Sorry I can't, Agnes," he replied. "I'm pulling out to-night, but I'm glad I didn't miss you. It's good to see you again."

She laughed and flushed a little under his frank eyes.

"Next time you come down, please remember you have friends here," she said. "You seem to have forgotten us. Father will be sorry to have missed you."

"I saw him the night I came down," he replied. "You were away."

"I did not know," she answered. "They tell me you had luck in the woods. No one is better pleased than we are, Dick."

"Oh! people talk," he smiled quietly. "I seem to get near it, and just miss it. Remember the sick man in Scripture and the troubled pool? Somebody always stepped in before him, or shoved him aside."

"I never thought of you, Dick, as one to be shoved aside easily," she said. "I am very sorry, though. I hoped you had struck it. But won't you come in?"

"No, I must be going. Good-night, Agnes," he said. "And—Agnes."

"Yes," she responded.

"Tell your father I called, and—well, never mind that," he added absently. "Would you mind giving me that ribbon from your hair, Agnes, just for remembrance, and better luck, and old times?"

The color deepened in her face. Then she laughed in her bright, musical way, as she unfastened the ribbon and gave it to him.

"Goodbye, Agnes," he said, lingering a moment over her hand.

"Goodbye, Dick, and the best of good luck," she replied.

He went off along the street. From an upper window she watched him, and hated the hotel and its crowd, and the drink, the everlasting drink, that breaks some of the finest among men, and yet retains its lying glamor of manliness. That night, though, Falconer touched no liquor.

### IV.

MANTON was no coward, but he hoped the disappearance of Falconer was final. As his daughter told of the miner's visit, he was able to fathom its purpose, and the unconscious counterbalancing influence of Agnes.

"I understood that Dick had made a strike, father," she said.

"So it was reported," he replied. "Miner's optimism, my dear, one of the most wonderful things in life."

"He said he called here the night he came down," she continued.

"Yes. I kept him here all night." There was meaning in his words that she understood; and she thought less gently of Dick for some time.

Falconer, however, did not stay away. He came back to be the living ghost of a slain man, to haunt Manton's life. They often met, but never, drunk or sober, did the miner speak of the work of that evil night. Sometimes Manton wished he would, that he might ease his conscience by the balm of his own advocacy. At first Agnes was puzzled by the fact that Dick never came to the house; and then she learned the manner of his life, and understood.

THE woods in which so large a portion of Falconer's later life had been spent were now shorn away, and the work on the pits began. Presently Manton's store was sold, and a house built on the hillside, near the mines, overlooking the wooded vale and lake. Dick often rambled through the woods, that, unobserved, he might see the place. There were now no more prospecting trips. Spring came, lake and river burst into song, the birds came back, the arbutus flowered in the vale, but the call fell unheeded on the dull ears of Falconer. Nowhere is the *descensus Averni* swifter than in the small mining town. A bookless place, where are few outer resources for the man who lacks the inner ones. The one place of amusement, light, warmth, social life, is the bar-room—a steep, polished slide for the slipping man.

Dick was too valuable a man to be overlooked in a mining settlement. He was reputed to know underground within a radius of twenty miles better than some men know the landscape. He became pit boss for the biggest mine operating in the vicinity. He had never been to college or mining school, but he had the knack of things and, when a tough, practical problem had to be tackled, Falconer was fetched. He could get twice as much work out of a gang as any other boss, and that without the roaring, cursing methods of the typical gang-driver. He understood all men except himself, and could manage all others. The men most difficult to handle, the Slav, Hungarian, Italian, with their racial jealousies, idolized him. His weaknesses made him seem more human. He remembered they were men and not beasts; and there was no calculation or self interest in his kindness. When faction fights broke out, and police and priest were alike powerless to still the storm, the cry for Dick went up, and he could still the fiercest raging in his fearless fashion, that was afraid of neither knife nor bullet. In the pits he was lord. Outside, his wages went in drink. Men liked and pitied him. There were good women who sorrowed over him.

*Continued on page 98*

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—The movement for the extension of the vote to women gained an impetus by the action of the Alberta Legislature in passing an Equal Franchise measure. The most important individual factor in achieving this decision was Mrs. Nellie McClung. Her books and her platform performances have made Mrs. McClung the outstanding figure in the fight for woman's rights. Accordingly, when the editors of MacLean's decided that the subject introduced some months ago by Stephen Leacock in his article "The Woman Question" could be continued with interest to the readers of MacLean's, by having the same topic treated from the feminine standpoint, the first name that suggested itself naturally was that of Mrs. McClung. She consented to write an article for the readers of MacLean's, despite the fact that her time is very much taken up by the work in the West in which she is taking an active part. Accordingly, we present:

# Speaking of Women

**T**HE Cave Dweller, long ago, realizing that the food supply was limited and hard to obtain, was disposed to look upon every other man as a possible rival; and considered it good policy to kill at sight in order that the crowd around the Neolithic lunch counter might be lessened. The reasoning was economically sound, too. If the divisor is lessened, the quotient is correspondingly increased!

Life was simple then. Every man was his own lawyer, butcher, barber, drycleaner; he settled his own quarrels, without lawyers' fees or "notes"; there were no apartment houses, tax-notices, rural mail delivery, water rates, subscription lists, or any other complication.

But it was not long before men began to plan greater tasks than could be accomplished by individual effort, and the idea slowly grew that the other man might be a real help at times and perhaps it was a mistake always to kill him. Co-operation began when one man chased the bear out of the cave and another man killed him when he ran past the gap!

Since then the idea of co-operation has steadily grown. Now we are so utterly dependent upon the other man—or woman—that we cannot live a day without them. But the primitive instincts die hard! Men are still haunted by the ghost of that old fear that there may not be enough of some things to go around if too many people have the same chance of obtaining a share. They join in the thanksgiving of the old blessing:

"Six potatoes among the four of us;  
Thank the Lord there ain't any more of us."

**T**HIS deep-rooted fear, that any change may bring personal inconvenience, lies at the root of much of the opposition to all reform.

Men held to slavery for long years, con-

By NELLIE L. MCCLUNG

Cartoons by WILLIAM CASEY



doning and justifying it, because they were afraid that without slave labor life would not be comfortable. Certain men have opposed the advancement of women for the same reason; their hearts have been beset with the old black fear that, if women were allowed equal rights with men, some day some man would go home and find the dinner not ready, and the potatoes not even peeled! But not many give expression to this fear, as a reason for their opposition. They say they oppose the enfranchisement of women because they are too frail, weak and sweet to mingle in the hurly-burly of life; that women have far more influence now than if they could vote, and besides, God never intended them to vote, and it would break up the home, and make life a howling wilderness; the world would be full of neglected children (or none at all) and the homely joys of the fireside would vanish from the earth.

I remember once hearing an eloquent speaker cry out in alarm, "If women ever get the vote, who will teach us to say our prayers?"

Surely his experience of the franchised class had been an unfortunate one when he could not believe that anyone could both vote and pray!

That women are physically inferior to men is a strange reason for placing them under a further handicap, and we are surprised to find it advanced in all seriousness as an argument against woman

suffrage. The exercising of the ballot does not require physical strength or endurance. Surely the opponents of woman suffrage do not mean to advocate that a strong fist should rule; just now we are a bit sensitive about this, and such doctrine is not popular. Might is not right; with our heart's blood we declare it is not!

No man has the right to citizenship on his weight, height, or lifting power; he exercises this right because he is a human being, with hands to work, brain to think, and a life to live.

**I**T is to save women from toil and fatigue and all unpleasantness that the chivalrous ones would deny her the right of exercising the privileges of citizenship; though just how this could be brought about is not stated. Women are already in the battle of life; thirty per cent. of the adult women of Canada and the United States are wage earners, and the percentage grows every day. How does the lack of the ballot help them? Is it any comfort to the woman who feels the sting of social injustice to reflect that she, at least, had no part in making such a law? Or do the poor women who go through the deserted streets in the grey dawn to their homes, alone and unprotected after their hard night's work at office-cleaning, ever proudly reflect that at least they have

never had to drag their skirts in the mire of the polls, or be stared at by rude men as they approach the ballot box?

The physical disability of women is an additional reason for their having the franchise. The ballot is such a simple, easy way of expressing a preference or wish so "gentle," ladylike and dignified.



**N**OW even in the matter of homesteads women are not allowed

free land unless they are widows with the care of minor children; although any man who is of the age of eighteen may have one hundred and sixty acres on payment of ten dollars, and the performance of certain duties. The alleged reason for this discrimination is that women cannot perform the required duties and so, to save them from the temptation of trying, the Government in its fatherly wisdom denies them the chance.

But women are doing homestead duties wherever homestead duties are being done. Women suffer the hardships—cold, hunger, loneliness—against which there is no law; and, when the homestead is "proved," all the scrub cleared, and the land broken, the husband may sell the whole thing without his wife's knowledge, and he can take the money and depart, without a word. Against this there is no law either!

No person objects to the homesteader's wife having to get out wood, or break up scrub land, or drive oxen, so long as she is not doing these things for herself and has no legal claim on the result of her labor. Working for someone else is very sweet and womanly, and most commendable. What a neat blending there is of kindness and cruelty in the complacent utterances of the armchair philosophers who tell us that women have not the physical strength to do the hard tasks of life, and therefore should not be allowed to vote! Kindness and cruelty have never blended well, though clever people have tried to bring it about.

Little Harry had a birthday party one day, and as part of the entertainment he proudly exhibited a fine family of young puppies, who occupied a corner of the barn. One of his little guests seemed to be greatly attracted by the smallest puppy. He carried it about in his arms and appeared to lavish great affection on it! At last, he took it into the house, and interviewed Harry's mother. "Oh, Mrs. Brown," he said, "this little puppy is smaller than any of the others—and Harry says it will never grow to be a fine big dog—and maybe it is sick—and it is a dear sweet pet—and please may we drown it!"

I SAW a letter last week which was written to the Sunshine Editor of one of our papers, from a woman on the homestead. She asked if a pair of boots could be sent to her, for she had to get out all the wood from the bush. Her husband had gone to work in the mines in B.C. She expressed her gratitude for the help she had received from Sunshine before, and voiced the hope that when "she got things going" she would be able to show her gratitude by helping someone else. There was no word of complaint. And this brave woman is typical of many. Whether able or not able, women are out

in the world, meeting its conditions, bearing its conditions, fighting their own battles, and always under a handicap.

Now the question is, what are we going to do about it?

One way, pursued by many, is to turn blind eyes to conditions as they are, and "haver" away about how frail and sweet women are; and that what they need is greater dependence. This babble of marriage and home for every woman sounds soothing, but does not seem to lead anywhere. Before the war, there were a million and a half more women than men in the Old Country alone—what will the proportion be when the war,

with its fearful destruction of men, is over? One would think, to read the vaporings which pass as articles on the suffrage question, that good reliable husbands will be supplied upon request, if you would only write your name and address plainly and enclose a stamped envelope.

It is certainly true that the old avenues of labor have been closed to women. The introduction of machinery has done this, for now the work is done in factories, which formerly was done by hand labor. Women have not deserted their work, but the work has been taken from them. Sometimes it is said that women are trying to usurp men's place in the world; and if they were, it would be merely an act of retaliation, for men have already usurped women's sphere. We have men cooks, milliners, hairdressers, dressmakers, laundrymen—yes, men have invaded women's sphere. It is inevitable and cannot be changed by words of protest. People do well to accept the inevitable.

Men and women have two distinct spheres, when considered as men and women, but as human beings there is a great field of activity which they may—and do occupy in common. Now it is in this common field of activity that women are asking for equal privileges. There is not really much argument in pointing out that women cannot lay bricks, nor string electric wire, and therefore can never be regarded as man's equal in the matter of citizenship. Man cannot live by bricks alone! And we might with equal foolishness declare that because a man (as a rule) cannot thread a needle, or "turn a heel," therefore he should not ever be allowed to vote. Life is more than laying bricks or threading needles, for we have diverse gifts given to us by an all-wise Creator!

The exceptional woman can do many things, and these exceptions simply prove

that there is no rule. There is a woman in the Qu'Appelle Valley who runs a big wheat farm and makes money. The Agricultural Editor of the *Manitoba Free Press* is a woman who is acknowledged to be one of the best crop experts in Canada. Figures do not confuse her! Even if the average woman is not always sure of the binomial theorem, that does not prove that she is incapable of saying who shall make the laws under which she shall live.

But when all other arguments fail, the anti-suffragist can always go back to the "saintly motherhood one, and "the hand that rocks." There is the perennial bloom that flourishes in all climates. Women are the mothers of the race—therefore they can be nothing else. When once a woman has a child, they argue, she must stay right on the job of raising it. Children have been blamed for many things very unjustly, and one of the most outstanding of these is that they take up all their mother's time, and are never able to care for themselves: that no one can do anything for the child but the mother; not even caring for it once every four years. From observation and experience, I wish to state positively that children do grow up—indeed they do—far too soon. The delightful days of babyhood and childhood are all too short, and they grow independent of us; and in a little while the day comes, no matter how hard we try to delay it, when they go out from us, to make their own way in the world, and we realize, with a queer stabbing at our hearts, that in the going of our first-born, our own youthfulness has gone too! And it seems such a cruel short time since he was born!

Yes, it is true. Children do grow up. And when they have gone from their mother, she still has her life to live.

The strong, active, virile woman of fifty, with twenty good years ahead of her, with a wealth of experience and wisdom, with a heart mellowed by time and filled with that large charity which only comes by knowledge—is a force to be reckoned with in the uplift of the world.

But if a woman has had the narrow outlook on life all the way along—if her efforts have been all made on behalf of her own family, she cannot quickly adjust herself to anything else, even when her family no longer need her. There is no sadder sight than the middle-aged woman left alone and purposeless when her family have gone. "I am a woman of fifty, strong, healthy—a college graduate," I once heard a woman say. "My children no longer need me—my attentions embarrass them—I gave them all my thought, all my time

—I stifled every ambition to serve them. Now I am too old to gain new interests. I am a woman without a job."

*Continued on page 96*



# The Frost Girl: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

## THE STORY—UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, meets Hertha MacLure, a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl who runs a trading post, formerly managed by her father, and who is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl," on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto, where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line from his chief. Baird must complete his work and file plans at Ottawa by April 1. He at once returns to the north. Four days out from Sabawe, his base of supplies, nine of his dogs are poisoned over night. Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything. He then hurries back to get supplies up from Sabawe, and, after a long delay, gets back to camp to find that his hungry men have gone to secure supplies by force from the Frost Girl. He protects the Post from his men and sends them back to camp. By this time Baird realizes that he is in love with the girl. He starts out himself to discover who poisoned the dogs and at a camping place where the teams have been accustomed to stop he finds a man hiding pieces of frozen meat in the snow around the camp where the dogs would find it the next time they stopped there. He endeavors to overpower the stranger and a fierce struggle ensues, from which Baird issues victor, his opponent sustaining a broken arm. The poisoner gets away, however. In striking across the ice, Baird breaks through and is nearly drowned. Fighting his way back to camp in freezing condition, he nearly succumbs, but is found and rescued by the Frost Girl. He is nursed back to life by Hertha and their intimacy ripens to friendship. In the meantime the guardian of the food cache is lured away by an Indian and, in his absence, the cache is burned. They catch the Indian, who proves to be one of the Frost Girl's "people." She comes to the camp to plead for him and reveals to Allan that she has been opposing him because she believes the building of a railroad will drive the Indians, the rightful possessors of the country, away. She spends Christmas Day in camp.

## A Story of the Canadian North

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Wavy Hair and Narrow Nose

OME day some super-scientist will tell us why a white skin, wavy hair and a narrow nose have given men the desire, and the power, to go anywhere, work anywhere, live anywhere. Now we only know that the desire, and the power, exist. The broad-nosed, frizzily-locked black-skinned man left Africa only when carried away. The yellow-hued, straight-haired people continued to pack themselves into the eastern side of a continent.

Some of them have followed, but it has always been the wavy-haired, fair-skinned man who has led. Beneath the fair skin is a power to endure. Beneath the wavy hair is a will to go on. Neither the heat of the desert, the reek of the tropics nor the cold of the arctic has kept him back. The sea kills but never frightens him. The north has chilled the last heart beat only to bring a dozen beating hearts to the spot. The desert glistens with bones which become guide posts for others.

From the pleasant places the wavy-haired ones went in all directions until all the travellers have met, until all the world bears their footprints. It has become so common we have ceased to marvel. A railroad across the Andes, two continents separated for the first time and forever, a flag at the bottom of the earth, a college in China, two lines of steel through the heart of Africa, a trapper's hut buried by Arctic snows, a prospector's tent snuggled at the base of an unknown peak—lured by gold, adventure, driven by religious zeal, or simply called by the day's work, the white man has gone, and his mile-stones are infinite.

Allan Baird and his crew were of the narrow-nosed, wavy-haired races. They or their fathers came from sunny, pleasant lands, but neither Indian or Eskimo could have been more enduring in the bitter weather that followed their holiday. On, on, always on, they pressed, despite blizzard and intense cold. Men laughed when their noses turned white, jested as they stamped their feet and threshed their arms.

THE days became longer and the line lengthened more rapidly. Each night the great inland sea to the north was nearer. Each morning there was renewed determination. It was work, hard, cruel, torturing work, but they made of it a game and in time the fast-growing paychecks were forgotten in the zest of this contest between the fair-skinned and the northland.

For a while Allan worked continually

at the head of his men. The morning after Christmas he had seen Hertha alone. The crew had gone and she was preparing to leave for her home. It had been the moment for which he had been looking. If it had been love before, what was it now, he thought, as he stood beside her in front of the great campfire? His ears roared with the singing in his heart. The gloom of the forest was the brightness of a summer's day. He was sure he heard birds in the spruce.

But that was all. If Hertha had been metamorphosed by the Christmas celebration, she had quickly reverted. The light was gone from her eyes, the elation from her bearing. There was no return to the grim expression of the girl who had refused food to the surveying crew, or to the defiance of the Indian's defender.

Instead there was a quiet, sad-eyed girl. Had that been all Allan would have ended it right there. Only a touch of sadness was needed to open his arms and enfold the fur-clad figure. But something held him back, something behind the sad eyes, something resolute in the carriage of the lynx-covered shoulders. She answered the ardent glances of the engineer with distant, almost brooding eyes. There was a fixed purpose in the quick, competent harnessing of her dogs, a task in which no one could assist.

When at last, the team ready and impatient, she turned to Allan, she was quick, matter of fact.

"You have been very good to me," she said as she extended a mitten hand. "I enjoyed every minute yesterday. And the Indian? You won't stick to your decision?"

"I have already decided, Hertha. He goes home this morning."

"I will be ready to answer for what he did," she said simply.

"There is nothing to answer for. That is forgotten. We're starting new, aren't we?"

"Yes," she said, as she turned to her carriole.

"And when will I see you again, Hertha? Can't we discover a sick Indian up here somewhere?"

"You are getting too far away, but you will stop when you go out in the spring?"

It was the first concession on her part and Allan stepped forward eagerly. But she was already in her toboggan.

"Tell me one thing," she commanded suddenly. "Do you think now that you can finish the work on time?"

"Unless there's nothing except a lot of hard work ahead of us. We're ahead of schedule and, while the worst of the winter is coming, the crew's working like a cyclone. We're bound to win."

"Mush!" cried Hertha; and, before Allan could comprehend, the six great

huskies had snatched her from him. Across the open they swept and into the trail through the forest. As the leader dashed into the spruce, Hertha turned quickly. It was too dark to see her face, but Allan answered the wave of her hand and he felt certain that she had smiled.

FOR a day or two Allan was depressed by the girl's manner upon leaving. He had felt that the Christmas day celebration had cleared the ground between them, that at last there was a complete understanding of those things which had obtruded themselves before. Like all reverent lovers, he felt alternate doubts and hopes. The memory of a smile across the Christmas campfire meant that she loved him. Recollection of a whispered pleasantry with Denny Slavin meant that she was more impressed with the young engineer's nonsense. He remembered the days spent in her cabin, the warm, brown hand in his; and the vision of the strange leave-taking wiped out all else.

Allan's first act was to release the Indian. If Hertha were responsible there was no more danger. She had said that she wished to be friends. It was Allan's heart rather than his head, however, that prompted this action. He could not bear the thought of the prisoner sitting always before him when she had travelled so far to offer herself in his place.

When the men came in that night there was a glance or two at the empty place beside the big campfire, a whispered question of the cook, and that was all. At supper time Allan explained that he could get the Indian any time he was needed, and that he had given information which led to the people who had hired him. The men were satisfied and the incident was forgotten.

CAMP was moved every second day. The dog teams went to Sabawe and returned with more supplies. Some of the teams returned to the railroad immediately and the others went forward with provisions for another cache.

Nothing happened. No more dogs were poisoned. Cache guardians passed endless days unmolested. The line went on. Allan, confident that opposition had ceased, buoyant with the knowledge of Hertha's loyalty, toiled the harder at the head of the survey, leaving to Hughey the camp moving, cache building and hauling.

The only incident in January was a visit from Alfred Hardisty, the missionary. He stopped one night on his way to some Indians farther to the north. He was pleasant, talked with the men, asked as to the progress of the work, ate with them, and the next morning went on. Allan was civil, hospitable, but his resentment was only increased when the missionary spoke of Hertha and their co-operation in the work among the Indians. There was an unctuous proprietorship in his reference to her that maddened Allan, that brought plausible reasons for her strange departure the morning after Christmas, that aroused new doubts and fears; until finally, toward the end of January, he decided that he must see her.

It is easy for the youth in love to make all things conform. Black is neither black nor white if he wishes. Standards of conduct, ideas and ideals, all must give way to the one big thing in the man's life. Civilization with its well-ordered ways does not ask much in this regard. The wilderness, where each man becomes his own standard, where liberty may so easily become license, where only the human will is law, is conducive to what the untempted term laxity, absence of moral stamina. It is easy to walk straight on a pavement, hard to find your way in an untracked forest.

So Allan, convincing himself at last that the work was going well, that nothing now would interrupt the steady march northward, left one morning with the Sabawe dog-train. In the forenoon of the third day he alighted on the river ice in front of the MacLure Post and, as the dogs sped onward, climbed the bank to Hertha's cabin.

UT the place was locked and quiet. He went to the store, where Me-mi-je-is, his arm whole again, stood behind the counter. In a few English words the Indian told that Hertha was gone, that she would not return for several days, that he did not know her destination or the object of her journey.

Alone, more disheartened than before, angry and disgusted with himself for having deserted his work, Allan plodded back to camp. He was four days on the trail, days in which he travelled with all possible speed while there was light, nights in which he sat beside his solitary campfire and became the victim of all the fears and forebodings that solitude and dejection can inspire.

Weary from the forced travel of his last day, Allan arrived in camp at dark. The crew was not in from the survey line. The cook was bending over his range, and he had only a word of greeting for his chief. Hughey alone sat beside the big campfire, and he only looked up as Allan dropped to a seat beside him. For a minute both were silent. Then the engineer braced his shoulders and turned to the woodsman.

"Well, what's happened this time?" he asked with the tone of a man who expects the worst.

"The hardest yet, lad," was the quiet response. "It's worse because we're so far from Sabawe."

Allan did not ask for details. He was too busy convicting himself of the blame, cursing the weakness which had drawn him from the battle-line.

"We're down to about two days' grub," continued Hughey, "and no chance to get any in when that's gone."

"The same old story?" asked Allan wearily.

"Yes, except it's played to a different tune. Night before last four half-breeds came into camp from the south. We fed them and they slept beside the fire. That is, they said they would, and we let them. No one thought anything of it. They told a good story about coming through to the bay to tell the factor that the post on a

lake way south of here burned out, and asking him for grub for the trader.

"Well, the next morning when the cook got up they was gone and every dog and dog-harness and toboggan in the outfit was gone, too. I took after them, because they were headed north and for the cache. But when I got to it there wasn't a sign of anything except the lad who guarded it. They'd surprised him and taken everything in the place and headed on north. I followed them for ten miles, and then they crossed that big barren we found last summer. The wind was blowing, and in half a mile there wasn't a sign of their track. I came back because it wasn't any use."

Allan had no comment to make. It was all that he had feared, and, coupled with the blow was the quick thought that Hertha had been gone from her post, that her mission was secret or the Indian would have told him. He hated himself for the thought, but he could not erase it from his mind. Hertha had said she wished to be his friend, but there had followed the strange question upon her departure the day after Christmas. She had seen the folly of trying to oppose a railroad; and now came this.

There were only two answers to the problem. In the month that had passed, her old purpose, her old, absurd, quixotic idea of saving the land for the Indian, had returned with its former force, or she had been deceiving him from the beginning and was the agent of the National people.

For once Allan met an obstacle without the fighting spirit, without a plan. Not even commenting on what Hughey had told him, he arose and went to his tent.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### The Chosen Twenty

BECAUSE Allan's nose was narrow, his brown hair wavy, his skin white beneath the tan, he emerged from his tent at supper time with the conquering spirit of his race. In that hour alone he had fought it out. His heart told him that Hertha had had nothing to do with this latest attack. His head cited many things to deny this. His heart told him she cared. His head told him there was nothing upon which to found such a belief, that she had fooled him with a purpose.

But, Hertha or someone else, he and his work were the objects of attack. He and the survey were threatened with failure. He and his men were menaced with starvation. Hertha or someone else, his only course was to fight back. Even love cannot make a man lie down and wait for the end.

Savagely he strode through the crew gathered about the fire and whispered to the cook.

"Two days," was the curt information he received, "and maybe breakfast the next morning."

"That means four days on half rations."

"I'm figuring on half rations, boss."

Allan turned at once to Hughey.

"When do you figure the teams will be back?"



*The missionary had risen. . . . The sudden change in his manner, the impressiveness of his tone, the unusualness of his figure in a white canvas parka, from the folded hood of which his hair flowed out in thick, black masses, held the crew's attention.*

"Five days anyhow. Maybe more."

Three days without grub! Three days of starvation following two of half rations. Men could live through it, but men could not work through it, would not maintain their spirit. He knew his men had followed him through much. He knew they would balk at this, that certain failure was the only possible outcome unless something were done immediately.

"Any place near here where we can get any grub, any Hudson's Bay Company posts?" he asked Hughey.

"The nearest is a good hundred miles of unbroken trail and besides we haven't any dogs to haul it."

**A**LLAN ran over the situation quickly. He could return to Hertha's post. But it would require three days of long, hard travel to reach it, twice as much if it should snow. And, if Hertha were still absent, there would be no dogs with which to haul supplies. Further, only his heart dictated the thought that she would sell provisions to him. Everything pointed to another refusal.

There was the bare chance of Hughey getting through to a Hudson's Bay Company post and obtaining dogs with which to haul in enough to save the crew from starving and mutiny. Otherwise, there was nothing. The situation was more than serious. It was critical. Success or failure would be decided in less than forty-eight hours.

Allan heard a sound in the darkness down the trail and turned to see a man approaching the camp.

"Who can that be?" he whispered to Hughey.

"That mission man. Where are his dogs?"

It was Hardisty, coming in from the south. He stopped to speak to the men and then made his way through the crowd to Allan.

"Good evening, Mr. Baird," he said, extending his hand. "I hope that I am welcome to-night, for I have had a misfortune and, had it not been for the fact that you are camped here, I might have faced starvation."

"You're welcome to what we've got," replied Allan grimly, "we are up against the same game ourselves. What happened to you?"

"My dogs ran away from me. Chasing a caribou. They had toboggan, robes, food, everything. I followed them for a mile, and then they struck your trail to the railroad and set off at a run. No telling when they'll stop."

"I'm sorry you lost them," said Allan. "I would have confiscated them if you had brought them into camp to-night."

"Where were the caribou?" interrupted Hughey.

"About fifteen miles south of here. I was a little way west of your trail. But what has happened to you, my good people?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Allan as he turned away. "Someone just stole all our dogs and all our grub. That's all."

Hughey followed his chief to the latter's tent.

"I've got an idea, lad," he said when they were inside. "This is a good caribou country. I've seen a few signs and it's time for big bunches of them to be travelling. I'll strike out early and make a circle to see what there is. The men could live on caribou if they had to."

"It looks like the only chance, Hughey," replied Allan without enthusiasm. "About the best I can do is to help you."

"No, you take out after the preacher's dogs," urged the woodsman. "It's a funny bit of business, a man's losing a dog team that way. They can't go far without getting tangled up and stopping. If he'd kept on he'd probably found them in another mile."

"I'll do that!" cried Allan. "You see what you can do in the meat line, Hughey, and I'll start early after those dogs. If I don't get them, I can go on and hurry up the teams from Sabawe."

**H**ARDISTY was the only cheerful individual in the crowd about the big campfire that night. Hughey and Allan retired to the chief's tent immediately after the slim supper. The transit men were busy with notes and maps. The missionary talked with the crew.

At first he spoke only to those nearest him. Gradually the little groups broke up and his audience swelled. The men listened attentively at first because to them he was something new, someone who might tell them something that would brighten the monotony of their lives. And, when he had them all, Hardisty turned at once into the expected channels. In a few minutes a revival service was on in that lonely survey camp set down in the centre of a vast wilderness. The exhorter sat on a log, his face lit up by the leaping flames of the campfire. His audience sat in a circle, big, rough, blasphemous, reckless men. Behind them the spruce cracked in the intense cold and a distant wolf howled his loneliness.

Allan came out of his tent, watched the scene for a moment and then went back. His mind was too much occupied with the problem that confronted him to give Hardisty's efforts to interest the crew in the Gospel any consideration.

Nor did he give the missionary himself any consideration in the morning. Before the crew was called he was on his way southward in search of the runaway dogs. He did not even leave word for Hardisty as to what he intended to do. The team was there to be had, or there was a chance of its being there, and, with the crew facing starvation, Allan did not stop for formalities.

Hughey, in the meantime, started out in quest of food, lunch in a sack tied at the back of his belt and his rifle in its case. He went northward for a few miles and then on snowshoes began a circle to the west which, he figured, would bring him back to camp.

But he returned that night with the half apologetic, half defiant attitude of the man who has not seen even a track. Matthews was in charge and reported that Allan had not returned. Hardisty, he said, had gone at daylight. Matthews believed some of the men had said he was

searching for an Indian wigwam where he expected to get dogs to take him back to the MacLure Post.

The next morning the crew again started out to work. Hughey was already beginning a big circle toward the east. This time he carried more food, while his eiderdown quilt was rolled up and carried on his back.

"I'm not coming back until I smell blood," he told the cook as he packed his slim portion of food.

"You'd better not," was the grim reply. "You can starve there as easy as here."

**T**HAT night when the crew came in, weary, hungry, knowing only too well the slim ration that would be ready for them, neither Allan nor Hughey had appeared. Silently the men gathered about the big fire and warmed themselves. There was little talking, no jesting. Not once did a man laugh. Not once did a bearded face break into a smile.

Into this grim gathering walked Hardisty. Before, the men had tolerated him, had looked upon him as a diversion. Some had even pretended to be interested in his impromptu revival service for the fun that it might give the others. Now, when food was scarce, they resented his coming, resented the handshaking and the complacent smile.

After supper, a meal which vanished in an instant, Matthews, Slavin and Jacobs retired to their tent, leaving the crew about the fire. The men knew what they faced. They wanted to do the right thing. But the greatest fear of wild creatures is of hunger. Men who live in wild places know that fear, become panicky in the face of it. The very silence of the crew was ominous.

But Hardisty, as he sat down among them, looked around with a smiling face.

"While I am greatly distressed to find you in this condition," he began, "I am glad to be with you again to-night, and to continue my talk. In such moments of adversity—

"But out the preachin'," came a voice from across the fire.

"You bet!" cried another. "We're too busy thinking of our bellies."

"That's exactly what I intend to do," replied Hardisty, and everyone started at the new tone. "At least, I am going to consider your bellies as well as your souls."

"Mine wants something more than considering," growled one of the men as he arose and started toward the tents. "I'm going to sleep and forget about it."

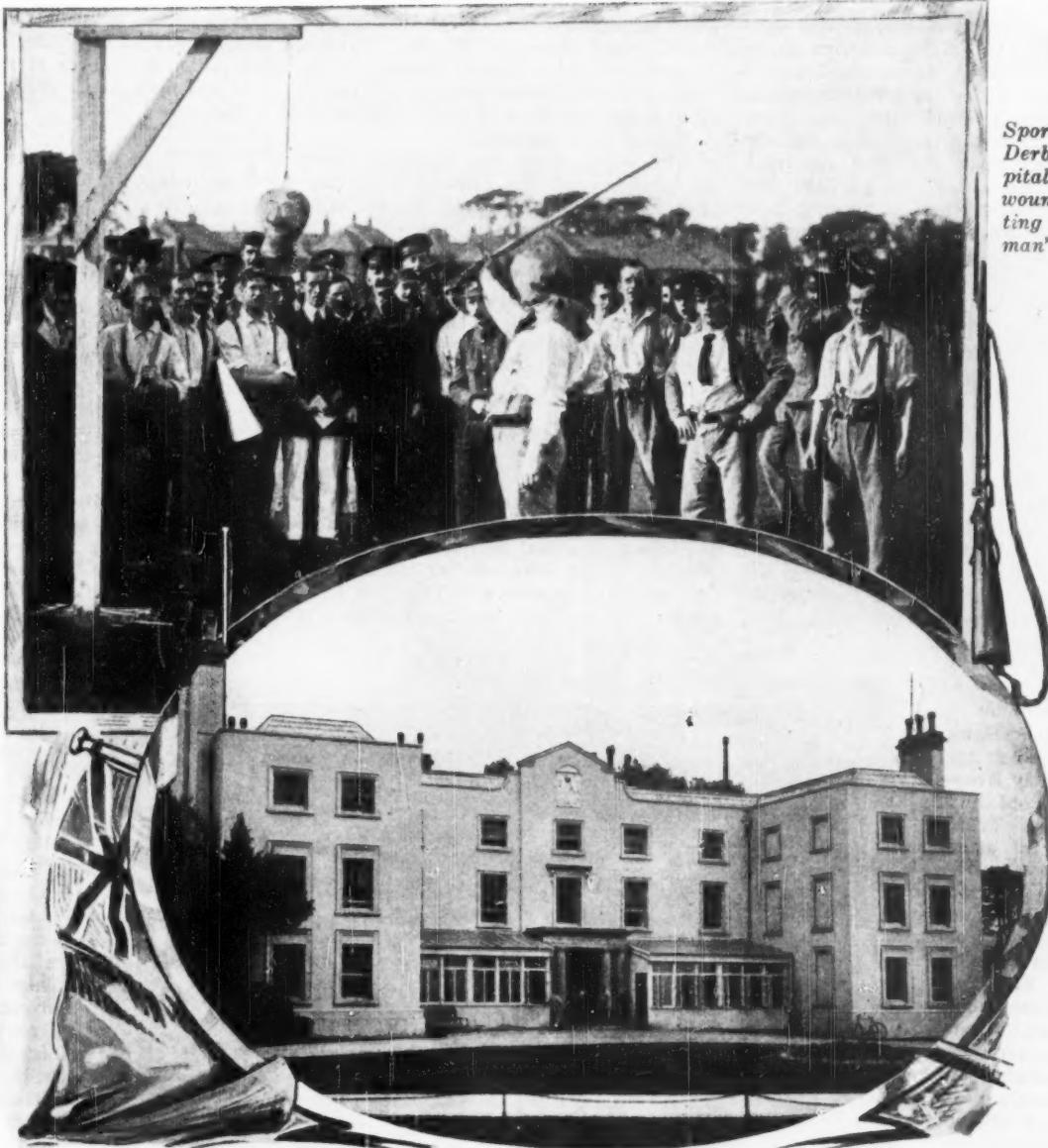
"Sit down!" commanded the missionary harshly. "Sit down and listen to me."

**T**HE man turned and looked in surprise at the speaker. Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Sit down!" repeated Hardisty in the same voice. "I'm not only going to consider your bellies, I am going to fill them."

"Mine's filled with wind now, and that's all you got," sneered another of the crew as he, too, arose.

"I have something more than wind," re-  
Continued on page 89



Beachborough Park, the county seat of Sir Arthur Markham, at Shorncliffe, converted into a hospital for Canadians.

*Sports at Lord Derby's hospital for the wounded—Cutting the German's head off.*

# The Canadians in Hospital

By GEORGE EUSTACE PEARSON

*The writer of this article was with the original "Princess Pats" and served for five months in the trenches of Flanders. He became ill during the latter days of the heavy fighting around Ypres and was removed to England where he had the opportunity of observing all phases of life in military hospitals. In the accompanying article, he tells what happens to the wounded or sick soldier from the time that he is taken from the trenches to the day he is discharged or returned to duty.*

IT was Netley, that great British military hospital, which received the largest part of the Canadian wounded after Ypres. It dropped its staff military formality for the nonce and

as those men of Flanders trooped in through the open gate, mud-bespattered, soggy of shoe and with coats cut to suit all variety of barbaric taste, the whole staff—doctors, nurses and orderlies—pressed upon them, cheering and weeping, shaking them by the hand, even the stretcher cases, in a wild hysteria of gratitude for the men who had saved Ypres and the gate to England.

These men had come promptly from the firing line through a chain of happy circumstance. Cases have been known, many of them, of men leaving England early in the week, going up the line promptly and getting their "Blighty"—a trip to England, wounded—before the week was out.

Usually, however, the patient may depend upon a long series of vicissitudes before he arrives in an English hospital. There are all degrees of haste and slowness, efficiency and lack of it. All depends upon the degree of stress of the moment and the ability of the individuals concerned to handle a situation.

A man may be wounded in the morning and lie all day in a crowded trench, occasionally walked on and continually exposed to the perpetual rain, or partially neglected in a wet dug-out. These possibilities become certainties if there is no communication trench that may safely be used in daylight hours, or unless the case is so desperate that the stretcher bearers are justified in risking German fire by

making a run for it across the open ground. With the night, however, under ordinary conditions the wounded man is at once taken to the regimental dressing-station a few hundred yards or a thousand of them, in the rear. His comrades have already given him first aid treatment with the aid of the package each soldier carries, so there is nothing to be done at the dressing station but to give him adequate shelter, rest and a hot drink. And then he goes to sleep, always, even though he is dying. He is so tired. Always.

Every night, shortly after dark, there comes the motor ambulance from the nearest clearing hospital, which is usually a few miles away. So the stay at the dressing station may be a very brief one, and very rarely exceeds twenty-four hours. A short ride to the clearing hospital and the first treatment and real attention is received. The soldier is moved on as soon as this is done, usually in a few hours' time, to the stationary hospital at Bailleul, St. Omer, or similar points another five or ten miles back. Here he may remain for a day, a week or a month. In any event he will now begin to receive regular attention, and will probably live—else he would have died long before from lack of attention.

In times of great stress, however, such for instance, as occurred during the Battle of Ypres, all these arrangements are upset. Every road then overflows with wounded, walking and crawling and carried and wheeled in all manner of conveyance at all hours and in all sorts of places. Dug-outs, ditches, roads and dressing stations are littered indiscriminately with dead and dying. It is at such times as this that men lie out unattended for days, fired on by friend and foe, dying painful deaths.

FROM this first stationary hospital the soldier may go into another of a similar character further down the line in order to make room for the constant influx of newly wounded. This may occur once or twice or thrice before he reaches one of the

base hospitals, or the sea at Boulogne or Le Havre en route for "Blighty." Unless his wound is of so light a nature that he goes to a convalescent hospital in France, then to the base camp at Rouen, and eventually the trenches again.

The length of the stay at the base port hospital depends upon bed space in English and French hospitals, the patient's condition and other factors buried deep in the dullness of the official mind; for red tape still stultifies action to a very large degree in any branch of the army which is out of the reach of the front. Conditions there will not allow of any supremacy of officialdom, and action reigns supreme.

The next stage of the journey is of all the happiest for the soldier. Technically he is shipped to the military hospital nearest his home; actually he may be taken to any part of Great Britain or Ireland. And at each hospital coming in and going out he undergoes the same monotonous ordeal of questioning as to his antecedents, the color of his hair and his religious persuasion. This last is of particular and paramount importance, if

the eagerness of official curiosity is any indication, and has a definite bearing on the patient's chances of recovery.

It was thus the Canadian soldiers came to Netley.

HERE is more room for time and sentiment in the hospital than *out there*. The mind reverts back to what it has seen and seeks sentiment in quick relief.

Those who had seen the most talked the least of war. The net result of the continual strain, of the monotonous hardship and incessant fighting had made such an ineradicable impression on the minds of those who had experienced it week in and week out for months at a time, that they turned from the thought of it in distaste, and found their wildest adventure in the innocent ravishing of a blackberry bush of its luscious fruit. The war has become so commonplace in its horrors that they could not adequately describe it. To do that one must have witnessed only the fringe of action. To plunge into the vortex of it was to have lost all perspective and all vividness of impression.

The condition of mind of the wounded soldier can best be shown by reference to those I came closest in contact with at Netley.

Except in the medical wards, those given over to sickness, the soldiers are invariably cheerful. They are trying to forget. Even old Lige was cheerful. Lige was one of those who went through the ordeal of gas and Hell at Ypres where men fell like wheat against the machine guns and others went mad. Later he stopped a "whizz bang."

He sat one day sunning himself, a fragment of a man, with shattered jaw, limp of arm, minus eye and leg. Another soldier shuffled up, eye-shaded. He peered weakly, blinked and queried, "Have you been wounded, mate?" That was poor Lige's stock story.

Underneath all the reversion to childish things to which the men turned for the sheer contrast of it, lay an undercurrent of deep and serious thought that was



Wounded Canadians playing baseball at Cliveden Woods, the Astor estate in England.



Canadian soldiers in a base hospital. They get the greatest consideration from everyone.

most apt to rear its head in the surprising discussions that centred about the nightly campfire when the kingdoms of the earth were reconstructed. For these men of Flanders and of Gallipoli were now asking themselves the why and wherefore of this and that, and the reason why published accounts did not always tally with their observations of events.

As soldiers they had had little time to think. Further, it was dangerous to their peace of mind. Now they had little else to do and much food for thought. Memories. The process was more critical than constructive. There is now gestating within this Empire, more particularly in its armies, a process of thought that may bear strange fruit in days to come.

The presence of so many big-priced wage earners amongst the overseas troops, their lavish disregard of what appear to be small fortunes to the British soldier is causing some doubt in his stolid mind as to the utter perfectness of his own condition. Belgium and France appeals to the imagination of many. "Blimey, stay 'ere wen I can get double wages over there after the war. Not 'awf!" They were not satisfied with things as they were. Always the talk came back to that. On one occasion following the entertainment of some of the patients by the owner of a large estate nearby, Swan—one of our "characters"—counting his loot of fruit and tobacco, spoke up. Swan had been an upper servant, and a hanger-on of the leisured English class. "Well, why shouldn't she? Blimey, it's as much ours as 'ers after wot we've done."

I repeat, this man was a servant, not

a trade unionist. And yet in direct contradiction there is this fact. In the British Army to-day, not the Overseas, all events, battle, murder, and sudden death, are dated from the giving of Princess Mary's Christmas Tobacco Box.

THEY were strong for conscription, Canadian troops and all, and insisted that the conscript army must be made to wear a distinctive badge. They were not at all anxious to get back to the lines; a condition of mind imposed, probably, by the sick and wearied condition of the body.

There was Scotty, a Highlander of bombast. He regaled us with impossible tales of gory venture that would not bear a too close inspection. He proudly admitted his keen desire to return "up the line" to the "byes." It was, however, noticed that he nursed his slight ailments as no mother ever nursed ailing infant—but to a vastly different end.

Swan felt differently about going back up the line, and had not even the grace to blush for that admission. He had been called up as a reservist at the outbreak of war and had seen as much of it as one man could hope for. This feeling of dread was very general in the hospital. Later, as they recovered their strength, they became reconciled to returning because their duty lay that way. But not because they liked it. They have seen that which they cannot tell of.

Swan suffered from the same affliction as myself, with the difference that his was a light case that showed alarming symptoms of an early return to health and the trenches whilst I was still bothered by an

infinite quantity of weaknesses. He came to me in frank distress and inquired as to the location and operation of my various disabilities in order that he might emulate them. He was partially successful. Months afterwards he was in receipt of privileges that were denied me as being less in need than he was. But one day the *Aquitania* came sliding past us down the Solent with her four thousand odd of men from the Dardenelles. The hospital was cleared to make room for them. My last memory of Swan is that of his disconsolate figure as he sat, head in hands, waiting for the train that was to take him to a convalescent home; heart broken as he saw his rosy edifice of ill health crumbling and himself that much nearer the fatal day of "out there" again.

It was Swan, by the way, who told the story of the mallet. It was at Christmas time. They were facing the Saxons, who said: "We Saxons, you Anglo-Saxons. You no shoot, we no shoot." Here it was not a Christmas truce, but one of six weeks' duration, although little had been said of it in the papers. They became quite friendly, particularly one boy. One night the British required a mallet to drive down the heavy stakes of the wire entanglements. "Why don't you go over and borrow the Saxons' mallet?" this boy was asked. He did so, then drove in the stakes and returned the mallet.

THE wounded had strong ideas on the subject of pensions. They believed in pensions—ardently. They would fight and die for their country like Trojans; yes, and bang into it and batten on it like

Continued on page 103

# Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY  
Illustrated by LOU SKUCE

## An Official Sunshine Maker

"ARE we downhearted?" mused Sir Wilfrid Laurier the morning after the general election of September 22, 1911. "Not on your life!" said Rodolphe Lemieux, or words to that effect, thereby constituting himself a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to his leader. Sir Wilfrid has a double outfit of pillars, one English in the person of George Graham, the other French, Rodolphe Lemieux, as aforesaid. The two together make his official sunshine and cheer him up in the wilderness. It is worth noting that both these bright spirits got their training in the newspaper profession, which Mr. Graham still practises. Rodolphe Lemieux shifted to the law and the profits some twenty-five years ago, but the journalist's eye is his yet. He knows how to see and how to interpret. When Sir Wilfrid has a dream which he cannot remember he calls in Rodolphe Lemieux to tell him what it means.

Rodolphe Lemieux ascribes many useful and ornamental features of his career to that youthful experience of his on *La Patrie* when he was writing editorials and other things to pay for his law course. Let us see what it taught him. It taught him to have a care for the phrase, to weigh and sift words, to consider time and space and the reader's powers of endurance, to edge his wit with brevity. It taught him to burnish common sense until it sparkled, and to look, as a matter of business, on the bright side of things. Nobody who has listened to a speech of Rodolphe Lemieux's will deny these qualities of crisp utterance and invincible optimism. No reporter ever interviewed him without admiring his compact answers, always fit to print without retouching.

IT taught him, as Horace says, that everything human is interesting, and gave him that comprehensive outlook on life which keeps the heart young. If you look at Rodolphe Lemieux's eyes you will see that his windows are wide open and that nothing can get by without his taking a shrewd glance at it. It taught him to take an interest even in those things in which a young man is not ordinarily interested and, by widening his knowledge, provided him with salt for his reflections.

It stimulated all sides of his nature. It kept him in touch with the ideas and ideals he brought with him out of college. Busy man though he is, statesman, lawyer, man of affairs, he has never been so busy as to lose track of culture. He can always find time to address the Royal Society, of which he is a member, on his historical or antiquarian topics. He has a rare nose for literature and sometimes, struggle as he will, the poet Canada lost when he became a politician, throbs in



He has at various times been tied to the noon-day steak and delivered the half-hour speech at every Canadian Club from San Francisco to New York.

his speeches. He takes a connoisseur's delight in old furniture because it is beautiful and a philosopher's delight in it, because it represents the survival of the fittest. In short, Rodolphe Lemieux has gone on the principle of feeding his culture as he travelled along, in which respect he is a great contrast to certain other persons I could mention who put all that stuff aside when they entered into business, and have no intention of putting it back until they have made a lot of money and can afford to keep it up.

The most practical gift Rodolphe Lemieux found in his editor's chair was the knowledge of human nature, as human nature is with the mask dropped. What I mean to say is, that he was in a position which demanded confidences. He learned politics from the inside. He was lucky enough to be stationed in the green-room and he saw the actors with their paint off. Particularly he learned his Quebec from A to Izzard, analyzed the passing event, weighed the current heroes, felt their muscles, so to speak, and followed them with a familiar eye in all their subsequent vacillations, oscillations, turbinations, permutations and combinations. When you have a personal interest in a man you keep tabs on him just that much better. If there is any nook or cranny of Quebec sentiment that Rodolphe Lemieux has not explored, if there is any Quebec statesman, actual, rising, or declining, whom he has not appraised, if there is any straw of political gossip that he has overlooked—but why these "ifs"? Rodolphe Lemieux knows his Quebec better than any book because he has been actively of it for over a quarter of a century and thrills with it.

THIS store of information makes him the cheerful and enlightened adjutant he is and, whenever Sir Wilfrid has a chat with Rodolphe Lemieux about Quebec, he comes out with his face shining. Just as Sir Wilfrid depends on George Graham to tell him what English Canada is thinking about, so does he depend on Rodolphe Lemieux to call the turn in Quebec. In the member for Rouville Sir Wilfrid has

an ear to the ground, which is untiring and sympathetic but judicial. A trained ear which weighs what it hears, listens, perhaps, to what it does not like to hear, an ear that rejects no slightest breath of public opinion. And when all is said, Rodolphe Lemieux reports accordingly, extenuating naught and setting down naught in malice. An ear to catch the truth and a mouth to tell it—is it any wonder that Sir Wilfrid Laurier values Rodolphe Lemieux's conversation and advice? To condense it all in a metaphor, Rodolphe Lemieux is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's right bower in Quebec.

Next to his gift for telling the honest truth, I fancy that Sir Wilfrid Laurier sets store on Rodolphe Lemieux for his irrepressible youth. There is in him as in Winston Churchill, the eternal boy—the jocund air, the twinkling humor, the resilient courage of a glad heart. Rodolphe Lemieux is grey about the temples and of a comfortable portliness as middle-aged men usually are. By Father Time's clock he is forty-eight years old, but his arteries are certainly ten years younger and his soul is always twenty-one. Good nature, good digestion and a zest of life born of an interest in ideas, which I suspect are considerably in advance of his public utterances. As a statesman he must gauge his pace, but as a thinker he follows an idea to its conclusion with Greek ruthlessness. As St. Paul found the Athenians, so is Rodolphe Lemieux—keen on a new thing, but not so keen as to crowd the slow movers. Good judgment, I think they call it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is passionately fond of youth, for which there is no substitute and he finds it in Rodolphe Lemieux, who, years to the contrary, is still the youngest Liberal in the House of Commons. He was twenty-nine years old when he entered Parliament, but he was promoted rapidly. He took the place in his chief's favor of Henri Bourassa, who wanted to have everything without working for it. Rodolphe Lemieux, better advised, set about earning it before he won it—which was good billiards. He landed the honors while Henri Bourassa landed

on his back. In 1904 Rodolphe Lemieux was Solicitor General, two years later he was Postmaster General and Minister of Labor and in 1911, when the Liberals went out, he was Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Good going for fifteen years.

**A**ND he left footprints on the sands of time at that. As Postmaster General he found a surplus in that department, and maintained it. As Minister of Labor he gave his name to the Lemieux Industrial Disputes Act—no lawyer had ever done so much for the workingman before—and had an equal share with the Hon. Mackenzie King in drafting that famous measure, a share which he claims in spite of a tendency on the part of some people to hand all the glory to Mr. King, who was then his deputy. As Minister of Marine and Fisheries he came out strong in favor of a Canadian navy, even at the risk of misunderstandings in Quebec. Then fate, in the shape of the 1911 election, intervened and put an end to his official progress but not to his moral triumphs.

But his proudest achievement, if I may say so, was not as Cabinet Minister, but as Missionary-in-Chief for Canada, a role for which Sir Wilfrid Laurier chose him on account of his high spirits, graceful rhetoric and diplomatic skill. No man could represent the buoyant confidence and general chirpiness, if I may put it that way, quite so well as Rodolphe Lemieux. No man, so well as he, could turn a compliment, and not slobber over it. No man, by the same token, spoke English better or represented the national unity for which Sir Wilfrid was striving, to better advantage. Thus it came to pass that in 1910 he was the Canadian delegate to the inauguration ceremonies of the Union of South Africa, the delegate of the oldest confederation in the British Empire to the youngest, himself Exhibit A of that harmony of race and creed which it would be Premier Botha's task to emulate. And which, by the way, he has so gloriously emulated, as Boer loyalty in this great war proves.

On that occasion Rodolphe Lemieux, responding to the toast of Canada, delivered a speech which is a classic in form, matter and reserved strength. This speech, the best one Rodolphe Lemieux ever made, as he and I agree, was compact of Canadian patriotism, Imperial outlook, constitutional history and, of course, the special application to the case in point. It was about three thousand words long and, at the ordinary gait, took perhaps fifteen minutes to get through. For force, trenchancy and happy pertinence, I can recommend this speech, uttered by a Frenchman, to practisers of the English language wherever they may flourish. For the wind-jammer who uses, say, five hours to spread two or three ideas out thin, it has, of course, no lesson. When Rodolphe Lemieux studied the great English orators, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Gladstone, he aimed to catch their spirit. He left their verbosity for the other fellows.

When he was in South Africa, Rodolphe Lemieux formed a high opinion of Dr. Jamieson, the leader of Jamieson's

raids, who was, of course, a steady opponent of General Botha under the Cecil Rhodes régime, but who, all troubles being settled, withdrew in a fine spirit of self-sacrifice from public life and left General Botha to finish his work. It is not so easy to get rid of the Opposition in Canada.

**I**N 1907 Rodolphe Lemieux took his gift of courteous language to Japan, which country was sending us more immigrants than we could digest. He came back with a treaty which stopped the overflow. Of course he did a lot of speaking in Japan and charmed the birds off the trees wherever there were birds to charm and trees to perch in. He found English more useful than his French in Japan, though naturally he gave them a taste of his quality in both languages. While in Japan he met Count Hayashi who was responsible more than any other man for the alliance with Britain, which has since proved so useful. Hayashi carried his point in the face of Japanese opinion, which was at that time more favorable to an alliance with Russia.

Coming nearer home, Rodolphe Lemieux pursued his duties as Missionary in the United States. He represented Canada at the Champlain Tercentenary in the United States and has, at various times, been tied to the noon-hour steak and delivered the half-hour speech at every Canadian Club from San Francisco to New York. He is a favorite speaker in the United States and frequently shows that great republic how the English language can convey every conceivable idea known to man without the use of slang or other roughneckishness.

Rodolphe Lemieux thinks Heaven for a wise father who knew English as well as French. He always impressed on his sons the necessity of both languages and made it a point that they should learn English. It was in 1903 that the young member for Gaspe took his first plunge in public, although he had been speaking English probably for a long time before that.

"It was in a debate on the Transcontinental," said Mr. Lemieux, "that I first uttered those magic words, 'Mr. Speaker.' To my great surprise, I found it easy to speak English. I have been doing it more or less ever since."

"English," Mr. Lemieux goes on to argue, "is the business language of the

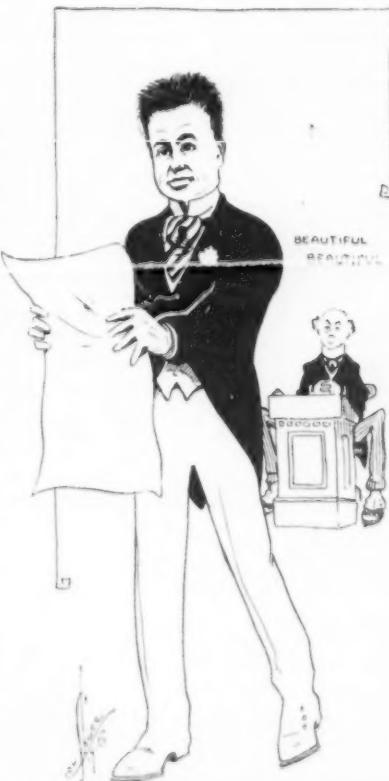
world. More than that, it is the language which over one hundred million people between Mexico and the North Pole are speaking and thinking in to-day. To reach this vast audience a public man must speak English. This does not mean, however, that you eradicate from his soul the love of his mother tongue or his cherished traditions."

Which is a reasonable statement of the bilingual question. It is all part of Rodolphe Lemieux's broadmindedness which he has been displaying lately by speaking English in Methodist churches. Whereat the Methodists are much surprised, but Rodolphe Lemieux not at all, because broadmindedness is his heritage by birth, education and natural instinct. Rodolphe Lemieux's father called it "tolerance," but it amounts to the same thing in the end—putting one's self in the other fellow's place.

### Effect of Tobacco on the Heart

French scientists find that tobacco, even when denicotinized, has a marked and deleterious effect upon the heart. For some time past, such effect was noticed upon the large blood vessels such as the aorta, but the present researches concern the heart proper, and it also appears that the action is not, as might be supposed, due to the nicotine proper, for smoke from other sources appears to have the same bad effect, and even in tobacco this does not depend on the proportion of nicotine. The present work was carried out at the physiological laboratories of the Paris

Medical College and the results presented before the Biological Society. It is found that using the smoke solution, the heart beats grow less and less, then the heart stops, unless it is restored by pure Ringer's solution. It is then asked what part the nicotine plays in this action, and, using high-grade French tobacco with 3½ to 4 per cent. nicotine and also low grade at an average of 1.35 per cent., it is seen that the latter is far from proving as inoffensive as was thought. Although the details of the phenomenon differ, the result is that even with the weak tobacco the action of the heart is paralyzed after a certain time. Such action is, therefore, not exclusively due to nicotine, for tests made with oak leaves, for instance, give similar results.



The poet Canada lost when he became a politician, throbs in his speeches.

# A Life-Long Habit

## A Story of Business Life in a Small Canadian Town

By THOMAS BERTRAM

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL



*"McNulty even makes Christianity pay," said Mull.*

THE feud between Phineas McNulty and John B. Mull dated back forty-five years to the time when they were both parcel boys in the Golden Lion, the big dry goods store of McMurdo and Co. It may have started over the ticklish question of division of labor; though Johnny Mull always declares that he disliked McNulty from the start, chiefly because of the color of the other's hair which was a dull brick red, and McNulty asserts that his share of the mutual repugnance is directly traceable to the impudent tongue and the flippant disregard of others' rights which were marked characteristics of young Mull.

The one thing sure about it is that the feud got a healthy start during the parcel-boy stage. It was fanned into a literal white heat of hate during the first of their clerking days in the Golden Lion. From his corner of the dress goods counter, "Fin" McNulty had a good view of the fancy goods section; and from the gents' clothing, Johnny Mull was also favored with the opportunity of watching the flaxen-haired, doll-faced divinity who presided over that department. Such intellect as the young lady possessed—it was of a feeble, flickering variety at best—had been directed to a mastery of the art of dressing well and it was perhaps the most natural thing in the world that the two adolescent clerks should fall head over heels in love with her. Sometimes the ardent glances that McNulty directed toward the fancy goods counter crossed a corresponding gleam from the gent's clothing; and so both realized that rivalry in love had come to put a sharper edge on their dislike. The girl married the book-keeper finally but not before a sudden sound of scuffling feet and a smashing of boxes in the basement was followed by the appearance therefrom, with an interval between them, of "Fin" McNulty with a swollen nose and Johnny Mull with a damaged eye that later accounted for his absence for two days. And so their mutual aversion got a good, solid grounding.

The eventful years of early manhood were marked by a series of incidents which kept the flame fanned and so, when it fell out that they started about the

same time in businesses of their own—and both in dry goods at that—the ripening of the bitter antagonism into a veritable feud was inevitable.

Rivalry in business is only too apt to lead to personal bitterness. The rivalry of McNulty and Mull became an obsession with them both. If that "glib-tongued crook of a Mull" put on a special whitewear sale, McNulty immediately organized a smashing campaign in linens. When McNulty put in a new store front, Mull publicly opined that "the close-fisted fool had gone daffy"; but, nevertheless he straightaway ordered in the largest sheet of plate glass for his store front that the town had ever seen. McNulty changed his business over to the cash basis and Mull went to great lengths to steal all his old credit customers from him; a course, by the way, that cost Mull many a dollar in the end, for credit customers, on the whole, are better for the other fellow's business than for one's own. When Mull imported a high-priced window-trimmer, McNulty promptly went out and took him over by offering more money; and also learned to regret the move, for the fancy-priced expert proved to have a weakness for convivial evenings which seriously militated against the usefulness of his days. And so it went.

The strange part of it was that both men waxed prosperous in spite of everything. The town was growing and business was good and, outside of their one peccadillo, both McNulty and Mull were shrewd business men. Their stores grew larger and their trade better year by year. Gradually they branched out into other investments and came in time to be recognized as among the leading citizens, both in wealth and influence. "Johnny" Mull, as everyone in town called him, went into politics and was elected alderman. Phineas McNulty was too dour and unapproachable to make any success in public



*"Do you think I'd let that doddering old viper outdo me?" asked McNulty.*

life, though after Mull's election, he harbored thoughts for a time of running against the latter. He interested himself instead in the industrial life of the town and was soon on the boards of nearly all the large factories.

The party system of government is a great accelerator of private spleen but it so happened that both McNulty and Mull were Grits. The former was a dyed-in-the-wool McKenzie Liberal, almost grim in his adherence to the tenets and beliefs of the party. He had never missed a convention or rally and nothing could bring a smile to his granite-hard face quicker than the platform sallies of the party speakers. But it was noticeable that, after a certain set in the party put Mull up for alderman and elected him, McNulty dropped off in his attendance.

"What's the matter with you, McNulty?" demanded the County Chairman, when the dry goods man's absence had been remarked on. "You ain't going back on the old party, man, are you?"

"I'll never vote Tory, if that's what you mean," said McNulty, grimly. "But I'm free to speak my mind and tell you that my faith in the old party has been shaken."

McNulty therefore took no part in politics until a split developed in local Liberalism over the choice of a candidate and then he plunged into the fight with the pent-up energy of years—on the opposite side from Mull, of course. When the candidate backed by McNulty's faction carried the convention by a narrow margin, McNulty forgave the party for the grievous error of the past and became as aggressive in his support as ever.

Mull, for his part, created a scandal in the Wesley Methodist church by charging graft against the Building Committee, of which committee McNulty happened to be the chairman. When it was proven beyond all shadow of a doubt that every cent handled by the committee had been honestly, nay thrifitly, expended, Mull withdrew to the other Methodist church in the town. He continued, however, to speak of McNulty as being mean enough to even steal from the Lord. Mc-



*"We have two very foolish fathers," she said, with a business-like directness.*

Nulty thundered threats of libel actions but it never phased Mull. Years after the incident had closed, Mull would still say whenever McNulty's name came up in the course of conversation: "Yes, yes, he's got a great head for business, has McNulty. He even makes Christianity pay. Would you believe it now that he once looted the funds of the Wesley church?" New comers, of course, were apt to believe it.

THE feud was carried to picayune extremes at times. Johnny Mull, who had a reputation as a joker, never missed sending a valentine to Phineas McNulty — always a grotesque picture with some scurrilous verse attached which would cause McNulty to glower and frown all day. And, on the other hand, it was McNulty who told the police of Mull's habit of riding his bicycle on the sidewalk near his residence, and led to the latter's being fined in the police court. Sometimes they were drawn into newspaper controversies; and then the fur would fly with a vengeance. There was the question of the High street viaduct, for instance. McNulty favored a civic grant of fifteen thousand dollars for the purpose; and Mull's hat plumped into the ring in a minute accompanied by a mighty whoop against EXTRAVAGANCE. A few letters appeared in the papers from each man with the temperature rising all the time. Finally Mull sent in one epistle that caused the editor to protest that he couldn't use it, that there were limits even to the extent of abuse permissible in a civic discussion.

"McNulty would sue us for libel sure," he explained.

"Let him sue!" exclaimed Mull. "I'll pay the damages myself if it so happens that twelve idiots can be found on one jury and he gets a verdict on us."

Not satisfied, the editor called up McNulty himself and explained the difficulty to him. The controversy, he said, was getting beyond bounds and it was going to be necessary to close it off.

"What's Mull got to say in this ridiculous and badly-written letter of his?" demanded McNulty.

"Well," explained the editor, "he's said pretty nearly everything. He charges you with most every offense on the calendar. Or no, I don't think he said anything about you being a kidnapper. That's about all he missed."

"Print it!" snapped McNulty. "You needn't be afraid. I won't sue you. But you'll have to print my reply to it. And I won't miss anything about him. I'll even call him a kidnapper!"

THE most curious feature of it all was that the feud never led to any open personal breach. Both men were as regular in their habits as clock-work and

at five minutes past eight each morning by the Post Office clock, they would meet on their way to work for the day. There would be a steady stare from each and a stiff, business-like bow.

"Good morning, McNulty," Mull would say.

"Good morning to you, Mull," was the invariable answer.

They never met socially. Mutual acquaintances had learned not to invite them at the same time.

AFTER being in business for thirty-eight years McNulty sprang a sensation in commercial circles by announcing his retirement. He was still in the best of health and probably the last man in the world one would suspect of a desire to "take it easy." It is possible that McNulty's retirement was intended to bring home to Mull the one phase of life in which McNulty figured that he had definitely ousted his opponent. McNulty had a son to succeed him and Mull hadn't. Mull only had a daughter.

Dan McNulty, just back from college, stepped into his father's shoes and, contrary to expectations, took hold of things with a will. He proved in short order that the head he carried on his broad young shoulders was as good as an old one when it came down to a matter of business. Of course he knew nothing of dry goods but old Phineas had trained up capable buyers in every department and the new head of the firm soon became able to manage everything else. Phineas would saunter in each afternoon at 2.15 and spend half an hour in looking over figures or inspecting the store. Then, with a satisfied look in his deep-set eyes, he would stroll down the main street, past the big store of John B. Mull & Co., with his head held high.

This lasted for about a year. Then one day Dan McNulty came home for dinner with an announcement that almost staggered the old man.

"Mull's retiring," he said.

"What's that? Mull retiring? Forming a stock company and handing the business over to his department heads to run?"

"No," replied Dan. "His daughter is going to run it!"

Phineas gasped. Then he started to laugh, a loud, rasping laugh, while his broad, heavy-jointed hand came down on the table with a resounding stamp.

"The blamed old fool! The stubborn bull-headed donkey doesn't know when he's licked! He's going to try to get over his lack of a son by proving that his girl is as good as you. Dan, my boy, if

you're your father's own son you'll go ahead and put that store of theirs right out of business now!"

"They tell me," said Dan, coolly, "that she's a pretty capable sort of a girl."

THE feud, insofar as the stores were concerned at least, entered then on its most intense phase. Dan McNulty started in to set a hot pace and Caroline Mull, acting for John B. Mull & Co., met him at every step. She had served in the capacity of secretary to her father for several years and knew, as Dan soon discovered, more about running a dry goods store than anyone would have deemed possible. It developed into a pretty fight.

When two big dry goods stores go into the ring for a fight to the finish, there's sure to be plenty of excitement. Both stores imported high-priced help and their windows blossomed into wonderful displays. The newspapers carried heavier advertisements than ever before. Premium schemes were tried out and all manner of special sales introduced. Finally, of course, price cutting was started. The public enjoyed the fight, and profited by it.

One afternoon Phineas McNulty completed a study of the quarterly statement his son had prepared for him and turned to the latter with a set grimness about his heavy jaw.

"You're a grand spender, when once ye start," he said. "But—but—I'll stay with this race to ruin longer than that yellow dog of a Mull will. Keep it up, Dan. I'm still as keen for the fight as ever."

"This Caroline Mull is a pretty shrewd person," said Dan, "or else the old fellow is conducting the fight himself."

IT was the very next day, just after the lunch hour that a young lady came into the office of the new proprietor of the McNulty store, and requested a few minutes of his time. She was in every way the prettiest girl that McNulty had seen since his return to his home town. Despite the fact that her girlish sailor hat was tipped back at a jaunty angle, and that her suit was modish to the last degree, there was a decidedly businesslike air about her. McNulty noticed this even while appraising her other good points.

"I am Caroline Mull," announced the girl, taking the chair he offered.

For a moment Dan was too surprised to speak. He had never met his new competitor and, though rumors of her charms had reached him, he had been inclined to think of her as belonging to the masculine type. It does not stand to reason that a girl who can run a big store with a firm



Johnny Mull never missed sending a Valentine to Phineas McNulty



It was McNulty who told the police of Mull's habit of riding on the sidewalk.

hand and come through a trade war with flying colors, is likely to have crinkly golden hair and blue eyes.

"I'm—I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Mull," he said, finally. His reply, he felt, was banal and hopelessly inadequate; but it was the best he could achieve under the circumstances.

She smiled, bringing into play a dimple that did not detract any from the impression she had already made.

"We have very foolish fathers, you and I, Mr. McNulty," she said, with a business-like directness that brought McNulty's skurrying thoughts to a sudden focus. "I've been thinking for some time that we two should have a heart-to-heart talk. It all depends, of course, on how you feel toward us and whether you are prepared to talk the situation over with me quite unreservedly."

McNULTY assured her that he desired nothing so much as an unreserved discussion of the situation.

"Then, I'll tell you frankly that I'm tired of throwing profits to the winds in what seems a hopeless effort to put you out of business," she went on. Then she smiled again: "Our fathers have been fighting as long as I can remember and I'm afraid that it has gone too far to cure them of that. But I don't see myself why the feud should be handed down to us and certainly I don't think it necessary for us to let the spleen of these cranky fathers of ours ruin the businesses that they've spent their lives in building up. For," she added, "that's where they are tending now."

"Before you say any more," interposed McNulty, earnestly, "I want to express my contrition that it was necessary for you to come to me first. If I hadn't been as confoundedly set in my ways as—well, as dad himself—I'd have been over to see you long before this."

The girl gave him a grateful smile. She was most attractive when she smiled. McNulty found it difficult to keep his mind on business matters.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," said the girl. "Frankly, we are losing money. We are dropping it, as father says, in great big gobs. But if I followed his ideas we would have to keep the fight up until you quit or our last cent was gone. Father, you see, is a most obstinate man."

"He's not the most obstinate in the world, however," said McNulty. "My father, I think, is at least an equal for him there. He feels the same about it. Keep up the fight till Mull hollers for help—that Dad's idea of it. But I'm going to be just as frank as you've been. We're losing money too, losing it so fast that I'm quite willing to cry quits if you are."

"Now we understand each other," said the girl. "I was awfully afraid about coming over to see you. I thought you might feel toward us as your father does. It's such a relief to be able to talk to you as—well, as a competitor and not



as an enemy. But, now, what are we going to do about it? How can we get around these fathers of ours and get terms of peace patched up?"

"Well, there's only one way to do it," said McNulty, after a moment's thought. "I'll go to the governor and tell him that I'm convinced we should go back to the old basis of running our own business and forget all about John B. Mull & Co.—the store, that is, you know. I'll tell him that it's better to have profits than revenge any day, and that it would be a poor triumph to shove Johnny Mull into bankruptcy just ahead of ourselves. Money talks you know, even to Phineas McNulty."

"I'll take the same stern attitude with my wayward parent," announced the girl. "Our quarterly statement will be made up in a day or so and I think it will help to convince him."

She stood up and held out a small, neatly-gloved hand.

"Then it is all arranged," she said. "We'll go back to running our stores in the old way. You try to build up as large a business as you can and just forget that we exist. And I'll forget you."

"In a business way, of course," amended Dan, hastily. "It's a queer thing, when you come to think of it, that we've never met before——"

THE two greatest shocks that Phineas McNulty experienced in his life were administered by his son. The first was when Dan announced that the trade war with Mull was over. The second

was some months later when he gave it out that he intended to marry Caroline Mull. The old man accepted the first with a certain degree of equanimity, persuaded to it without undue difficulty by the figures that his son showed. From the second he did not recover until the marriage was over and the young people installed in their new home. He absolutely refused his consent, of course, being quite as emphatic on that point as Mull. But it was impossible for even two such stubbornly implacable men as Phineas McNulty and Johnny Mull to put any permanent obstacle in the path of two such determined

young people. When McNulty threatened to take the business away from

his son, the latter merely laughed and promised him in that case to go over to the Mull store as joint manager with his wife; a threat which made old Phineas do some hard thinking. The same argument was used with equal effect in bringing John B. Mull to time when he launched a similar deposition ultimatum. Both fathers had whole-some respect for the business ability of their children.

So the marriage came off, though both men were conspicuous by their absence. It was, of course, accepted around town as the official end of the forty-five year feud; but it was noteworthy that, when the two men happened to meet the next day, there was no change in their regular form of salutation.

"Good day, McNulty."

"Good day to you, Mull."

They did not even stop. On the surface, at any rate, it did not seem that the union of the families had done much toward improving the relations between the two men.

It had been necessary, of course, to effect a compromise arrangement with reference to the stores. A new manager was in charge at John B. Mull & Co's., but young Mrs. McNulty—how old Mull disliked that part of it—was supposed to keep a close eye on things. Johnny Mull found life pretty lonely after his daughter left him, for his wife had been dead many years and he had no other children. Naturally he drifted into the habit of calling around to see the young people and in time got to be quite friendly with his son-in-law. But he always adopted the precaution before making his calls of calling them on the telephone. "Any one there?" he would ask. "Are you expecting anyone? Alright then, I'm coming over."

McNulty, being in the same forsaken position, was just as lonely. It did not take him long to acquire a deep affection for his son's pretty wife, but he was as regular in his precautions as Mull himself. They never met at the house.



"He's a beauty, don't you think?" appealed the mother.

AND then the little son arrived. The two grandfathers were very much excited about it, but, each fearing that so important an event would bring the other one around sure, neither went near the house. Grandfathers are apt to be lost sight of at such momentous times, and it was not until the young mother was able

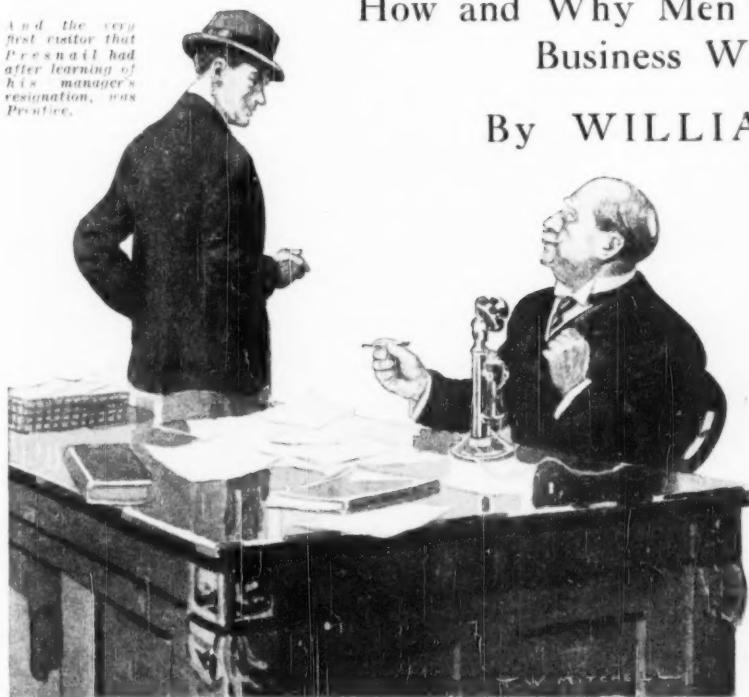
Continued on page 74

# The Problems of Promotion

How and Why Men Win Success in the Business World To-day

By WILLIAM BYRON

*And the very first visitor that Pres nail had after learning of his manager's resignation, was Prentiss.*



**B**ATSON is leaving us." The general manager looked quite palpably worried as he made the announcement. He subsided into the chair that the president indicated and waited for comment from the head of the firm.

"Batson," said the president, "has been the best sales manager we have ever had. But you needn't look so glum about it. We'll be able to get as good a man—or better. What's your plan? Anyone on the sales staff you can promote?"

"I thought of following our usual policy—promotion. I've gone over the records of the salesmen and the choice narrows down to two—Griggs and Jeffery. They're both good men—clean-living, loyal, sharp as razors. They've shown increases ever since they came with us. In fact, they're both so good that I can't choose between them."

The president glanced shrewdly across the unencumbered, polished surface of his desk at the face of his general manager and what he read there caused the trace of an amused smile to show beneath his close-trimmed gray moustache.

"John, you have one weakness—and one only," he said. "You are not, either consciously or otherwise, a student of psychology and character analysis. Consequently the selection and placing of men is the hardest thing you do. Now, I've watched Griggs and Jeffery closely during the past few years and agree with you that they are capable fellows, both of

them. Just on the surface it's hard to see which is the better man, I grant you. But I'll bet you a new hat, John, that if one studied those two men closely with a view to their respective fitness for this job it would be found that one of them stands as far ahead of the other as—The president was a baseball fan—"well, as Ty Cobb over Joe Birmingham."

The general manager permitted himself the luxury of a sigh of relief.

"I can see," he said, "that the job is off my hands. Whenever you talk that way it's a sign you've made up your mind to see a thing through."

The president smiled. "Yes, if you feel like leaving this to me," he said, "I'll guarantee to fill Batson's place in such a way that there won't be any falling off in turnover to report: if that's what makes you so long-faced over the departure of Batson. Anyway, I'll pick the best man available for the job. You can bank on that part of it. Send me up the records for the two, will you? Also the reports they've sent in for the past six months and—er—oh, anything you have that may give me a line on them."

The general manager got up and was half way through the door when an exclamation from the president brought him to a halt.

"By Gad, John, I'm taking too much for granted. I'm assuming that you've selected the two best men on our sales staff. Send me up anything you can lay your hands on about *all* the staff."

**T**WO days afterward the pair had another interview. There was an air of smug complacence about the president that suggested a fair degree of satisfaction with some personal performance. He looked, in fact, highly well pleased and greeted the manager almost, one might say, with gusto.

"Well," said the latter, "which am I to wire to come in off his territory—Sam Griggs or Joe Jeffery? I see you've made up your mind."

"Neither," said the president, emphatically. "You can wire though to London where Cootes is to-day, and tell him to catch an afternoon train back."

The manager's under jaw sagged.

"Cootes!" he ejaculated. "What do you want?"

"Cootes is to be sales manager. Yes, I know what you'll say. But the appointment goes; and what's more I can convince you that he's the best man we have for it. In the first place, he's selling as much as any of our men and he hasn't as good a territory as either Griggs or Jeffery."

"But—but—" broke in the Manager. "He's only been with us four years. Why, I never considered him. Not for a moment."

"Length of service is a factor that must count in all cases," admitted the president. "But it mustn't outweigh other considerations of greater importance. Now let me show you—"

He produced a memorandum pad and ran over it, checking off each item as he came to it.

"I find that there are fewer bad debts on Cootes's territory than on any of the others and here's the reason, John. I'm quoting from his report on call made on J. D. Smith Co., Jan. 3. 'Did not press for more orders. He seems over-stocked. Made enquiries outside and find that he's none too strong. Please pass this on to Mr. Sears.' That was passed on to Sears and he took steps to get Smith's account paid up. Smith failed two weeks ago."

"Cootes's reports are full of information of value to Sears. Sears tells me there wouldn't be much need for a credit man if all our outside men were like Cootes. He also tells me that, whenever he has called on either Griggs or Jeffery for information, they have given him sound, valuable advice. But, mark you, neither man has ever volunteered information of any kind to him."

"And I have a report from the buying end. Cootes is always sending in items he has clipped from trade papers and

newspapers about crops, changes in prices, etc. They tell me Cootes has put them wise to some things they had overlooked themselves up there. Cootes is the only man on the sales staff who ever takes any interest in the buying end.

"In other words, Cootes is broader than his job. He is resourceful. I grant you that Griggs and Jeffery are both resourceful in getting business but they have been content to let their interest and their resourcefulness begin and end with their own particular personal work. They haven't been broader than their jobs. If a man has the broad viewpoint which every executive needs, he will show it at every stage of his career. If a man's initiative doesn't kind of overhang the edges of his job, he's not going to get very far.

"And again, John. Every man we have on the sales force has at some time or other suggested other men to us for jobs. I looked up some statistics and found that both Griggs and Jeffery had suggested men to us quite frequently but that in the final analysis we had never found any of them suitable. They had mentioned these men out of friendship for the men themselves. Cootes has been the direct means of bringing two live men into this organization and I find they were placed in exactly the positions for which he picked them. In other words, Cootes has judgment; and particularly judgment on men.

"And, finally, Cootes is tactful. I find that everyone in the place has a good word for him despite the fact that he has climbed rapidly and been aggressive from the time he came in. When he has to back up against anyone he does it in a nice way. Griggs and Jeffery both have a few enemies in the place and in the trade, I understand."

"In fact," summed up the president, "Cootes is an ideal man for the job. And he gets it."

"I guess he does," conceded the manager.

HERE you have one of the biggest problems in business to-day—finding men and promoting the right men. Every manager of factory or store, every superintendent, every executive with a staff to maintain, faces it, and finds the real test of his own success in grappling with that problem. The manager who can keep a well picked staff is a successful manager.

But this article has to do with only one phase of the problem—the promoting of men. It is, perhaps, the feature of every business which causes the most speculation and generally the most dissatisfaction. "Why am I passed over?" is the thought in the mind of every employee who has been kept stationary. The same query will often be found rather generally expressed with regard to some appointment. "Now why in thunder," demands the popular voice, "was Jones given that job? Surely Smith is a better man!"

Promotion, in fact, is the most mysterious side of the average business; certainly the most inexplicable to the rank and file. Men do not understand why they

have been selected for promotion any more than they understand why they have been passed over. "Guess I've made a hit with the boss," is frequently the mental verdict of the one; and his analysis of the matter stops there. "You've got to have a pull," is the almost invariable comment of the man who has been left.

ON the surface, it is difficult to understand some appointments. Certainly it is difficult to understand why some men do not get ahead. There is one manufacturing concern, situated in a middling sized Ontario city, which has an extremely efficient staff from the president down to the office boy. It would be impossible to pick out a single desk where the work is not kept up to the same high standard.

They are capable, careful, loyal, honest, hard-working. But some of those men have been on the one line of work for years. Some of them will continue at the same task as long as they remain with that firm. It is not because the firm is so small that promotions come only when one man dies or leaves. On the contrary, the business is expanding rapidly.

Consider again the qualifications that are found in every office of that concern; Ability, carefulness, loyalty, honesty, industry.

Does a man need more than that to get ahead?

Apparently he does for some of these men are practically anchored to the one post.

The general manager of this company is a long-headed, shrewd business man who has perhaps never consciously studied psychology but who nevertheless has gained a keen insight into the proper principles on which to govern the handling of men. The writer had an opportunity once to ask him what guided him in the ever-present question of staff promotion.

"I study the work of every man under me," he explained. "A great part of my time is given to that because I figure that if I can manage to keep my staff up to the mark, it is not necessary for me to do much of anything else. I have a good staff—none better in the country—and that happy condition can be traced, I think, to the fact that I follow the work of each man and fit him in where he will be most useful.

"A man has to show certain qualities to hold a position—under me, that is, and probably, in any other big organization. Those qualities will carry him a certain distance up the ladder and insure his holding his job when he has reached his maximum but if he lacks certain other qualities he will never get any higher no matter how superlatively he may possess the first set of qualifications. The things a man must have to hold a job are ability and industry. Unless a man is capable and loyal and hard-working I won't keep him in even the most minor capacity. But, no matter how capable and hard-working he is, I won't advance him to a position entailing much responsibility unless he can show me something else. I have found that some of the most cap-

able men can never be trusted beyond a certain point. They are never worth more than, say, \$25.00 a week."

"And the qualities that a man needs to keep on advancing?"

"First, resourcefulness. A promotion brings to a man new problems, new conditions. His resourcefulness must be sufficient to enable him to take hold of anything that comes along. There are plenty of men who can show resource in the work they are doing who prove almost as helpless as school boys when they are turned to other work. Let me cite a case. We had a young fellow on our sales staff a few years ago who seemed to have plenty of initiative and was certainly proving successful at the sales work. He had always taken an especial interest in advertising, and, when the post of advertising manager fell vacant, he applied for it. Our copy was handled by an agency, so the sales manager concluded that young Thompson's lack of technical knowledge would be no bar and boosted him strong for the position. I gave in rather against my will, for there were certain signs in Thompson that I had missed.

"Well, he proved a flat and dismal failure. He showed no resource whatever. The field was so new to him that he could do nothing but fashion his operations on the lines our competitors were taking—and, of course, he was always a little behind. We finally had to take him off. He lacked real resourcefulness."

"Second, judgment. There are literally thousands of men who have the ability and the resourcefulness to fill better positions than they are holding but who utterly lack the capacity for broadening their judgment. They do not bring to new duties and problems a broadened judgment; instead they meet the new conditions according to their old lights. They can't widen their viewpoint with their position; and consequently they stay around the same rung of the ladder or soon slip back to it after each attempt to climb.

"Here's a case. We had a man with some engineering experience engaged on our manufacturing costs. His work necessarily was in the detection of leaks and the reduction of manufacturing expense. He was a good man at it, too; could ferret out weaknesses in our systems and processes and always had a good suggestion for a remedy. In fact, he proved so good a man that, when a better position developed—in our experimental department this time—we had no hesitation in giving him a try at it.

"Again we had a failure on our hands. He carried his old viewpoint over with him. He conducted the new department solely with a view to saving on the cost of our product. We couldn't pound it into his head that the duty of the experimental department was to improve our product from the standpoint of the public and that efficiency in production belonged to the department he had left. His judgment on every point was warped by the old considerations, and he made so many costly mistakes that we had to send him

Continued on page 92

# Bringing Up the Fourth Line Reserves



*Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis, President District Board, Women's Emergency Corps, Military Division No. II.*

**T**HREE'S a little branch Bank on our corner that must be greying the hair of the man higher up who is responsible for keeping its doors smilingly ajar to the public. No sooner do we get a nice boy installed as manager or teller than the bugles come liling down-street and the 'Steerh Blanksires swing by, a dozen dogs in front, two dozen kids behind, and ev'ry curtain on the block pulled back to get the full effect.

A week later you go in to deposit your little cheque, and lo, the nice boy is gone, melted out—enkakied! And another reigns in his stead. We've had three managers and two tellers in the last year, and the end is not yet.

Yesterday I went by, glanced in for the redheaded Scotsman and found, to my surprise, a neat and precise little girl with a tailored blouse and an office manner correct to infinity, who crouched on the high stool as though she'd grown there always, like a white daisy on a long stalk.

"Hey, presto, the miracle begins," I said to myself. "Adam, hard pressed, turns to the woman Thou gavest him. She drops the knitting in favor of the pen, just as she dropped her votes-hatchet, her feather duster, her bridge-cards, in favor of the needles. Will she make good on the high stool, do you suppose?"

Son Goes; Father Gives; Mother Knits; Now Along Comes Little Sister and Offers to Hold Down Son's Job for Him

By B. D. THORNLEY

**A**NOTHER instance of the progress of events:

"Come to it? Sure he'll come to it," laughed the manufacturer as his disconsolate subordinate went out. "He says he never has had women in the accountancy department, and he never will. But he's lost two men now. He'll lose more soon, and no fresh ones are to be had.

"He says a woman couldn't land in Sudbury in the middle of the night, hunt up a hotel, see customers next day, write a report and get back to Toronto again without wrecking the concern or getting hysteria. He says she

couldn't because she never has.

"But I say we've never been at war with Germany before. Oh, sure, he'll come to it. After he's half killed himself trying to do three men's work."

**A**GAIN: "Yes'm," said the bread man meekly, "I'm awful sorry I made the mistake, but you see, ma'am, we've had five drivers on this route in six months. And it's considerate hard for a new man, not known' the customers' 'abits.

"Me? Well, I don't know. You see, I got five children—but the way the war news is now, you never can tell. Maybe you'll be drivin' it yourself, ma'am."

**F**INALLY, to depart from anonymity, there's the case of Lord Shaughnessy. He's too big a man to be speaking just for himself or even for the road he represents, when he assures us that labor conditions ought to be gravely considered before more men are taken from the country. If the securing of less than three hundred thousand has bothered the bank manager, scared the manufacturer, tried the patience of the bread-buying housewife, and boosted farm laborers' wages in the West from \$33 to \$50 a month, isn't it time Old Mother Hubbard took stock of her cupboard before the dogs o' war get another bone.

It isn't that Canada is contemplating the possibility of falling down on her promised 500,000. She can raise them even if the United States, with a dozen times the population, considers herself well equipped with a fifth of that number—and those still on paper.

But with the late spring in the West and the unpreparedness due to last year's record crop, together with the scarcity of labor in all parts of the country, the men at the head of affairs—and the women at the heart of affairs—must do a little thinking before they wave the flag.

If Farmer John is uprooted, who gets in the crops? If Banker Bob and Breadman Bill are sent overseas, and Tom, who used to make munitions, goes into the Army Medical, where, oh where, are the recruits to commerce going to come from?

*The Women's Emergency Corps of Number Two Military District think they know the answer. And it's little Ethel on the high stool, and the class she represents.*

Our attitude to the war has gone through a variety of psychological phases from the time when we cheered the First Contingent from every town on the map, thinking that Jack would come marching home in six months or so. Langemarck and the pitted country of high hope—burnt, dead Champagne—ghastly Gallipoli and the tragedy of Serbia, stand between us and those light-hearted days. We know now and have known for many a month that, if we win, it will only be by the exertion of every ounce of energy the drained Empire can produce.

Every class in the community is organized or must be organized to this end. The women have come into the fight in the Second Military District—and will



*Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, D.C.L., President, Toronto Branch, Women's Emergency Corps.*



*Major Geo. H. Williams, Chief Recruiting Officer, Military Division No. II.*

do so in other sections of the country—at the call of headquarters, and with the assistance of the Citizens' Recruiting League, the Speakers' Patriotic League, and numbers of the manufacturers interested in the unusual state of the labor market. In the Toronto Division, with 17 per cent. of the population, 23 per cent. of the total Canadian recruiting has been done in the two cities and the seventeen counties of the District.

**A** YEAR ago March, the Speakers' Patriotic League was organized to stimulate recruiting throughout Central Ontario, to coordinate the efforts of all societies working for patriotic purposes, and to help them add to their funds without starting a new one. By the end of 1915 it had raised some \$800,000, and put a bomb under many an unawakened community by the efforts of one or more of its fifty volunteer but thoroughly qualified publicity men.

"We rang up the local member for a certain constituency," said Dr. Abbot, the Honorary Secretary, "and we asked him whether there was any place in his riding that was deader than the rest. He said, sure, there was Blankville."

Had they tried rousing it? *Tried!* He got pretty hot about it. Certainly, they'd tried everything. But Blankville slept on.

The Organizing Secretary bought his ticket that night. Next day he went around town with the Blankville mayor in tow interviewing the prominent citizens. At eight p.m. they organized with six men on the committee—not to recruit, bless you no, but just for general and unobjectionable patriotic purposes.

Soon there was a public meeting on the way with two live men from Toronto as speakers. After it was finished a voice

came over the phone to the speakers' hotel, wanting to know about recruiting. And some of the prominent citizens had a certain checkbook uneasiness a'nt the Patriotic Fund. The net result of Act I was found to be fifteen enlistments, and a committee of forty-five business men to raise money.

Blankville was a town of three thousand inhabitants. Could they—do you s'pose they could—reach \$3,000 if they stood on their tiptoes?

The organizer was diplomatically contemptuous. If they started for three thousand and they'd probably land thirteen hundred and fifty. But if they threw over picayune policies and went at it like financiers with a two-per-capita objective, they'd overreach their figure.

Result—a two days' campaign—a business stir-up—\$9,000 for the Fund!

Blankville had a deadly rival in the shape of Nighburg, a growing community with eleven hundred population and permanent enlargement of the ambitions. Should a 1910, back-number, jerkwater, tank-town get ahead of them? Cer-tain-lee not! Result for Nighburg—\$7,500 and the record for the Division.

The industries of Nighburg, be it said, were in flourishing condition. Old-town, with a population of six thousand three hundred, looked down from the top of the map and sighed. Her shipyard was shut, her foundries were closed down. She was prosperity's grass widow. But couldn't she give the widow's mite?

The organizer was caught en route to another appointment. A committee was drafted on his arrival; \$10,000 was aimed for; and \$13,000 was secured.

The meetings in all these towns, and many others, helped to provide for the thirty thousand families now on the Patriotic Fund throughout the Dominion, and laid the foundations of the organization that should secure the \$8,000,000 needed for 1916 relief work. Apart from this, recruits were appealed for and signed up in every centre.

**B**UT general patriotic education wasn't enough, and mere blind giving wasn't enough either. The Speaker's League was in the full swing of its activities when

the seeds of the forthcoming Citizen's Recruiting League of the Second Military Division were already sprouting in the good soil of Peel County, where J. M. Godfrey, Esq., of Toronto, had a summer home.

"A democracy that goes to war is under a terrible disadvantage," said Mr. Godfrey. "A country with one autocratic head can have a stocktaking, badge those who are indispensable at home, and order out the rest. But a democracy blunders around, and of necessity wastes a tremendous amount of time in preparatory organization that ought to be telling at the front. But we've just got to do the best we can under the circumstances and apply the political methods of peace times to working up sentiment for war."

Mr. Godfrey set about supplying Peel County with a War Auxiliary built along the lines of a party organization in which, as he observed, there should be, "All the Grits and all the Tories, and all the decent people."

At that time there were no County Battalions. City officers who didn't know the countryside went out and urged the farmers to join on. Ten to one they went to the wrong men. And anyhow, you can't rouse Peel patriotism for a Toronto unit as you could for one that had been born and brought up in the home pasture.

The new Peel County War Auxiliary has locally prominent men as officers, and it was organized down to every polling sub-division. As its *débutante* job it elected to make every man, woman and child in Peel a member of the Red Cross.



*J. M. Godfrey, Esq., President Citizens' Recruiting League, Military Division No. II.*

It worked four weeks, with two or three teams out every night, and from twenty-two thousand inhabitants it secured a membership of twenty thousand, and raised \$40,000!

JUST here Ottawa intervened in loud and welcome tones with the County Battalion idea. And the appeal for an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. The Peel plan rose up and went into Toronto where it got itself incorporated on November 23rd as the Citizens' Recruiting League of the Second Military Division, with Mr. Godfrey as president. It at once came into touch with the pre-existent Speakers' League and also with General Logie's ubiquitous right-and-left-hand man, Major Williams, Chief Recruiting Officer for the District. Once again the political model was utilized in organizing, and every sideline in the seventeen counties soon had its two representatives with their heads together.

For example, one Friday afternoon not long ago, the local committee for the unproductive township of Alibi went into executive session. The men, who knew every soul in their territory, started at one corner of the township and put down the name of each unmarried man between eighteen and forty-five. Opposite to him went the reasons—if any—against his enlistment. The record ran something like this:

"John Steady—Two brothers enlisted. Only man on farm."

"Dick Doubtful—Youngest of three brothers, all on hand. Better see him."

"Arthur Finechap—Sick father, invalid sister. Only man."

"Albert Wildish—Sole support of widowed mother."

"Hold on," interjected a committeeman, "Albert's mother was up to my place last night, and she says she wants him to go. She says she never got a cent out of him in all her life, but if he signs on she'll have the separation allowance and she needs it."

On Monday the recruiting officers were handed cards describing forty-five single men whom the committee thought could be spared. The result of the one day's work was an enlistment of fifteen.

"We don't need Government registration in the country districts," said Mr. Godfrey. "We know our territory and we can attend to it ourselves. All my county requires is organization."

AND does it work? You bet it does! The results from the whole division for November to February inclusive show a net gain of 22,163 men. With half the total population, the rural sections raised 11,959 as against 10,204 in Toronto and Hamilton. And when you take into account that at least ten per cent. of the recruits obtained in Toronto and Hamilton during that period came from the country, you can see what an efficient method of registration has done for the counties.

What about the cities, says somebody.

The oldest inhabitant doesn't know his neighbors in town. Registration by a sub-divisional committee isn't possible in a large centre, where the population comes in on to-day's street car and goes out on next month's moving van.

Right you are. But, since blind recruiting is just as bad for manufacture as for agriculture, many employers of labor are asking the Government to cooperate with them in some sort of registration by trades.

"There are pivotal men in all business enterprises," a manufacturer told MACLEAN'S. "Here you take A. He's been learning his job for fifteen years and when you uproot him, you throw out ten men whose work is more or less dependent on his. And what do you get? An efficient soldier? Quite likely not. An office or factory man of long standing isn't apt to be in the pink of condition.

"A is the centre-man. Take out any one of the ten circumference fellows and you leave a place which must be filled, it's true—which may even be difficult to fill—but which isn't impossible. Why not let the manufacturer go over his business, pick out the indispensable men, call in the military representatives to go over the data with him, and then let the Government—not the manufacturer—decide whether or not such men shouldn't be badged in some way. Turn the names of the rest over to the recruiting officer and let him go ahead."

The Government says "The men are needed." The Citizens' Recruiting League and the manufacturers would go a step further and say which men are needed, and where.

NOW comes in the third force, called into existence by the other two—the Women's Emergency Corps. Their main object is identical with that of the preceding organizations—to stimulate recruiting—though to that end, of course, they wage their educational campaign amongst women. But they would carry



Dr. Abbott, Honorary Secretary  
of the Speakers' Patriotic League

the specializing process a step further, and when the needed men are transferred from business life to the army, they would come forward with lists of available women substitutes, not at present wage-earners, from which the employer could choose.

"Assuming that by the use of all existing machinery for recruiting and with the co-operation of the women we actually get the 50,000 additional men needed from the Second

Division," they assert, "immediately we shall be met with another emergency, that is, that at least some of our industries have not sufficient help, and that the industrial side of our national life calls for recruits just as loudly as the military side is doing to-day. The women who have organized the Women's Emergency Corps in the Second Division believe that such vacant places in our industries should be filled in the following order:

"1st. By returned soldiers."

"2nd. By men who are not fit for military service."

"3rd. By suitable women."

EST the Trades Unions should be come alarmed, it is insisted upon in every bit of literature sent out that the women don't want work because it is work, nor do they want it because they are women. They'll sit tight at their knitting until there is real need. Then, having enrolled all possible workers, they are prepared to hold the fort until the men come home. After which they are equally prepared to get out.

As might be supposed, the initial era of the campaign is largely given over to educational effort. Three publicity secretaries, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Miss Constance Boulton and Mrs. Parsons, are at work for the Divisional Corps which has Mrs. A. M. Huestis for its President and Mrs. Rhys Fairbairn for its Honorary Secretary.

*Continued on page 76*

# FROM THE NATIONAL VIEWPOINT

Herewith, a new department. It will be a monthly feature, and will consist of brief but authoritative statements on questions of national import, prepared in each instance by the man best fitted to speak on the question. It will, in a sense, be a national editorial page.

## Winning the War by Production

**T**HE first thing for us to realize is that Canada is in this great war as a part of the British Empire and as one of the Allies. Our all is at stake as much as that of England—lands, homes and people. It is not a question of what we can contribute; but—what should we, what must we contribute? The fate of Canada is in the balance and all our national resources may be called on. How then can we best contribute at the present time?

Is it an imperative call for men and more men? Then we must send forward men and more men, no matter what happens at home; for it would no longer be home if we sent only a few men and failed. Is it a call for food? Then we must turn to it, drop any discussion as to whether we can work any harder, and go at it working as energetically and effectively as our minds can direct, stimulated by the thought that we are thus meeting the Empire's needs. Is it a call for credit, or for help to bear the great financial burden? The country that has had the enterprise to build three transcontinental railways and organize such large businesses as the Dominion possesses need not hesitate to throw in her whole national resources with the rest of the Empire and measure her lending only by hundreds of millions.

What shall we do? Just what the Empire most needs. That seems to be fair reasoning. Those nearest the centre of the Empire and most familiar with conditions at the front tell us that the war is now reduced largely to a question of endurance. The side that can last will win. Popularly this is reckoned in dollars or pounds. In reality it means products—munitions, equipment, supplies, food. These things are becoming more and more important; and as the situation now stands it would seem that products for the stern struggle are of supreme importance. If we can supply these and loan them to the Empire we shall be doing our duty and saving ourselves. And for what kind of products are we best qualified by nature?

Great Britain is taxing her productive forces to the limit. She has mobilized her national factory system. In addition we must remember this, that she is saving her agriculture. She knows how important is this basic factor. The Empire must be strong when the war is over—otherwise it will lose itself in this struggle, even with a victorious ending. If the war stopped to-morrow British agriculture would be stronger than ever—the acreage of wheat has been extended and the live stock have been saved and increased. If this is so important for Britain it is equally so for us. We have a duty and the opportunity to go the limit in the production of food for war purposes, and we have a duty to strengthen our national productiveness so as to help the Empire in the great world-wide struggle to keep going and growing after the war is over. Our greatest line of production is

agriculture; the line capable of the greatest and most rapid expansion in agriculture. It would seem that one of the greatest services we can render Great Britain and the Allies to-day is to maintain firmly our agricultural industry and increase production as economically as possible not merely for the strenuous period of the war, but for the critical period that will follow the war.



## Influence of the War on Education

**T**HE war is revealing the value of individual and national efficiency. Education has been based on the misconception that knowledge is power. Knowledge is not power until it becomes an element in the special power of each individual, and is wrought out in achievement. The coming education will aim chiefly to develop the individual in power, skill, and character. It will pay more attention to the child than to the knowledge with which he is to be stored. Power will mean more than power to understand, and retain, and reproduce knowledge. It will mean physical, intellectual, and moral power. It will mean power to plan, power to direct, power to achieve, and power to be constructively productive.

In order to develop these supreme elements of human power and character, operative processes in which the child will transform conditions in harmony with his own plans, will be substituted for mere memory processes. The child will be made executive and not simply receptive and reflective. The kindergarten will become the basis of educational work in cities and towns.

We must have a better system of applied art, of applied science, and of technical education.

We must organize a definite system of vocational training. We must have a more universal system of agricultural training in rural schools.

City and town children must be trained to grow flowers and vegetables in their home gardens, and they must have greatly improved facilities for independent play, and for independent work in order that they may have opportunities to grow physically, intellectually and morally; as well as children in the country.

These training processes will develop the achieving, the constructive and the productive powers so that each child will be able to use effectively the knowledge he gains in school, and throughout his life.

Cadet work will be introduced soon in all city and town schools, and as soon as possible in rural districts for physical and moral development, and as a basis for universal service in case of a national call to duty. Indi-

vidual responsibility and individual duty are great moral elements. They are the basis of good citizenship. Cadet work develops a consciousness of these and of many other elements of character power.

Great statesmen and great bankers are now showing the importance of thrift in individual and in national life more clearly than ever before. Thrift is important, not only for financial reasons but for moral reasons. The only way to train a race of thrifty people is to begin when children are young, and train them systematically. School savings banks must soon be established in all city and town schools, as part of the regular system of education. This has already been recommended by the education department of Ontario.

Every educational process described above develops moral character in addition to the special advantages stated, because even the most vital moral principles are not effective in character development until they are used for some human service. Moral efficiency, like all other departments of human efficiency, depends on the development of the child's natural tendency to achieve his own plans.

*James H. Hughes.*

### Social Problems Before Us

WE are living to-day in a new age. The world conflict in which we are engaged has forced us all to think of larger issues and in terms of our common humanity. The period of re-construction following the war will be one of the most critical which modern civilization has faced. The future depends upon how we face the new conditions. Our fellow-men have poured out their life's blood to preserve for us our liberty, our free institutions, our democratic government, our Christian ideals. Can we deny to the toilers, who have made this sacrifice, full recognition in the common brotherhood which should make up society in the future?

No one will claim that under our existing social conditions there is a fair and equitable distribution of wealth. All serious students recognize that the worker does not receive his share. We must grapple with the situation and endeavor to see that he receives full justice. We must see that neither poverty nor unsanitary surroundings are permitted to deny the child a real opportunity for full and healthy development. The workingman who, by sickness or misfortune, is thrown out of employment through no fault of his own should be protected from want during the period of sickness or unemployment. A life of toil honourably spent should not end in an old age of penury and want, but the declining years of all who labour should be sweetened and brightened by the consoling fact that there is provision made to guarantee against want.

We must cultivate a love for country life, and place agriculture in the commanding position which it should occupy. We must realize that more important than schemes for national development or exploitation are the development of character and the production of the best type of citizen; and that Canada's greatness will depend upon the growth of a strong, courageous and progressive Canadian nationality, possessing worthy ideals and ever striving to realize those ideals in the life of the nation.

*A. M. Rawell*

### The Newer Penology

PRISON Reform is making progress in this country. Twenty-five years ago a proposal to remove the walls and the armed guard surrounding the Central Prison would have been regarded as little short of madness. The Provincial Reformatory at Guelph which has superseded the old Central has been in operation for three or four years. It isn't walled in; an armed guard is nowhere to be seen.

Consider for a moment what that one departure must mean to the well disposed prisoner. No walls; no armed guard! On the very threshold of his punishment the prisoner is encouraged to play the part of a man and win his way back to a decent place in the community. Inside the prison he finds sanitary, well-lighted sleeping quarters, plain but wholesome food, cleanly served; labor, hard maybe, but productive and interesting. Tell me, if there were in that man the makings of a good citizen, would not the conditions and treatment I have outlined be more likely to restore him to proper relations with society than the spiked walls and armed guards and dark cells of the old time penal system?

The old time prison administrator says he doesn't believe in coddling prisoners. No one advocates the coddling of prisoners. All that we insist upon is that the prisoner be treated as a man, having still in him the potentialities of a good citizen. To strengthen, to encourage, to restore to a true appreciation of his own manhood and self-respect is surely not coddling a prisoner. No prison can be made a home. The finest type of reformatory in the world is entered with sadness and quitted with joy by the average prisoner. Whatever the privileges he may enjoy there, they are as nothing to the supreme privilege of citizenship; the trust reposed in him by officials only makes him hunger for the restoration of that larger trust that he has forfeited; the good opinion of the warden merely strengthens his hope and determination to win once more the good opinion of his fellow men.

What has the kindlier method of treatment of prisoners to show in vindication of its wisdom? The story shall be fully told only when the Great Book is opened and the record of human failures and human strivings is laid bare. But we know in part now what then shall be known in whole. Hon. W. J. Hanna and Dr. Gilmour I am sure could many tales unfold of young men who had carelessly wandered from the path of rectitude and who under the wholesome influences and well ordered discipline of the Ontario Reformatory set their feet firmly on the new road and have followed it ever since.

Prison Reform where rationally applied needs no defenders. It works out its own justification in the lives it betters or reclaims. But there are some people who indulge in a sort of penological gymnastics and call it Prison Reform. Of this variety is the warden who spreads under glaring headlines the story of his achievement: how he sent six or eight prisoners, without a guard, miles from the prison to dig a ditch and how every night at the appointed hour true to their promise they returned to the prison. To use a vulgarism, that is simply "playing horse" with Prison Reform. There was neither business nor administrative sense in sending those men a long distance from the prison without a guard or foreman to direct and supervise their labor. Besides, it was unfair to the prisoners to unnecessarily subject them to such a temptation. Of a piece with this sensationalism is the setting up within the prison of an organization composed of prisoners and empowered to discipline those who vio-

late the regulations. All such sentimental adventures are hurtful to the cause of true Prison Reform and retard its progress.



### Support the Patriotic Fund

NEXT to the enlistment of over 250,000 men, the greatest tribute to the patriotism of our people is found in the support that they have voluntarily accorded the Canadian Patriotic Fund. By their generous giving they have most ably supported the pleas of the Government for men and greatly facilitated the task of the Militia Department. The will to fight must necessarily exist in a people descended from the four chief races that inhabit the British Isles. The power must sometimes be created.

Of the 280,000 men that constitute our overseas force, some 35,000 may be said to be under arms by virtue of the generosity of their civilian brethren. That is the number that are now relying upon the Patriotic Fund to render the lives of their dependents bearable during their absence. The task has been no light one, and yet it cannot be said that the money required has not been readily forthcoming. The requirements amount now to over \$600,000 a month and before the end of the year will be fifty per cent. larger than that. Yet there is no reason to believe that the officials of the Fund will be handicapped in their task by lack of money.

If Canada is to continue to recruit men until she has an army of 500,000, the Patriotic Fund will necessarily grow largely in importance. In many of the county battalions now in process of completion it is found that a large proportion of recruits are men over thirty-five years of age with young families dependent on them. If the Fund did not exist these men could not leave their civilian work. Yet if it is to that class of man that we now have to look for soldiers, recruiting must come to depend more and more upon the willingness of those who stay to support the dependents of those who go.



### Current Events in Paragraph

Having a set of luxurious whiskers, von Tirpitz easily qualifies as the goat.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

\* \* \*  
Germans furiously attack the Bois des Buttes. Must be badly in need of a smoke.—*London Advertiser*.

\* \* \*  
Mr. Rowell's ironical allusion to the fact that four years ago Mr. Hanna had called prohibition a joke might be classed as "dry" humor.—*Hamilton Herald*.

\* \* \*  
Now Brazil has seized 44 interned German ships in her ports—and still the United States is wondering where to get a merchant marine.—*Fredericton Mail*.

\* \* \*  
The Suffragists, taking advantage of leap year, made a proposal to Premier Hearst and the horrid man actually had the nerve to say "No."—*Brantford Courier*.

\* \* \*  
What's this! Union Jacks made with German dye! How can we expect a flag to float a thousand years in the battle and the breeze with Hun dye in it?—*Ottawa Free Press*.

\* \* \*  
Austria having declared war on Portugal, the latter country is in as much danger as Westmount would be if St. John's, Newfoundland, threatened to throw stones at her.—*Montreal Herald*.

\* \* \*  
We shall soon be reading the annual exhortations to swat the first flies that appear in the spring, and those appalling annual statistics which show how many billions of flies in October every fly left unswatted in the early spring is accountable for.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

\* \* \*  
Herr Liebknecht complains that a German has been sentenced to death for writing a "peace poem." Before endorsing his complaint we would like to see the poem. Maybe it was not any better than some of the "war poems" we have seen. If so, let the execution proceed.—*Vancouver Province*.

\* \* \*  
Apropos of most places going dry, someone might write a parody on the Chant of Hate, commencing:

"Soda and soft things matter not,  
We take 'em cold or take 'em hot.  
We have one hate, and one alone,  
Whiskey!" —*London Advertiser*.

*Starting in next number*

## "THE ANATOMY OF LOVE"

*By ARTHUR STRINGER*

# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

## Contents of Reviews

With the Allies at Salonika .....	47	The Wonderful Story of Warsaw .....	53
A condensation of article by Richard Harding Davis on conditions in the Greek city where the Allied armies are stationed.			
To Adopt the Metric System .....	50	The Brightest Era of Literature .....	58
Salient parts of an article by Judson C. Welliver on the movement in the United States to do away with pounds and quarts.			
Did the Kaiser Plan to Partition Austria? .....	51	Imprisoned in the German Lines .....	62
Extracts from an extremely interesting story by Henry Wickham Steed on the international famous Pact of Konopisht.			
How Much of a Vegetable Garden? .....	52	What is Music? .....	72
A "boiled down" version of some excellent advice by Adolph Kruhm to amateur gardeners.			
Some glimpses from a narrative by G. H. Mewes of the dramatic events that preceded the fall of the Polish capital.			
An interesting discussion by William Lyon Phelps on a golden period in the history of English letters.			
Some extracts about conditions behind the Teuton armies in Luxemburg from an article by Francis Gribble.			
Conclusions in brief extracted from an article by Thomas Whitney Surette.			

## With the Allies at Salonika

*What is Transpiring in This Neutral Corner of the War Area*

WHAT is happening at Salonika? The world has had little real news of what transpires in that corner of the war area, beyond the fact that the Allies have taken possession of the city and are quite peacefully awaiting either an advance on Bulgaria or an attack from the Germano-Bulgarian forces. Richard Harding Davis writes in *Scribner's* of what he saw in Salonika, picturing the situation as chiefly humorous. He says in part:

If it is true that happy are the people without a history, then Salonika should be thoroughly miserable. Some people make history; others have history thrust upon them. Ever since the world began Salonika has had history thrust upon her. She aspired only to be a great trading seaport. She was content to be the place where caravans from the Balkans met the ships from the shores of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Her wharfs were counters across which they could swap merchandise. All she asked was to be allowed to change their money. Instead of which, when any two nations of the Near East went to the mat to settle their troubles, Salonika was the mat. If any country within a thousand-mile radius declared war on any other country

in any direction whatsoever, the armies of both belligerents clashed at Salonika. They not only used her as a door-mat, but they used her hills to the north of the city for their battle-field. In the fighting, Salonika took no part. She merely loaned the hills. But she knew, whichever side won, two things would happen to her. She would pay a forced loan and subscribe to an entirely new religion. Three hundred years before Christ, the people of Salonika worshipped the mysterious gods who had their earthly habitation on the island of Thasos. The Greeks ejected them, and erected altars to Apollo and Aphrodite, the Egyptians followed and taught Salonika to fear Serapis; then came Roman gods and Roman generals; and then St. Paul. The Jews set up synagogues, the Mohammedans reared minarets, the Crusaders restored the cross, the Tripolitans restored the crescent, the Venetians re-restored Christianity. Romans, Greeks, Byzantines, Persians, Franks, Egyptians, and Barbary pirates, all, at one time or another, invaded Salonika. She was the butcher's block upon which they carved history. Some ruled her only for months, others for years. Of the monuments to the religions forced upon her, the most numerous to-day are the synagogues of the Jews and the mosques of the Mohammedans. It was not only fighting men who invaded Sa-

lonika. Italy can count her great earthquakes on one hand; the United States on one finger. But a resident of Salonika does not speak of the "year of the earthquake." For him, it saves time to name the years when there was no earthquake. Each of those years was generally "the year of the great fire." If it wasn't one thing, it was another. If it was not a tidal wave, it was an epidemic; if it was not a war, it was a blizzard. The trade of Asia Minor flows into Salonika and with it carries all the plagues of Egypt. Epidemics of cholera in Salonika used to be as common as yellow fever in Guayaquil. Those years the cholera came the people abandoned the seaport and lived on the plains north of Salonika, in tents. If the cholera spared them, the city was swept by fire; if there was no fire, there came a great frost. Salonika is in the same latitude as Naples, Madrid, and New York; and New York is not unacquainted with blizzards. Since the seventeenth century, last winter was said to be the coldest Salonika has ever known. I was not there in the seventeenth century, but am willing to believe that statement, not only to believe it, but to swear to it. Of the frost in 1657 the Salonikans boast the cold was so severe that to get wood the people destroyed the houses. Last winter, when on the English and French front in Serbia, I saw soldiers using the same kind of fire-wood. They knew that a mud house that is held together with beams and rafters can be rebuilt, but that you cannot rebuild frozen toes and fingers.

In thrusting history upon Salonika the last few years have been especially busy.

They gave her a fire that destroyed a great part of the city, and between 1911 and 1914 two cholera epidemics, the Italian-Turkish War, which, as Salonika was then Turkish, robbed her of hundreds of her best men, the Balkan-Turkish War, and the second Balkan War. In this Salonika was part of the spoils, and Greece and Bulgaria fought to possess her. The Greeks won, and during one year she was at peace. Then, in 1914, the Great War came, and Servia sent out an S. O. S. call to her Allies. At the Dardanelles, not eighteen hours away, the French and English heard the call. But to reach Servia by the shortest route they must disembark at Salonika, a port belonging to Greece, a neutral power; and in moving north from Salonika into Servia they must pass over fifty miles of neutral Greek territory. To do this, Venizelos, prime-minister of Greece, gave them permission. King Constantine, to preserve his neutrality, disavowed the act of his representative, and Venizelos resigned. From the point of view of the Allies, the disavowal came too late. As soon as they had received permission from the recognized Greek Government, they started, and, leaving the King and Venizelos to fight it out between them, landed at Salonika. The inhabitants received them calmly. The Greek officials, the colonel commanding the Greek troops, the Greek captain of the port, and the Greek collector of customs may have been upset; but the people of Salonika remained calm. They were used to it. Foreign troops were always landing at Salonika. The Oldest Inhabitant could remember, among others, those of Alexander the Great, Mark Antony, Constantine, the Sultan Murad, and several hundred thousand French and English who, over their armor, wore a red cross. So he was not surprised when, after seven hundred years, the French and English returned, still wearing the red cross.

In Salonika, after money the thing of most consequence is conversation. Men who are talking always have the right of way. When two men of Salonika are seized

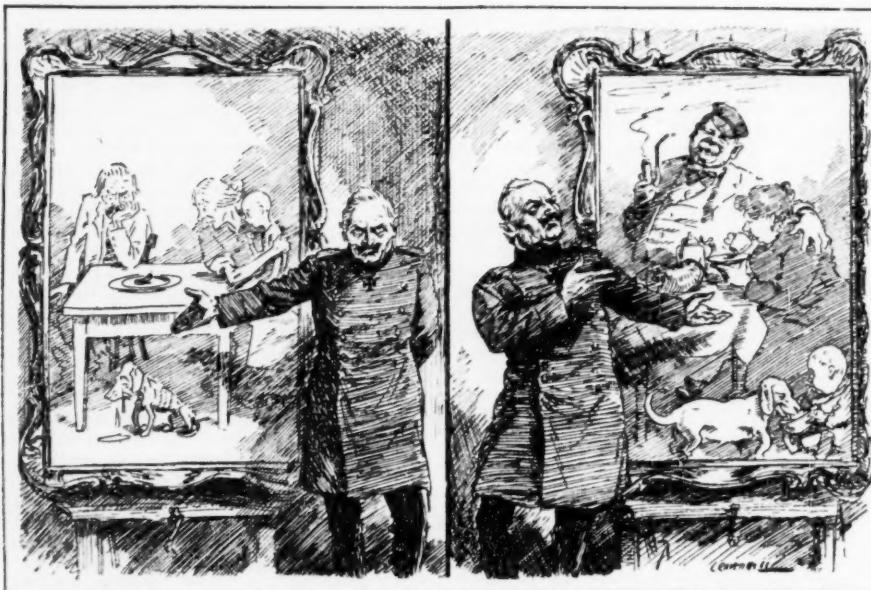
with a craving for conversation, they feel, until that craving is satisfied, nothing else is important. So, when the ruling passion grips them, no matter where they may meet, they stop dead in their tracks and talk. If possible they select the spot where by standing still they can cause the greatest amount of inconvenience to the largest number of people. They do not withdraw from the sidewalk. On the contrary, as best suited for conversation, they prefer the middle of it, the doorway of a café, or the centre aisle of a restaurant. Of the people who wish to pass they are as unconscious as a Chinaman smoking opium is unconscious of the sightseers from up town. That they are talking is all that counts. They feel every one else should appreciate that. Because the Allies failed to appreciate it, they gained a reputation for rudeness. A French car, flying the flag of the general, a squad of Tommies under arms, a motor-cyclist carrying despatches could not understand that a conversation on a street crossing was a sacred ceremony. So they shouldered the conversationalists aside, or splashed them with mud. It was intolerable. Had they stamped into a mosque in their hobnailed boots, on account of their faulty religious training, the Salonikans might have excused them. But that a man driving an ambulance full of wounded should think he had the right to disturb a conversation that was blocking the traffic of only the entire waterfront was a courtesy no Salonian could comprehend.

The wonder was that among so many mixed races the clashes were so few. In one place seldom have people of so many different nationalities met, and with interests so absolutely opposed. It was a situation that would have been serious had it not been comic. For causing it, for permitting it to continue, Greece was responsible. Her position was not happy. She was between the Allies and the Kaiser. Than Greece, no country is more vulnerable from an attack by sea; and if she offended the Allies, their combined fleets at Malta and Lemnos could seize all her little islands and seaports. If she

offended the Kaiser, he would send the Bulgarians into eastern Thrace and take Salonika, from which only two years before Greece had dispossessed them. Her position was indeed most difficult. As the barber at the Grande Bretagne in Athens told me: "It makes me a headache."

On many a better head than his it had the same effect. King Constantine, because he believed it was best for Greece, wanted to keep his country neutral. But after Venizelos had invited the Allies to make a landing-place, and a base for their armies, at Salonika, Greece was no longer neutral. If our government invited 170,000 German troops to land at Portland, and through Maine invade Canada, our neutrality would be lost. The neutrality of Greece was lost, but Constantine would not see that. He hoped, although 170,000 fighting men are not easy to hide, that the Kaiser also would not see it. It was a very forlorn hope. The Allies also cherished a hope. It was that Constantine not only would look the other way while they slipped across his country, but would cast off all pretense of neutrality and join them. So, as far as was possible, they avoided giving offense. They assisted him in his pretense of neutrality. And that was what caused the situation. It was worthy of a comic opera. Before the return of the allied troops to Salonika, there were on the neutral soil of Greece, divided between Salonika and the front in Servia, 110,000 French soldiers and 60,000 British. Of these, 100,000 were in Salonika. The advanced British base was at Doiran and the French advanced base at Strumitzia railroad station. In both places martial law existed. But at the main base, at Salonika, both armies were under the local authority of the Greeks. They submitted to the authority of the Greeks because they wanted to keep up the superstition that Salonika was a neutral port; when the mere fact that they were there, proved she was not. It was a situation almost unparalleled in military history. At the base of a French and of a British army, numbering together 170,000 men, the generals who commanded them possessed less local authority than one Greek policeman. They were guests. They were invited guests of the Greeks, and they had no more right to object to his other guests or to rearrange his house rules than would you have the right, when a guest in a strange club, to discharge the servants. The Allies had in the streets military police; but they held authority only over soldiers of their own country; they could not interfere with a Greek soldier, or with a civilian of any nation, and even the provost guard sent out at night was composed not alone of French and English, but of an equal number of Greeks.

In matters much more important, the fact that the Allies were in a neutral seaport greatly embarrassed them. They were not allowed to censor news despatches nor to examine the passports of those who arrived and departed. The question of the censorship was not so serious as it might appear. General Sarrail explained to the correspondents what might and what might not be sent, and though what we wrote was not read in Salonika by a French or British censor, General Sarrail knew it would be read by censors of the Allies at Malta, Rome, Paris, and London. Any news despatch that, unscathed, ran that gauntlet, while it might not help the Allies certainly would not harm them. One cablegram of three hundred words, sent by an



FOR NEUTRALS

"Why do we torpedo passenger ships?  
Because we are being starved by the infamous English."

FOR NATIVES

"Who says we are in distress? Look what our splendid organization is doing."

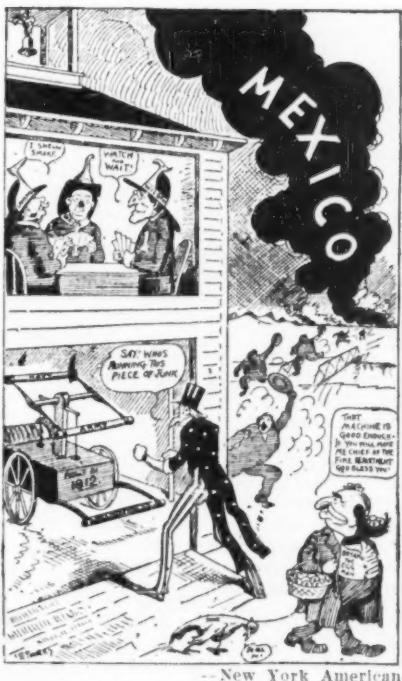
American correspondent, after it had been blue-penciled by the Greek censors in Salonika and Athens, and by the four allied censors, arrived at his London office consisting entirely of "and's" and "the's." So, if not from their censors, at least from the correspondents, the Allies were protected. But against the really serious danger of spies they were helpless. In New York the water-fronts are guarded. Unless he is known, no one can set foot upon a wharf. Night and day, against spies and German military attachés bearing explosive bombs, steamers loading munitions are surrounded by police, watchmen, and detectives. But in Salonika the wharfs were as free to any one as a park bench. To suppose spies did not avail themselves of this opportunity is to insult their intelligence. They swarmed. In solid formation German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish spies lined the quay. For every landing-party of bluejackets they formed a committee of welcome. Of every man, gun, horse, and box of ammunition that came ashore they kept tally. On one side of the wharf stood "P. N. T. O.," Principal Naval Transport Officer, in gold braid, ribbons, and armlet, keeping an eye on every box of shell, gun-carriage, and caisson that was swung from a transport, and twenty feet from him, and keeping count with him, would be two dozen spies. And, to make it worse, the P. N. T. O. knew they were spies. The cold was intense and wood so scarce that to obtain it men used to row out two miles and collect the boxes thrown overboard from the transports and battleships. Half of these men had but the slightest interest in kindling-wood; they were learning the position of each battleship, counting her guns, noting their calibre, counting the men crowding the rails of the transports, reading the insignia on their shoulder-straps, and, as commands and orders were wigwagged from ship to ship, writing them down. Other spies took the trouble to disguise themselves in rags and turbans, and, mixing with the Tommies, sold them sweetmeats, fruit, and cigarettes.

The clearing-houses for the spies were the consulates of Austria, Turkey, and Germany. From there what information the spies turned in was forwarded to the front. How helpless the Allies were may be judged from these quotations from *Phos*, a Greek newspaper published daily in Salonika and which any one could buy in the streets: "The English and French forces mean to retreat. Yesterday six trains of two hundred and forty wagons came from the front with munitions."

"The Allies' first line of defense will be at Soulowo, Doiran, Goumenitz. At Topsin and Zachouna intrenchments have not yet been started, but strong positions have been taken up at Chortiatis and Nihor."

"Yesterday the landing of British reinforcements continued, amounting to 15,000. The guns and munitions were out of date. The position of the Allies' battleships has been changed. They are now inside the harbor."

The most exacting German General Staff could not ask for better service than that! When the Allies retreated from Servia into Salonika every one expected the enemy would pursue; and thousands fled from the city. But the Germans did not pursue, and the reason may have been because their spies kept them so well informed. If you hold four knaves and, by stealing a look at your opponent's hand, see he has four kings, to attempt to fight



New York American.  
They're fire-eaters all right  
—But they're not hungry.

him would be suicide. So, in the end, the very freedom with which the spies moved about Salonika may have been for good. They may have prevented the loss of many lives.

During these strenuous days the position of the Greek army in Salonika was most difficult. There were of their soldiers nearly as many as there were French and British combined, and they resented the presence of the foreigners in their new city and they showed it. But they could not show it in such a way as to give offense, because they did not know but that on the morrow with the Allies they would be fighting shoulder to shoulder. And then, again, they did not know but that on the morrow they might be with the Germans and fighting against the Allies, gun to gun.

The scenes in the streets presented the most curious contrasts. It was the East clashing with the West, and the uniforms of four armies—British, French, Greek, and Servian—and of the navies of Italy, Russia, Greece, England, and France contrasted with the dress of civilians of every nation. There were the officers of Greece and Servia in smart uniforms of many colors, blue, green, gray, with much gold and silver braid, and wearing swords which in this war are obsolete; there were English officers, generals of many wars, and red-cheeked boys from Eton, clad in business-like khaki, with huge cape-like collars of red fox or wolfskin, and carrying, in place of the sword, a hunting-crop or a walking-stick; there were English bluejackets and marines, Scotch Highlanders who were as much intrigued over the petticoats of the Evzones as were the Greeks astonished at their bare legs; there were French poilus wearing the steel helmet, French aviators in short, shaggy fur coats that gave them the look of a grizzly bear balancing on his hind legs; there were Jews in gabardines, old men with the noble faces of Sargent's apostles, robed exactly as was Irving as Shylock; there were the Jewish married women in sleeveless

cloaks of green silk trimmed with rich fur, and each wearing on her head a cushion of green that hung below her shoulders; there were Greek priests with matted hair reaching to the waist, and Turkish women, their faces hidden in yashmaks, who looked through them with horror, or envy, at the English, Scotch, and American nurses with their cheeks bronzed by snow, sleet, and sun, wearing men's hobnailed boots, men's blouses, and, across their breasts, men's war medals for valor.

All day long these people of all races, with conflicting purposes, speaking, or shrieking, in a dozen different tongues, pushed, shoved and shouldered. At night, while the bedlam of sounds grew less, the picture became more wonderful. The lamps of automobiles would suddenly pierce the blackness, or the blazing doors of a cinema would show in the dark street, the vast crowd pushing, slipping, struggling for a foothold on the muddy stones. In the circle of light cast by the automobiles, out of the mass a single face would flash—a face burned by the sun of the Dardanelles or frost-bitten by the snows of the Balkans. Above it might be the gold visor and scarlet band of a "Brass Hat," staff-officer, the fur kepi of a Servian refugee, the steel helmet of a French soldier, the "bonnet" of a Highlander, the white cap of a navy officer, the tassel of an Evzone, a red fez, a turban of rags.

This lasted until the Allies retreated upon Salonika and the Greek army evacuated that city. It was a most orderly, polite retreat, a sort of "after you, my dear sir," retreat. Those of us who for a few days were in it did not know we were retreating. We were shelled off the top of a mountain in Servia, but no one else left the mountain, nor, from the way they were digging themselves in, seemed to have any intention of leaving it.

But a week later the Servians, retreating into Albania, left the French flank exposed, forcing the Allies to withdraw upon Salonika. Then, to give them a clear field in which to fight, the Greeks withdrew, 100,000 of them in two days, carrying with them tens of thousands of civilians—those who were pro-Germans, and Greeks, Jews, and Servians. The civilians were flying before the expected advance of the Bulgar-German forces. But the central powers, possibly well informed by their spies, did not attack. That was several months ago, and at this writing they have not yet attacked.

What one man saw of the approaches to Salonika from the north leads him to think that the longer the attack of the Bulgar-Germans is postponed, the better it will be, if they love life, for the Bulgar-Germans.

## A Portable Factory

The portable house is a development of comparatively recent years. The war and the need for munitions which has arisen out of it has led to the production of the portable factory. At least one American organization has erected large factories which are portable, being bolted together, although in appearance they are of most substantial design. It is said that it has been planned to disassemble and remove them some time in the future when the manufacture of munitions has stopped.

## To Adopt the Metric System

*This Sweeping Change Under Serious Consideration in U.S.*

THE war is creating many changes. Optimists declare that it is going to lead to many improvements in social conditions. Nations and men are finding it necessary to discard careless habits, to go at questions and problems in a more unselfish and logical way. Reforms will rise out of the bloodshed.

A possible reform is outlined by Judson C. Welliver in the course of an article in *Munsey's Magazine*—the universal adoption of the metric system. They are seriously considering it in the United States, as he explains. Mr. Welliver says, in part:

Pounds and ounces, gallons and quarts, tons and hundredweights, miles and yards, feet and inches, acres and square feet, are making ready for their exit from the stage of American business affairs.

Truth to say, they have had no good excuse for lingering with us so long. They ought to have been lifted out on the toe of the legislative boot long ago. They are confusing, obsolete, unscientific, and calculated to demoralize all commercial transactions measured in their terms. Their continued existence as the standards of weight and measurement in American business is a testimony to our national conservatism, and to the overpowering inertia that so often prevents the accomplishment of things which everybody knows ought to be done.

The first point about the metric system is that it is the system generally prevalent throughout the world. We have adopted it only in our coinage, which runs in multiplying units of ten; but most countries have applied the same simple system to their measures of dimensions, of contents, and of weight.

If calculations of money had to be made under a method as clumsy as is our fashion of dealing with weights, we should have to pass a universal conscription act to get enough bank clerks, cashiers, and bookkeepers to record the business of the country.

From the beginnings of barter among savages, the problem of establishing and standardizing units of measurement has constituted one of the greatest difficulties incident to doing business. Yet it was not until a century and a quarter ago that any government laid serious hold upon the problem and set about the effort to force a universal system.

The inspired enthusiasts of revolutionary France hesitated at nothing, once convinced that they had discovered a realm in which they could serve mankind. So a commission of mathematicians, which included Laplace, Lagrange, and Condorcet, among others, was created by the Convention to devise a scientific scheme that should be so much better than anything the world had ever known that its adoption by all countries would be the only logical and sensible conclusion.

Just exactly this was actually accomplished. The metric system, first adopted by France, is now the legal system of all continental Europe except Russia and Turkey, of all the Latin-American countries, and, in fact, of substantially the entire Occidental world aside from the

United States, Great Britain, and most of the British Empire.

It is legalized but not compulsory in Russia, Turkey, Japan, Egypt, the United States, and Great Britain. The Japanese system is substantially similar to the metric, while nearly all technical and scientific authorities use it in preference to any other.

For example, the Bureau of Standards of the United States government at Washington conducts all calculations and computations in metric units, for reasons of convenience and accuracy. After the results have been obtained, it translates them into the terms of our accepted system—\_inches and feet, ounces and pounds, and so forth.

It is commonly supposed that the American and British units of weight and measure are identical. As a matter of fact, several of them differ. They are so nearly alike, however, that more errors are caused by their similarity than would occur if they were utterly unrelated. This is one of the strong arguments for introducing the metric system as the sole legal standard in both countries.

Our own liquid quart and dry quart are not identical. In Great Britain and Canada, the liquid quart is twenty per cent. larger than our own, while the British standard bushel is three per cent. smaller than ours.

When the Frenchmen started out to create their ideal system of weights and measures, they determined to take as its basis some value adopted from nature, perpetual and unchanging. One proposal was to use the length of a pendulum ticking seconds. This was conceived to be about as nearly a fixed quantity as anything susceptible of accurate measurement. It meant basing the system on the revolutions of the planets, the length of the celestial year, and the constancy of the force of gravitation.

The commission finally decided that the basis of its system should be the earth's polar quadrant—that is, the precise distance on the earth's surface from the equator to the pole. At that time it was commonly assumed that this distance was absolute and unchanging, but geology and geophysics have since taught men that the world is not by any means constant in its circumference.

However, the French scientists decided on this value as the base of their system, and spent several years making computations to determine the precise distance from the equator to the pole. Then they divided this distance by ten million, and the resultant unit of space was made the basis of the new system.

This is the meter, approximately equivalent to 39.37 inches. Ten meters make one decameter; ten decameters make one hectometer; ten hectometers make one kilometer, and ten kilometers make one myriometer. In the descending scale, the meter is divided into ten decimeters, the

decimeter into ten centimeters, and the centimeter into ten millimeters. The first set of terms is derived from the Greek numbers, the second from the Latin.

The ratio between the successive denominations in linear measurements, in capacity, in money, and in weight, is ten; the ratio between the successive denominations in surface measure is one hundred, and in cubic measure one thousand.



—Ohio State Journal  
*Princess Temporary Prosperity, daughter of King War, is stopping at the Commercial Hotel in the States.*

In determining the unit of weight, it was particularly desired to have some absolutely fixed and unchangeable standard. The standard adopted is the weight of a cubic centimeter of pure water, at the freezing-point and at sea-level. As nearly as possible, every element in this statement of conditions is inviolable.

This weight unit, called the gram, is equal to 15.43 troy grains under the English system.

The basic unit for length being the meter, that for surface is the square meter. Areas of land are calculated in square decameters, the decameter being approximately twenty-five one-thousandths of an acre. The hectare, the next denomination, equals 2.471 acres.

The unit of capacity, the liter, is a cubic decimeter, which is a little larger than the American liquid quart.

It has been almost universally admitted, for many decades, that the French system is the most nearly perfect that has ever been devised. Nobody has ever heard a substantial reason why our own illogical and club-footed system should not be discarded in favor of it. In both the United States and England the use of the metric system is permissive, but not compulsory. In neither country have people in general become familiar with it, and they never will familiarize themselves with it unless it is made the sole and compulsory standard.

Our English cousins are a bit ahead of

us with regard to the metric system, because their world-wide trade relations have compelled them to recognize the French standards. Their manufacturers and merchants now very generally base computations on metric units in manufacturing or shipping goods for foreign trade. Since the European war has opened to American manufacturers and workmen many new fields of opportunity, the fact has been impressed as never before that our business must adapt itself to the conditions imposed by customers, or they will take their patronage elsewhere.

There are, however, some difficulties, entirely aside from conservatism and inertia, about making the change. The most serious of these involves the measurement of land. Land titles in our country are based on acres, while the metric system would substitute the hectare. To reorganize the whole system of real-estate records, measurements, and surveys, and reduce acres to hectares with absolute accuracy, would be a terrific task. Conservatism rises to its most insistent climax at the suggestion of any change that might possibly cloud titles to real property.

It has been suggested that the metric scheme might be adopted for all other than land measures; but this would be like taking half of a bite of a cherry. Moreover, it is pointed out that this country has once changed its unit of land measurement throughout a large area with very little difficulty or complication.

When Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico were acquired from Mexico, they had already been surveyed under the Spanish system, in which the unit of area is the *vara*. Values in *varas* had to be translated into terms of acres, and for a time it was feared considerable difficulty would ensue. However, the thing was done much more easily than had been expected. The precise comparative value of the Spanish and American units were determined, as they have repeatedly been fixed in the relations of our American units to those of the metric system. In a comparatively short time, and with no great confusion, the American units were substituted for the Spanish; and people familiar with the procedure in that case give assurance that the change from our present system to metric measurements would be effected with small embarrassment.

It is now becoming apparent for the first time that the change cannot long be postponed, and that it is going to be highly beneficial to business and science, to technical and popular interests.

It is probable that Great Britain will not be far behind us in adopting the French units. British manufacturers have had to use French measurements in many new operations since the war has drawn the two countries closer together than ever before, and even English conservatism will not stand out forever against a good system that is also a universal system.

### Electricity in Mines

By installing electric power in nearly every mining camp of importance in Montana, it has been made possible for operators to resume work on properties which otherwise would have been idle. This has done more to reduce the cost of mining than any other thing.

## Did the Kaiser Plan to Partition Austria?

*Remarkable Story of Pact Between Wilhelm and the Austrian Archduke*

**D**ID the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria plan with the Kaiser to completely remodel the face of Europe and to break up the Empire of Austria-Hungary in so doing? Such is the statement made by Henry Wickham Steed in the course of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the heading "The Pact of Konopisht." It is impossible to go into any of the lengthy statements of fact and argument which the writer adduces in support of his rather remarkable story; suffice it to quote briefly from his story of the forming of the Pact, which is one of the most readable narratives that has arisen out of the war.

You will remember that on July 1, 1900, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand married, at the castle of Reichstadt in Bohemia, the Countess Sophie Chotek, a member of an ancient Bohemian family who had been lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Isabella, wife of the Archduke Frederick. The marriage was preceded by a long and bitter contest between the Archduke, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the whole Austrian Imperial Family. At last the Archduke succeeded in extorting the indispensable consent of the Emperor. The conditions on which the consent was given were, however, particularly humiliating for the Archduke and his bride. Not only was the marriage to be morganatic, inasmuch as the Hapsburg Family Law recognizes only marriages between parties of equal rank, but the Archduke was compelled to swear solemnly before all the other Archdukes and the dignitaries of both halves of the Monarchy, in the presence of the Emperor, that after succeeding to the throne he would never attempt to change the Family Law or seek to open for his children the succession to the throne. This solemn oath of renunciation was, by the Emperor's decision, submitted to the Aus-

trian and Hungarian Parliaments. The Austrian Parliament placed it formally on record; the Hungarian Parliament incorporated it in Hungarian constitutional law.

This irrevocable act always weighed upon the Archduke's mind, and made the position of his wife especially painful. As time went on, and particularly after the birth of his children, his resentment grew. He made every effort to induce the Emperor to modify the terms of the renunciation and to raise the Countess Chotek—who, on her marriage, had received the title of Princess Hohenberg—to the rank of Archduchess. Prayers, pressure, stormy scenes were all in vain. The only concession that could be wrung from the Emperor was the elevation of the Princess Hohenberg to the rank of Duchess, and this was only granted after the humiliations daily inflicted upon her by the members of the Imperial Family had led to an open breach between the Archduke and the Court. The implacable etiquette of the Court of Vienna rendered these humiliations patent to the whole of Austrian society. At last the Archduke revolted, and Vienna rang with stories of his indignation. He rarely appeared at Court save in exceptional circumstances and by direct order of the Emperor. His relations with the other members of the Imperial Family became more and more strained, and degenerated into fierce hatred on both sides. The idea became intolerable to him that his children, whom he worshipped, should, after his death, be the subjects of his younger brother's son, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, whom in his heart of hearts he regarded as a usurper. This feeling was not assuaged by the influence of his wife.

The German Emperor had for some years played upon this psychological situation. Feeling that the Duchess of Hohenberg would be his future ally, he covered her with attentions and courteous marks of esteem. He was the first of the great sovereigns of Europe to receive her as an Archduchess, and though her visit with the visit with the Archduke to Potsdam in November, 1909, did not pass off without some minor hitches, it prepared the ground for the scheme which was to be ratified at Konopisht.

The German Emperor has always dreamed of extending the German Empire to the Adriatic and of bringing the German provinces of Austria into the German Imperial Confederation. What a triumph for the secular efforts of the House of Hohenzollern if Austria could be made another Bavaria, and the proud House of Hapsburg be reduced to the position of the Wittelsbachs and the Wettins! Words adroitly whispered into the ear of the Duchess of Hohenberg at Potsdam prepared the mind of the Archduke. They fomented, on the one hand, his resentment towards the Austrian Imperial Family and towards his eventual successor, Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, and on the other they flattered his paternal ambition. At Konopisht the Kaiser opened to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand a magnificent horizon and spread out before him a grandiose plan which promised presently to place his sons Maximil-



—New York Evening Sun.

*Turkey: "Here he is, Your Majesty; I found him!"*

ian and Ernest at the head of two vast realms in Eastern and Central Europe.

The conception was grandiose, but appeared nevertheless not impracticable. Russia was to be provoked to a war for which Germany and Austria were ready. France was to be reduced to impotence by a few vigorous strokes. The abstention of England was considered certain. The main object of the visit paid by Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess Hohenberg to Windsor in November, 1913, had been to establish friendly personal relations with the Court of St. James's. Thanks to the neutrality—benevolent or otherwise—of England, victory was regarded as assured. Its result was to be the transformation of the map of Europe. The ancient kingdom of Poland with Lithuania and the Ukraine was to be reconstituted—the Poland of the Jagellons, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. This was to be the inheritance of Francis Ferdinand and after his death, of his eldest son; while for his younger son was reserved, under his father's direction, a realm including Bohemia, Hungary, most of the Southern Slav lands of Austria together with Serbia, the Slav coast of the Eastern Adriatic and Salonika. Francis Ferdinand saw great thrones prepared for his two sons, and Sophie Chotek saw herself the mother of kings.

The Emperor William for his part was to give back to the future Poland a part of the Duchy of Posen—and to indemnify himself by bringing German Austria, with Triest, under the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, into the German Empire.

The coveted outlet on the Adriatic would thus have been acquired by Germany.

Between the enlarged German Empire, the reconstituted kingdom or Empire of Poland and the new Bohemian-Hungarian-Southern Slav realm a close and perpetual military and economic alliance was contemplated. This alliance would become the arbiter of Europe and would command the Balkans and the route to the East. Who would then have dared to resist had it pleased Berlin to bring Holland and Belgium into the great Confederated German Empire?

This was, in substance, the pact of Konopisht. Its existence and its terms were known to very few—but there is reason to believe the Austrian Imperial Family to have obtained knowledge of it, at any rate after the assassination of the Archduke. Within three weeks the tragedy of Sarajevo altered its personal features; but if the sons of Sophie Chotek no longer play a part in it, and if the dream of a revived Jagellonian Poland has been abandoned, the Emperor William regards more than ever the question of Austria and of the Hapsburgs from its point of view. He already discounts the future and commands at Vienna. He daily tightens the toils he has woven round Austria, who is struggling not only against her enemies but against her more formidable ally. What wonder if Vienna is a prey to mortal anxiety, and if disquieted spirits are asking already whether an Austro-German defeat be not the sole chance of saving something for the Hapsburgs and their imperilled realms!

intended—to afford a chance for exercise and to see physical efforts bring rewards in the form of luscious vegetables.

As is the case with every other garden, results from the gymnasium garden depend largely upon the proper selection of varieties for the different seasons. A few hours of studying seed catalogues will soon familiarize you with what you need or ought to have in the way of seeds; and by all means subscribe to a good garden magazine, if you are really serious about wanting to know more about your own garden, regardless of whether you work it or have someone do it for you. There is no room for melons, cucumbers, squashes, and other "vining" plants. They take up more space than you are justified in devoting to them, because of the limited value of the crops which they yield. Potatoes do not enter, because they are a field crop, and admitted to the garden only on sufferance. Moreover, these products are easily bought in reasonably fresh condition in most markets. Neither is there an excuse to attempt, in a small garden, the growing of cauliflower, egg plants, peppers, and other crops requiring a long season to mature and special knowledge to grow them successfully. Results that show are wanted in the garden built for recreation, and crop failures that tend to smother ambition should not be courted.

The second class might be called the "utility garden" because it affords a chance to utilize otherwise waste spaces and to furnish occupation to a man-of-all-work, the regular duties of whom do not provide continuous occupation. In this connection the garden becomes a profitable by-product. Spare hours plus waste spaces plus adequate plans and sound seeds might be made to yield handsome dividends in the form of vegetables of a quality not procurable in the market.

The utility garden may be anything from an idle piece of ground back of the tennis court or near the servants' quarters, to a quarter of an acre set aside especially for that purpose. It may be planned for an early and a late garden, skipping mid-season requirements if the family plans to go to the seaside or mountain home during July and August. If a utility garden of good dimensions—say a quarter acre—is planned, make arrangements early to have the heavy work, such as plowing and harrowing, done in ample time.

Under proper management, the quarter acre garden can be made to yield all the vegetables which a family of eight with an occasional guest may require. It should include a small asparagus bed, say five 40-foot rows, as well as a score of rhubarb plants for earliest spring tonics. In addition to the class of vegetables suggested for the small garden, it should yield all the peas, corn, and cabbage wanted, though the space devoted to each of these crops would, of course, vary according to the garden owner's fondness for the different vegetables.

## Changes at Saturn

Recent observations of Saturn at the Lowell Observatory show a remarkable change in the color and brightness of the planet's ball, which is now of a pinkish brown tint and strikingly darker than the rings. Comparisons of the stellar magnitude of the planet with Capella, Procyon and Mars also show that its brightness is less than that predicted in the ephemeris.

## How Much of a Vegetable Garden?

*Sound Advice for the Amateur Gardener*

**G**OOD advice for the amateur gardener is given by Adolph Kruhm in the course of an article in *Country Life in America*. The article deals separately with each type from the gymnasium garden to the business garden, but the selection that follows deals only with the amateur side of it.

No matter what your ideals may be, if you have never tried your hand at the business of managing a garden, lay your first effort along modest lines. A small piece of ground, well tended and tilled intensively by the repeated utilization of the same row, will yield more satisfactory crops per square foot than a larger space, part of which would be devoted to weeds late in the season. Any sized garden can be made to pay dividends on the space it occupies and the work it requires, provided it is planted to worth while crops.

What kinds of vegetables do you like? When do you want them and how much of them do you need properly to fill your wants? On the answer to these questions depend the size and character of your garden. Since no two answers among thousands would be exactly alike, no hard and fast lines can be laid down for the construction of gardens to serve general needs. But experiences with working models may help.

The vegetable gardens on country estates fall naturally into three types. The work which it takes to run them, and the possibilities which they hold forth, depend entirely upon the kind of crops which they

are expected to yield, and the quantities. To illustrate: ten rows of onions from seed require just five times the labor necessary for ten equally long rows of bush beans. To grow head lettuce properly, the rows and plants require three times as much attention as radishes. By this way it may be seen that all I can do is to give some idea of what might be accomplished in gardens of certain sizes, and what labor is required to do it.

For the enthusiast, the man who must have a garden of his very own to play with, just for the mere love of the occupation, it can be of minute area, and indeed takes all its features from the individual in each case. It may well be called the "gymnasium garden," since it is generally conducted for the sake of the owner's health and recreation, as a source of pleasure rather than as a machine for turning out so much produce. Some of the most successful examples of good gardening that have come under my observation belonged to this class. Business men, doctors, and lawyers are willing workers in this type of garden, which may be anything from a bed 10 x 15 ft. to a full-fledged affair of 40 x 60 ft.

This garden can be made to yield nearly all the green onions, radishes, lettuce, beans, and tomatoes that a small family may want. In addition it may yield a reasonable amount of late root crops, such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, etc., if the seeds are sown about the time that the first crop of each row becomes exhausted. This gymnasium garden will always be more or less of a spasmodic affair, and yet it will serve the purpose for which it was

## The Wonderful Story of Warsaw

*How the Russian Armies Got Away with Everything of Value*

HERE will be many wonderful stories to tell when the war is over and the censorship is removed. The struggle is staged on so vast a scale that the world gets a fragmentary picture at best of the events in any one field of operations. Each struggle is as full of historic incidents and dramatic color as any of the wars of history; and so, when the veil is removed, there will be many great stories to be told. Such a story is that of the retreat from Warsaw as told in *London Magazine* by G. H. Mewes, a photographic correspondent with the Russian army. He tells it in graphic style:

When the Germans advanced after the fall of Lemberg they were advancing on a great and populous manufacturing city; when they entered Warsaw on the morning of August 5th, 1915, they entered an empty shell, from which practically every article that might have proved useful to them had been removed.

I had my first sight of the great struggle for Warsaw when I had motored out to the rear of the lines. While I was in the village of Krasnystav the German big guns began a bombardment. It was near here that I took some photographs of the 3rd Caucasian Regiment, a sturdy body of men who had fought their way through the Carpathians and back again to the position in which I found them. Two days later these gallant fellows suffered badly. The Germans chose their position upon which to carry out one of their big artillery drives. They concentrated the fire of some 150 guns of heavy calibre upon the lines, and, advancing, carried them and the village of Krasnystav, thus drawing a step nearer Warsaw.

Warsaw, it must be remembered, was not attacked from the front. The Germans had paid heavily in their failure to take the city in that way in their first attempt. So this time they attacked Warsaw from the north and south, using their armies like great pincers, which were to close around the city, and not only capture it, which was a matter of secondary importance, but also surround and capture the whole of the vast Russian armies engaged in its defence.

One of the primary goals at which the Germans aimed was the town of Novo Minsk, the capture of which would cut the railway communications between Warsaw and Sedlice. The Russians' task was complex. The first consideration was, of course, to defeat the Germans, if possible; failing that—and this was vital—to fall back upon another line without any irreplaceable loss of men or material. If the first object was achieved, Warsaw was saved; if the second, Warsaw would have to be sacrificed. The Russian Army failed to save Warsaw, but it did more than succeed in the second object, for it was able to make the loss of Warsaw the loss of position only; it left no booty behind for the oncoming enemy.

In the second week of July I made Warsaw my base, travelling from there from time to time to various points of the fighting-line between the two horns—or,

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rather, points—of the slowly-closing pincers. By this time the gutting of Warsaw had begun.

All the roads leading into Russia, both from Warsaw and behind the fighting-lines, gave evidence of the splendid organization of the Russian military authorities. Behind the Narev and the Lublin-Cholm lines the roads were occupied night and day by two orderly streams of traffic.

Streams of wagons, with their six-horse teams going at the gallop, took high-packed loads of ammunition towards the trenches. In the same direction marched battalion after battalion of soldiers. Going the other way was the sad and endless procession of ambulances laden with wounded returning to the rear.

But in the road that leads out of Warsaw the traffic was as dense, but of a different character. Day after day an immense throng moved stolidly, in perfect order, towards the east, back to Novo Minsk, Sedlice, and beyond. Soldiers and refugees, walking, driving, riding, as their circumstances permitted, were retreating from the guns. I have seen on that long, flat road miles of army transport wagons, seemingly endless Red Cross columns, a ceaseless stream of civilians, some with their few belongings in a bundle, others driving in country carts, all grim-faced, sad, but patient and orderly—there was never the suspicion of panic—plodding as fast as the traffic would allow, back from the invader, out through the rapidly narrowing enemy-free district, on into safety.

There was something terribly impressive about this great retreat. It was so strong, so deliberate. Every day it was the same. Wedged in between two ammunition wagons I remember seeing a Polish lady and her young son driving in a smart carriage and pair. She was bound for Brest Litovsk, eighty miles away. Her horses, she said, should never fall into the hands of the Germans.

Behind her came—some hundreds there must have been—small country carts, each laden with copper or machinery. Hundreds of cab horses and farm horses joined the long line of retreat. Peasant women plodded bravely along, some leading cows, others walking beside the country carts that bore the whole of their worldly possessions. To visualize this properly, you must imagine this grim, heterogeneous stream of civilian and soldier, of peasant and merchant, of country cart and army wagon, moving deliberately hour after hour out of the doomed city into the safety of—somewhere beyond the guns. Imagine it in perfect order, and silence almost, save for the tramp of feet and the rattle of wagons. There was no shouting, no disorder, the long line of retreat kept carefully to the right side of the road.

Day after day for three weeks this flight continued. It is computed that fully 300,000 of Warsaw's 900,000 citizens left the town during this great retreat, but the number of refugees that thronged the road must have been even greater than this, for well over two hundred thousand refugees from the country through which the Germans were advancing passed through the city on their way east. I am not exaggerating when I say that in the four weeks that preceded the fall of Warsaw half a million civilians, as well as the armies, followed the long, straight road that leads from Warsaw into Russia.

During the time of this retreat I was busy night and day motoring from one part of the line to the other, and back to

the city, taking an occasional rest there. It was during these odd days that I was able to see something of the extraordinary systematic gutting of the city that took place.

Under military organization, Warsaw was stripped of almost every ton of metal it contained. In the Government and Municipal buildings even the furniture and the electric light fittings were removed. Telegraph and telephone wires were taken down and sent east, machinery was dismantled and packed off by train to Moscow, every church bell was taken down, labelled, sealed, and sent inland. I was in many of the churches, and while the service was going on soldiers were at work in the belfries unhooking the bells.

Early in July the hospitals began to pack up and move both their patients and equipment to the east. Until the last day trams ran filled with patients and wounded men from the hospital to the station.

There was something most impressive about this deliberate stripping of a great city; its thoroughness was almost appalling. For days one heard at intervals the dull crash of explosions that told of the dynamiting of some factory plant too heavy or too firmly fixed to be removed. What the Russians could not take away they destroyed.

The Government gave every facility to the manufacturers to remove their plant. They were given free transport and free labor to help them in their work of demolition.

The newspaper offices were stripped even to the linotype machines. Though the banks, the post office, and the law courts remained open, men worked all the time at dismantling them, and load after load of metal and other material likely to be of use to the Germans were taken out of all these buildings while the ordinary routine work of the day went on.

Nickel coins grew very scarce in these last days, and the restaurants took to issuing cardboard tokens for use as small change.

Meanwhile, in the country districts around the city, the same work of deliberate destruction was going on. For miles around Warsaw the country-side is served by small narrow gauge railways or tramways, which provide the peasantry with a means of communication with the city and as a means of transport for their produce. The mileage of these tramways must have been very great, yet the metals were taken up throughout their whole length and transported to the east. Just before the end the overhead trolley wires of the electric cars were cut down and removed in the same way.

Then, to complete the work of destruction, the ripening crops over miles and miles of country were fired, the cattle were driven off from the farms, and by the end of July the city of Warsaw and the whole neighboring country was left a waste, a shell, an empty prize for the slowly-advancing enemy.

And all this time the Russian soldiers in the trenches were contesting every inch of the German advance. But the gun-fire grew louder each day. We got our news from the fighting line hour by hour. At the beginning of the struggle optimism prevailed, but as the news grew worse and worse, the people gave themselves up to despair—despair, that is, for the salvation of the city. I found few who did not regard its coming loss as merely temporary. The civilians took their lead from the soldiers. "We shall come back to it soon," they said, and the populace echoed

## For the Nation's Defense



The Nation's defense is not in guns or dreadnaughts alone, but in the men of health and stamina who do the work of factory or farm, or manage the great industrial enterprises. Building sturdy boys for national defense is largely a question of food and exercise. The best food for youngsters and grown-ups is

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their words. The Poles, naturally, were the most disheartened.

Motoring to and from the lines one saw strange sights. Deserted villages, fire-blackened fields, where but a few days before standing crops had waved; peasants, whole families of them sometimes, digging trenches under the supervision of soldiers, and all the time the two great streams of traffic—ammunition waggons going one way and ambulance waggons the other.

Some ten days before the end came I began to make my own preparations for escape. I was anxious about motor supplies, for even then there was very little left in Warsaw. Petrol could only be bought from the taxi-drivers, who asked an absurdly high price for it. Tires were almost unobtainable. But I managed to get hold of a couple of second-hand tires, and, having accumulated enough petrol to take me to Brest Litovsk, I sent my luggage on by messenger to Petrograd and waited for the end.

In the last week of July I made two journeys to the firing-line—one to the Narev, the other to the Lublin-Cholm line. On July 27th, while I was at the Narev line, terrific fighting was going on, the Germans concentrating an irresistible artillery fire on the Russian trenches, smashing earthworks flat and killing men by the thousand. The situation was serious, for a break through then would have caught a big part of the Warsaw armies in a trap.

On this occasion the Germans did gain a footing in our line. They were attacking with enormous forces. To the south-east of the Narev I was told they had ten divisions dug in, yet by a stupendous effort they were checked for the time being. The Russians, in a counter-attack, drove back the enemy and captured seven hundred and fifty prisoners and five machine-guns.

I motored back to Warsaw past seemingly endless columns of waggons, and on the next morning, July 28th, we saw the first of the German invaders. An aeroplane flew over the city, dropping pamphlets addressed to the Poles, to whom, as the bills proclaimed, the Germans were friendly. The poles were advised to have no fears, for under beneficent German rule all their troubles would be at an end.

Three days later the aeroplanes came again. This time they dropped nearly twenty bombs as an earnest of friendship, and twenty-one civilians were killed and injured.

On August 4th we knew that the fall of Warsaw was only a matter of hours. Soon after dawn the sound of firing grew much louder, and we knew the guns were approaching.

Early in the morning I went out to the famous Blonie lines in front of the city. Here I found the Russian rearguard falling back on the outer forts. Both officers and men were perfectly calm, and I was given every facility to take what photographs I liked. Here, again, everything was being carried out in perfect order. Although the roads were crammed with peasant refugees making for Warsaw, there was no panic or confusion.

The fighting throughout the night had been of a most desperate character, and in the field I saw and photographed one of the saddest sights of my whole experience; the mustering of what remained of a whole regiment, and those who remained were pitifully few. One company I photographed had been fighting through



—Greene, in New York Telegram.

*Out of Reach.*

the night, going into action two hundred and twenty strong. Next morning the colonel took down the names of the survivors. They numbered fifteen.

Yet through all this there was no sign of despair. Officers and men were even cheerful. They were disappointed, that was the most one could say. One officer said to me, "With ammunition enough we can always beat the Germans. When we get our shells we will soon have them out of Warsaw again."

I stayed at the back of the lines until the afternoon, and was able to photograph the soldiers actually leaving the last trench before the city, from which they retired to the shelter of the first of the forts.

I hurried back to Warsaw that afternoon, knowing that the fall of the city could only be delayed a few hours. Late in the afternoon, when I returned, I found three German aeroplanes high over the streets dropping bombs on the frightened people. Even at this late hour the great task of gutting the city was being completed without any sign of disorder. I noticed as I hurried through the streets that the last of the copper telephone and telegraph wires were being taken down, rolled into convenient rings, and then removed to the station.

The police had already ordered the hotels to be emptied of their guests by mid-day, and my hotel, when I reached it, was deserted by all but a few members of the staff. As I hastened there I heard that the three great bridges across the Vistula had already been mined, and might be blown up at any hour, so I thought it wiser to get my motor-car to the eastern or Praga side of the Vistula as quickly as possible, not wishing to be stranded in Warsaw if the bridges were gone and the Germans entering the town.

From the new bridge, as I crossed it, I could see the German shells bursting round the outer forts, and our observation balloons hanging in the air not so very far away. It was obviously time to clear out, and, as a reminder, before I was off the bridge, a German aeroplane overhead dropped four bombs, evidently intended to destroy it, but they fell on Praga, and did a little damage in the streets there.

Leaving my car in the eastern suburb,

I recrossed to Warsaw on foot to collect my few belongings from the Hotel Bristol and to have what I realized would be my last meal in Warsaw for many a long day.

Dinner that night was a gloomy meal. The plucky orchestra had gone at last, and after the meal the concierge, Joe Slaterman, an excellent fellow, whom every visitor to the Bristol in recent years must remember well, asked me, with tears in his eyes, to climb upon the tower of the hotel to view a terrible sight. I went. I do not wonder that the man was shaken. Warsaw was his home, and from the tower we could see to the west the glare and flames of a score of burning villages, and the ceaseless flaring of bursting shells around the outer forts.

I came down from the tower and went for a last look at the streets of Warsaw before I joined that long line of refugees on the eastern road. The place was very quiet, only Poles were left behind. The last passenger train had left for Petrograd on the previous night, and, except for a few belated families driving away, there was no traffic in the streets.

There had been so much activity in Warsaw in the four weeks that I had been in the city, and so much calm, methodical work, that I do not think until that moment I fully realized that Warsaw really could not be saved; but soon after ten o'clock, when the firing had ceased, and I stood in the deserted streets, I did realize it, and to me it was like watching at the death-bed of a friend. I was conscious of the whole terrible tragedy of the struggle.

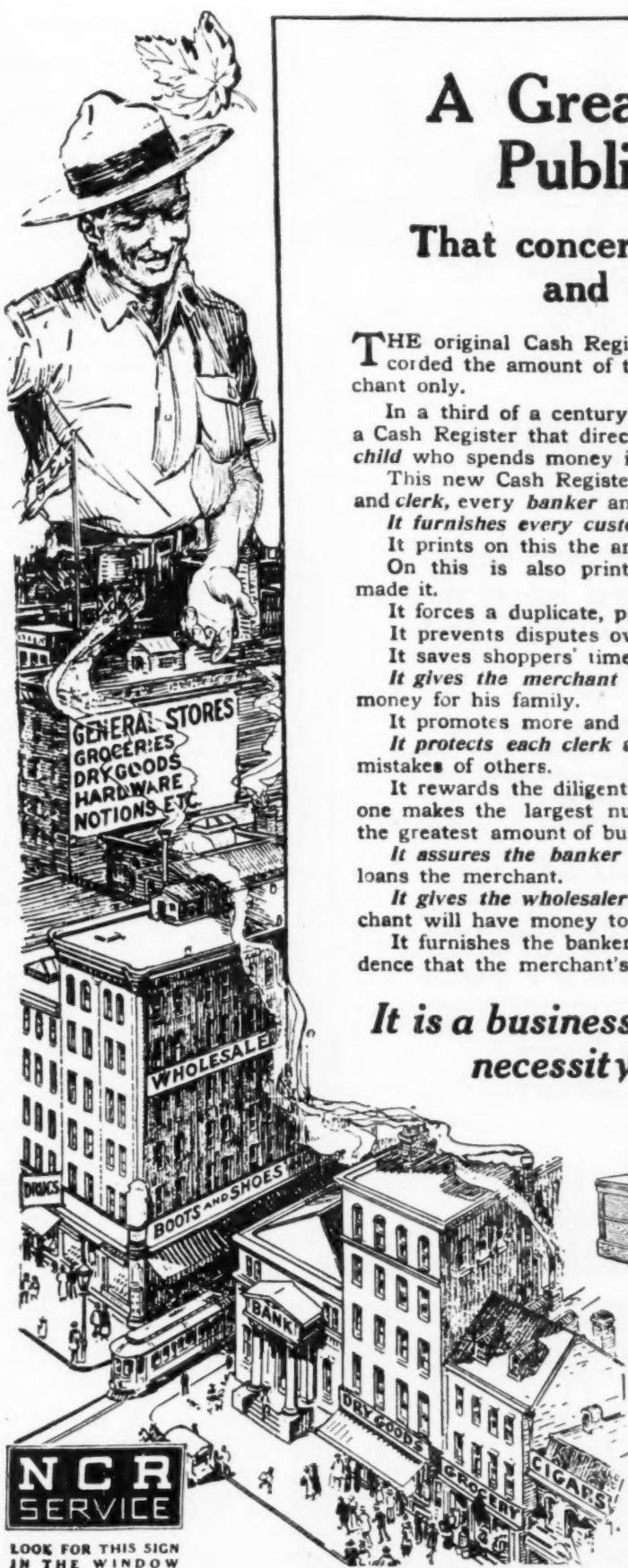
However, I myself had to get across to Praga, and so hurried off to join my car, intending to motor on to Novo Minsk and spend the night there. One had to travel in darkness then, because the road had been under shell fire for many hours of the last day. I made the journey without incident, and I found the road practically empty for the first time for weeks. I passed an occasional battery going at the trot, an isolated transport column, and a few refugees; but the stream that had filled it for weeks past had ceased at last, and that means a victory for Russia and the plucking of half the joys of victory from the invaders. The Warsaw armies were out, they had been withdrawn in safety, and that titanic effort of which I had been the witness had succeeded. The German pincers were closing on Warsaw and all the city contained, but they had been kept apart just long enough. Russian strategy had triumphed.

At Novo Minsk I found the staff of the Warsaw army. The officers were just as usual—calm, cheerful, and thoroughly optimistic—although all admitted that the Germans might be in Warsaw at any hour.

I managed to get a couple of hours' sleep at Novo Minsk, and then, at four in the morning, I started back along the Warsaw road. I learnt from some officers that it was useless to continue on my road, for only about a mile further on I should find myself under heavy shell-fire. So I returned to Novo Minsk, and then motored to Sedlice and Brest Litovsk, overtaking on my way the army of Warsaw continuing its retreat in perfect order.

As my car shot by the orderly ranks I gained the impression that has been given me by all the Russian troops I have seen in this war—an impression of cheerful, hopeful, patient strength. They knew they would be back in Warsaw soon.

May I be there to see.



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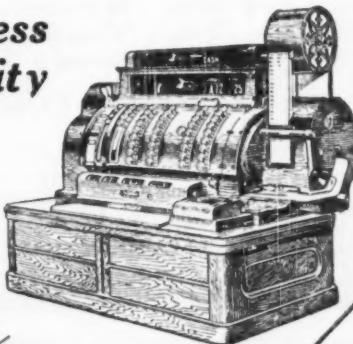
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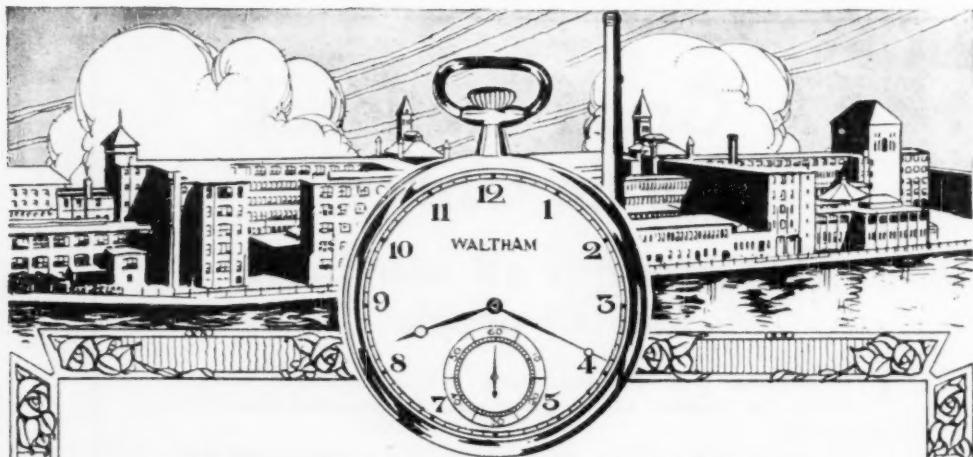
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## The Brightest Era of Literature

*The Decade Which Introduced the Largest Volume of Lasting Works*

**I**N discussing "the advance of the English novel" in the *American Bookman*, William Lyon Phelps gives some space to what might be termed the golden era of English literature. Literary genius has not had by any means an even distribution. Some periods have been marked by the appearance of a number of writers of rare parts, while other stages of time have been almost barren. Professor Phelps deals with the brightest of the prolific periods as follows:

Perhaps the greatest decade in the history of the English Novel was the period between 1850 and 1860 inclusive. The list of titles is more impressive than any comment thereupon. *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Alton Locke*, *Hypatia*, *Westward Ho*, *Peg Woffington*, *Christie Johnstone*, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *The War-  
den*, *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne*, *The Woman in White*, *Villette*, *The Professor*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *John Halifax*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *House of the Seven Gables*, *Blithedale Romance*, *The Marble Faun*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In order to find a parallel to such a rapid production of masterpieces in English literature, we should have to go back to the best days of the Elizabethan drama. The Mid-Victorian publishers lived in the golden age; and their regular announcements—which make interesting reading in the advertising pages of old weeklies—must have aroused golden anticipations.

In one hundred years from *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random*, the novel had advanced to full maturity, with the complexity and technique that accompany the complete development of any form of art.

Great writers often come in pairs, and hunt the public in couples. Richardson and Fielding, Scott and Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray, Hardy and Meredith, Tennyson and Browning, Goethe and Schiller, Turgenev and Tolstoi, Ibsen and Björnson, Hauptmann and Sudermann—to mention only some of the modern instances. A good thing this twining seems to be for literature; genius echoes genius, and each rival spurs the other to his best.

Scott lived in 1832; and within four years Englishmen were reading *Pickwick Papers*, the inspired writing of a new novelist, who had two great qualities absent in Sir Walter—humor and humanitarianism. Never was a man more kind to individuals than the great Scott; but his professional work resembles a long picture gallery, whereas the novels of Dickens make one glorified stump speech, abounding in sympathy for the outcasts, and shining with fun. No voice like this had ever been heard in English literature; and for thirty years after his death, his silence was almost audible, till he returned to earth and dwelt amongst us as William De Morgan.

Although Dickens had an enormous in-

fluence on the literature of the Continent, the only foreign novelist who resembled him both in genius and in temperament was Dostoevski. The title of one of the latter's stories, *The Insulted and Injured*, might almost be taken as the subject of the complete works of both writers. Both had suffered terribly in earliest youth; both knew the very worst of which humanity is capable; both loved humanity with a love that survived every experience; both were profoundly spiritual, intensely religious, and thoroughly optimistic. For the great artists who have known suffering and privation are more often optimists than those whose lives have been carefully sheltered. The game of life seems to be more enjoyed by those who play than by those who look on.

Tolstoy and Dostoevski read Dickens with eagerness and profit. Dickens has been and is to-day more popular in Russia than any other English novelist; the common people feel their kinship to him in the touch of nature. In one of the Siberian provincial jails, where records are always kept of the prisoners' reading, the library minutes for 1914 are interesting. Of British authors in Russian translations, Dickens was called for 192 times; Scott, 98; Wells, 53; Wilde, 44; Kipling, 41; Shakespeare, 33.

Although the middle of the nineteenth century saw the Novel playing successfully the role of life's interpreter, nearly every prominent writer felt bound to produce one historical romance. Dickens lacked everything but imagination in this field, and to me *A Tale of Two Cities* is the poorest of all his stories, with the one exception of *Little Dorrit*. As soon as he had shaken himself free from it, he wrote one of the best novels in English literature—*Great Expectations*; even as Stevenson, flinging aside *St. Ives*, produced the unfinished masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*. George Eliot also failed; when all is said, *Romola* is a work of construction rather than creation, more ponderous than splendid. And as a study of moral decay, it is not so impressive as Mr. Howells's *Modern Instance*. Charles Reade was so successful, however, that *The Cloister and the Hearth* is worth all the rest of his works put together—I wonder if he realized before he died how immensely better it is? And it seems now, as if *Westward Ho* would outlast the more sensational and formerly more popular *Hypatia*. For Charles Kingsley was an Elizabethan by nature, and was more at home with the seadogs of Devon than in a joint debate with Newman. It remained for Thackeray to write the best historical romance in our language, *Esmond*.

This book is almost entirely free from Thackeray's worst faults: his sentimentalism, his diffuseness, his personal intrusions on the stage. The story is told in the first person, which shut out the author: it was published as a whole in book form instead of being dragged out in monthly numbers; and it is a narrative so full of passion—real passions, love, jealousy, lust, revenge—that there is no room for anything less vital. He wrote *Esmond* at white heat in a short time, and the manuscript shows few corrections. I like it best because it contains the best of Thackeray—and the best of Thackeray has not been surpassed in English fiction.

Of the three great mid-Victorians, George Eliot was less rich in natural endowment than either Dickens or Thackeray, but wrote with more soberness of mind. She said she was neither pessimist nor optimist, but called herself a meliorist. Be this as it may, her books were all writ-

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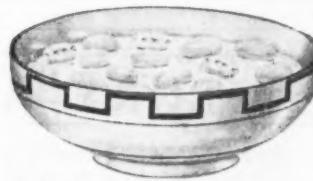
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ten in shadow, and have none of the abounding cheerfulness of Dickens, nor the lambent humor of Thackeray. Her humor, of which she had a plenty, was grave and ironical; no one has better depicted middle-aged women who combine vacuity of intellect with venomous selfishness. In fact I think no novelist has ever better depicted the unloveliness and corrodying force of selfishness.

In true human pathos, her *Scenes of Clerical Life* were a revelation in English literature. What an enormous contrast between these depths of tragedy and the eighteenth century pools of sentiment! The restraint shown by the author emphasized the dignity of suffering. And one has only to compare young Maggie Tulliver with Little Nell to see George Eliot at her best and Dickens at his worst. The constant attrition under which Maggie suffered is more painfully real to us than Nell's melodramatic and elaborate preparations for the tomb.

Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography* is more interesting than any of his stories, and much more improbable. There has never existed a less pretentious artist. He tells us exactly how his work was done, and we know nothing whatever about it. He said he would not be read in the twentieth century, but he is; even the enormous amount of his production—I saw an edition in eighty-eight volumes—has not swamped his reputation. Hawthorne's criticism of him accounts for his permanence; his novels are just like life, some of them being so dull that we fly to other books. No one would dare to call Trollope a genius, and he would have ridiculed such an appellation. It is rather singular that this uninspired Englishman, in a grey business suit, is so much more conspicuous in the history of fiction than many gesticulating sensationalists like Hall Caine; and it will be food for reflection if he should eventually outlast so brilliant a dandy as Bulwer-Lytton.

Charlotte Bronte used in her novels her Yorkshire and her Continental experiences; but chiefly when she wrote, she looked into her heart, as is indeed the way with most novelists of distinction. Most novels are really autobiographies, and did we know as much about the external and spiritual life of all writers of fiction as we do of Tolstoi's, I think we should find often an equally faithful following of experience, though with less genius for recording it. Charlotte and her sister Emily wrote novels of revolt, expressing the hatred of that conventionalism submitted to by so many women with such inner dissenting repugnance; for conventionalism is such a tyranny that its bonds often become galling to women, every one of whom has the love of adventure in her heart; the desire for some thrilling excursion of the soul. Men of desperate valor seem to appeal to women more than those who are wise and prudent. No woman can endure a man who has too much caution. The little school-mistress in *Quality Street* loved the "dashing" officer—loved him and no other.

The fiery energy of Charlotte Bronte caused *Jane Eyre* to attract as much attention as a conflagration; it blazes still. She is a torch in literature rather than a fixed star. After she is extinguished the world will still be reading *Pride and Prejudice* and *Silas Marner*. To turn even now from *Jane Eyre* to these books is like passing from a vivid dream to reality.

Professor Brander Matthews has somewhere or other called attention to the distinction between invention and imagina-

tion, showing that while we may admire the cleverness of great inventive ingenuity, and while this gift may bestow upon its author immense temporary vogue, it does not, never has, and cannot place him with the immortal gods. A story ought to be the foundation of a novel; but a novel does not become immortal through a good plot. An excellent illustration of this is seen if one places side by side Wilkie Collins and George Eliot. As an inventor and manipulator of plot intricacies, we knew not the equal of Collins till Conan Doyle appeared. *The Woman in White*, *Armadale*, *The Moonstone*—marvellous, indeed, is the construction of these books. I sometimes think I have never seen a plot anywhere that rivalled in successful complexity the plot of *The Moonstone*. Suppose a good talker were to attempt to amuse and excite an audience by telling in his own fashion the outline of a famous novel—think of the contrast for such a purpose illustrated by *The Moonstone* and *The Mill on the Floss*! Yet there is not the slightest doubt that the latter is so much greater in literature that the two cannot even be named together. Collins was amazingly clever; each of his stories was an enigma, a delightful puzzle offered to the public. They brought him a vast number of readers and no fame—for Collins has no real fame; he hardly belongs to literature at all, except as a striking example of the school of mystery and horror. He felt himself that he was only an entertainer, and he made an effort to write a "purpose" novel, which he accomplished in *Man and Wife*, an attack upon college athletics and the marriage laws; but the only interest of this book is in its ingenuity. Critics would no more place Collins on a level with George Eliot, no, nor with Anthony Trollope, than they would rank on the platform a sleight-of-hand performer with Daniel Webster.

The wonderful mystery-criminal tales, dressed out in such gorgeous style by Poe, were developed prodigiously by Collins, who in our day has been almost obliterated from view by Conan Doyle. It would be difficult to exaggerate the popularity of this author. Sherlock Holmes is at this moment one of the best-known fictitious characters that has ever been created. And he is known in all languages, he has appeared on the stage in all countries. The Russians and the Japanese know their lean detective as well as the English. And yet, despite this universal vogue, despite our pleasure in these blood-curdling tales, despite our gratitude to the author for so many hours of delightful bewilderment, no one takes Conan Doyle seriously. I have never seen any attempt at a critical estimate of his place in contemporary literature. What would happen to the critic who should rank him among the great British novelists, or associate him in letters with another living Englishman, Thomas Hardy?

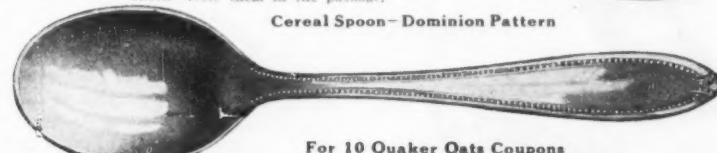
Such a state of things arouses reflections. It is clear that there must be something besides cleverness, even diabolical cleverness, to win anything like permanent fame.

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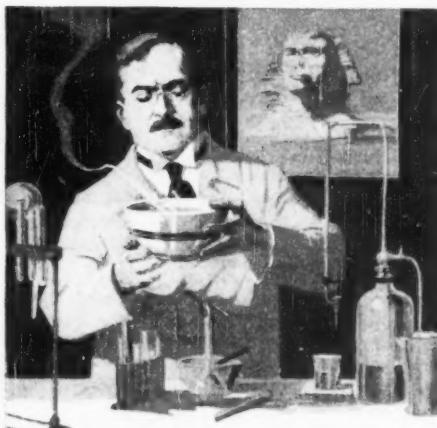
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## Imprisoned in the German Lines

*The Position of Luxemburg and the Sentiment of the People There*

So much has been heard of Belgium, Poland and Serbia that practically nothing has been said about some of the other smaller countries which have suffered, perhaps not as much as those named, but certainly in no small degree. Take Luxemburg, for instance. When the war broke, the Duchy of Luxemburg was overrun at the same time as Belgium. Not having an army of any account, the Luxemburgers could do nothing but sit back patiently and let the Prussian armies sweep over their country on the way to the invasion of France; and there they have been ever since, in the belt of Prussian occupation, not suffering from the rigors of actual warfare, but with national independence stifled and individual liberty swept away. Francis Gribble tells of the situation and the sentiments of Luxemburg in a most readable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, parts of which are appended:

There are many reasons why the Luxemburgers might have been expected to sympathize with the Germans. Included in the Zollverein, they do most of their trade with Germany. Though they belong to the Latin Monetary Union, they transact most of their business with German currency. The *patois* which they commonly speak, even in the best circles, has close affinities with the German language. Their hotels flourish on the support of German tourists. Many Germans have settled in their towns, and many of their daughters are married to Germans. And yet they do not like the Germans, and have never liked them. Before the war it was a case of

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why I canot tell;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

After a week of war, the dislike had grown to loathing, and the reasons for the sentiment were obvious to all.

But they have no illusions—no faith whatever in the plighted word of the King of Prussia; and they did not scruple to say so during the exciting days of the diplomatic preliminaries. They trusted the French, but the Germans they did not trust. "If there is war," they said, "the Germans will attack France through Luxemburg. The Prince Henri railway line is a German line, and we all know why the Germans built it." The one thing which they did not foresee was the rapidity of German action. They are themselves a leisurely people, as becomes a race given over to the cultivation of roses; and they did not realize all that an *attaque brusquée* might mean. They pictured the German army concentrating, as well as mobilizing, on German soil; and, in spite of their foresight, they were, in the end, taken by surprise, believing, even after the declaration of the *Kriegsstand*, that they would still have a few days' respite.

There was, for instance, an abundance of *petits faits vrais* illustrative of Ger-

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man arrogance and bad manners. At Diekirch, where officers and soldiers were billeted in the houses of leading citizens, they ruined many drawing-room suites by dragging them out into the gardens and there sprawling on them. In the hospitals they tried to coerce the Luxemburg doctors who had volunteered to help them into neglecting the French wounded in order to give first attention to their own; while they endeavored to confiscate for the exclusive use of their own wounded all the soup which philanthropic women had prepared for the wounded of all nationalities. They arrested the Diekirch station-master for no other reason than that he had avowed himself a Socialist. Anywhere and everywhere their officers hustled Luxemburg citizens out of their way, just as they had been accustomed to hustle civilians off the pavement at Berlin. A Luxemburg member of Parliament who was hurrying to some important meeting in his motor once politely asked a German lieutenant, whose car was standing still in the middle of a narrow road, if he would be so very kind as to allow him to pass. The lieutenant turned on him with an insolent stare, and answered, "Haltet den Maul"—which is the precise German equivalent of the English "Hold your jaw." Hearing these stories, one was not surprised to hear further that the word "Prussian" had, from time immemorial, been a term of abuse in Luxemburg—that naughty children were commonly called "Prussians," much as in England they are sometimes called "young Turks"; and that even a real Prussian generally lost his temper if a stranger saluted him as *Preuss*, because he knew what qualities the appellative connoted.

If the Germans were arrogant, however, they were also exceedingly thick-skinned, and a good many sharp lessons had to be given to them in a quiet way before they realized how cordially the Luxemburgers disliked them. The Kaiser, as I have mentioned, could not understand their refusal to be dazzled by his presence, and the determined way in which they ignored his existence when he walked abroad. Another thorn in the flesh was the boycotting of the concerts given by the German military bands; but the unkindest cut of all was the attitude of the Luxemburg ladies towards the proposal that they should form Red Cross Societies.

In my own neighborhood, at all events, the plan was launched under favorable auspices. The Catholic clergy—secret adherents, a good many of them, of the Blue Blacks—supported it; the doctor, having a German wife—a boisterous lady, firmly convinced that the German Emperor would soon be Emperor of Europe—was willing to give up a portion of his time to the work. A resident German lady—the widow of a high German functionary—went around the village canvassing, talking of *Barnseligkeit*, and pointing out that there were sure to be lots of French, British, and Belgian prisoners who, no less than the Germans, would need attention. A building was selected as a hospital; classes of instruction for the volunteer helpers were organized; a public meeting was called; appropriate humanitarian speeches were made. And then, while we were all looking out for our first consignment of wounded, the scheme collapsed.

We wondered why, and presently we found out. It appeared that, when the appeal for recruits was addressed to the meeting, a lady had risen and offered her

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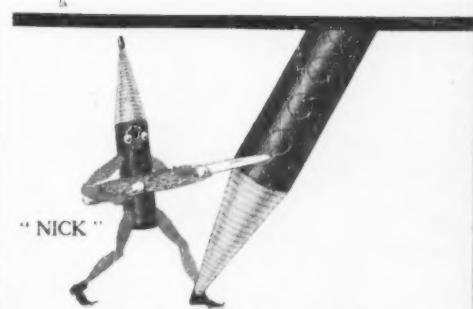


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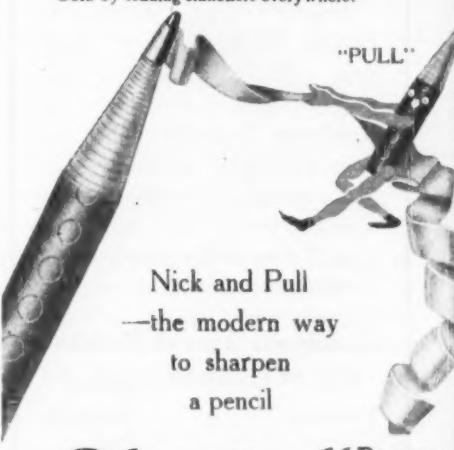
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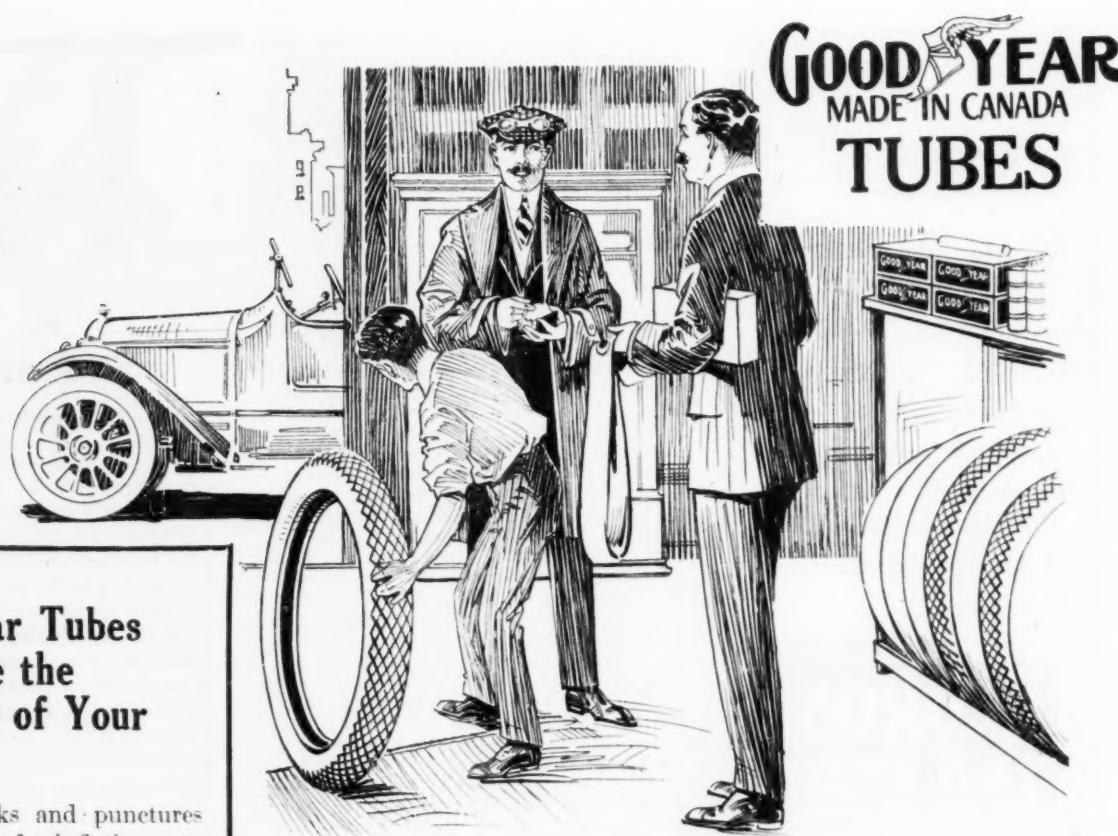
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services for the nursing of French, British and Belgian wounded only. It further appeared that this lady's proposal had expressed the general sense of the meeting; that several other ladies had mustered sufficient courage to hedge their offers of service with the same invidious restriction; and that absolutely no lady present, with the exception of those of German birth, was willing to work for the Red Cross unless she were allowed to pick and chose the nationality of her patients. The Prussians had made the mess, and the Prussians might clear it up—that was the general sentiment; and as the Prussians could only get the ladies of the neighborhood to conduct a hospital for them on those lines, they naturally preferred to dispense altogether with their assistance.

In the capital, I believe, some of the ladies did help in the hospitals, but not by any means without friction. An attempt was made to assign them to German wards, leaving the French and Belgians to the care of German nurses who could not speak their language; but that refinement of cruelty was not accepted. The Luxemburg ladies got their way by threatening their resignation; and after that they found, of course, many opportunities of manifesting their sympathies, with the result that many interesting hospital anecdotes filtered through to us.

Disaffection stories were heard; mostly stories of the extraction of German bullets from the bodies of German officers; it was one of the disadvantages of allowing Luxemburg surgeons to help in the hospitals that incidents of the kind attained publicity. The probability of their truth was strengthened by the fact that some German soldiers, being on friendly terms with the Luxemburgers, confided to them that it was their fixed resolve to shoot their officers as soon as the confusion of battle gave them a chance. Moreover, we heard a good deal of the disaffection of the Bavarians, due, it was said, to their reluctance to fight against the Queen of the Belgians, who was a Bavarian Princess. Certainly there was no truth in the report which reached us that 40,000 Bavarians had surrendered, bag and baggage, without fighting, to the French; but it was no less certainly true that a small party of degraded Bavarian officers were marched through the streets of Luxemburg with their hands tied behind their backs. That spectacle assuredly was not arranged merely for the entertainment of the Luxemburgers; something, it was obvious, had happened. And we had further proof that the war was not equally popular with all those who were waging it in the suicide of a German colonel at Diekirch. For days he had been heard muttering his comments on "Germany's unrighteous war." Then, one morning, he failed to come down to breakfast; and when his room was entered it was found that he had blown his brains out during the night.

These things, of course, are trifles—even in war-time life behind the front continues to be made up of trifles; but it must not be supposed that it was solely on the trifles that the Luxemburgers concentrated their attention. If they chuckled over every story of German discomfiture, they also looked before and after and speculated as to the future of their country. Before the war, there were a few among them who questioned the value of their political isolation, saying that 'small countries have small ideas'; but that sentiment did not survive the outbreak of war, and was never very widespread. The general feeling was ex-

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Operated by the Thermostat and Pressurestat. Automatically opening and shutting off draught and damper doors as needed.

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pressed in the refrain of the national anthem:—"We want to remain what we are." The sincerity of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's announcement that he had done Luxemburg a wrong for which he meant to make full reparation may perhaps be gauged from the fact that the singing of that song was forbidden. The suppression of it was certainly one of the things that made the Luxemburgers most indignant; and it was also a grievance with them that none of the guarantors of the Neutrality Treaty of 1867 had instantly flown to arms when the neutrality was violated. Their *armour-propre* was a little hurt at the thought that the cause of Belgium had been taken up so much more promptly than theirs; and they wondered whether their rights would be as safe as those of the Belgians in the hands of the Allies.

It was gratifying, at any rate, to find them confident that the Allies would have the last word in this matter. Never, after the check at the Marne, did I find any doubt in Luxemburg that Germany would ultimately be beaten. The soldiers who returned from the front brought with them more tales of carnage than of victory; and that impressed the uneducated. The educated had reasoned the matter out. They were equally convinced that it would be a long business and that Germany would eventually be worn down. It was on that assumption that they used to ask me: "What will happen to us after it is over? Shall we be allowed to remain what we are?" I said that I knew of no reason why they should not, I promised to plead their cause when the proper moment arrived. But I also asked their own views of the matter—their own appreciation of the alternatives to remaining what they were. I put the question to a good many of them, and the answer was always pretty much the same.

Luxemburg, I gathered, is much more loyal to itself and its traditions than to its reigning dynasty. It accepts Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, but the enthusiasm with which it accepts them is strictly regulated by their individual merits. The present Grand Duchess is much admired for her beauty, and liked for her gracious manners, but—there are at least two important 'buts.' She is believed to be under clerical influence, and that does not suit the advanced politicians. She was believed, before the war, to be under Prussian influence; and there was a good deal of complaint that too many Prussians occupied positions at her Court. In Luxemburg, as in the Balkans, and perhaps in Holland, it seems to have been a part of the Kaiser's policy to get a potentate in his pocket and so control the destinies of a nation; a policy in which he possesses a great advantage over all possible competitors in the fact that innumerable Catholic as well as Protestant princes are prepared to reign or marry at his bidding and in his interest. The policy did not succeed in Luxemburg—no critic of the Grand Duchess suggests that; but there was an apprehension, at one time, that it might succeed—a feeling that the Grand Duchess was, in a general way, 'too fond of Prussians,' and would very likely end by marrying a Prussian prince. The Kaiser, according to popular rumor, has not yet abandoned the hope that she may do so, and has proposed a member of his own family as a suitor for her hand; but there is no chance whatever of his getting his way. The Grand Duchess—I once more quote popular rumor—says that she would sooner

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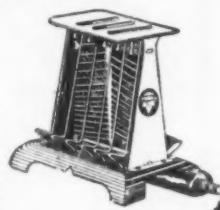
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end her days in a nunnery than accept the hand of a Hohenzollern; and if she did contract such a marriage she would infallibly lose her throne as soon as Luxemburg was free to take it from her. Such loyalty as would prevent such a proceeding does not exist in Luxemburg. Loyalty there means loyalty to the State, not loyalty to any given ruler of the State.

The former kind of loyalty, however, is intense. Luxemburg is very proud of itself as a land of successful social experiments. It claims to have coped with the more pressing problems of poverty, resisted the evils of industrialism, and developed an admirable system of education. It is also very proud of its history, about which native men of learning write many monographs; one such monograph, by my friend Herr René Engelmann, relating how Victor Hugo sought sanctuary at Vianden in the early days of the Franco-German war of 1870, lies before me as I write. On the whole, therefore, one may say that the essential factors of nationality are present in Luxemburg and the Luxemburgers certainly have the feeling and pride of nationality. At the same time the Kaiser's contempt for his own honor has somewhat shaken their faith in the value of guarantees of neutrality; so that a talk with them about their future was apt to run on the following lines:

'We would prefer, of course, if possible, to remain what we are.'

'I know. It may be possible. In fact I see no reason why it should not be. But if there must be a change—if you must, for your own protection, be included in some larger political unity . . . ?'

'Not in Germany, at any rate. You know how the Prussians treat the Poles, the Danes, the Alsations. Why should they be likely to treat us differently?'

'In France, then?'

'That would be more tolerable. The French are sympathetic. We get on very well with them. Still we feel that our national identity would soon be lost in France; and that is what we want to avoid.'

'Would the same objection apply to union with Belgium?'

'A little, perhaps, but certainly not to the same extent. We and the Belgians are very good friends; we have much of our history in common. Moreover, Belgium is small, and is already a nation of conglomerates. We resemble the Walloons quite as much as the Walloons resemble the Flemish. We should not feel that we lost our identity in joining them. We could join on equal terms—terms which would preserve our characteristic institutions. The Germans of Malmédy and Moresnet might be glad to be taken in with us; they are Walloons and speak French.'

'Then the matter has been discussed?'

'I don't know whether it has been discussed in official circles, but some of us have spoken about it among ourselves.'

What appears to be an original method of producing artificial silk is due to the Japanese inventor, Kishi. The process is based on the use of the commercial substance known as chrysalis oil or essence, and the important point is that this oil shall be refined by a special method so as to have it in the pure state. The substance thus obtained is mixed with a solution of nitro-cellulose, which latter comes from mulberry bark or other parts of this tree.

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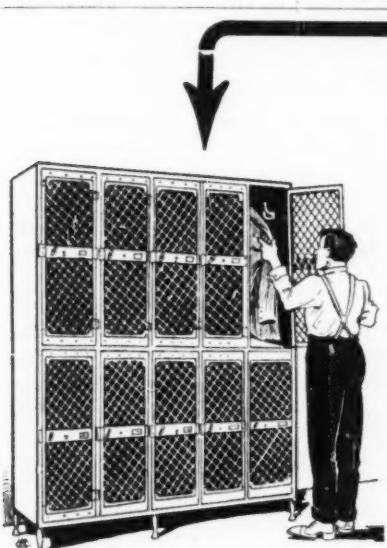
In these days of welfare work aimed at bettering the lot of workers, that appreciation is well worth gaining, but—

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This is not an appeal. It is a straight business proposition. You, as a reader of *MacLean's*, want to see the magazine as strong as it can be made. Every effort we put forth to strengthen *MacLean's* means so much more value to you. You have a real interest in the campaign we are carrying through.

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Why not go even a step further? Why not make it a point to get us a subscription? You wouldn't find it hard. Pick out a few of your friends and acquaintances who would be interested in good Canadian reading, and pass your copy of *MacLean's* among them. Tell them what we are doing. They'll be interested.

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*And in the meantime talk *MacLean's*.*

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# About ARTHUR STRINGER

and

## "THE ANATOMY OF LOVE"

**I**N last month's issue announcement was made that in the June number publication would start of Arthur Stringer's new Canadian novel, "The Anatomy of Love." This story will have an especial interest from the fact that several years ago, Arthur Stringer came back to his old home, resolved to be a Canadian, in fact as well as in name. He is now living in Chatham and in summer goes to his beautiful country home at Cedar Springs. He apparently finds his present environment as conducive to literary accomplishment as the rush and excitement of Manhattan, for he is turning out more and better work than ever. And he is taking a big interest in everything pertaining to his native country.

The "Anatomy of Love" is the story of a young Professor in a Canadian University, called Amboro, but bearing some resemblance to Toronto University from which Stringer himself graduated. As a companion to that other remarkable Canadian story, "The Prairie Wife," it not only gives further evidences of his insight, but adds laurels to his well-earned reputation as a stylist. "The Anatomy of Love" is one of the finest pieces of writing that has appeared on the literary market in many years.

Arthur Stringer was born in Chatham forty years ago. He has always laid stress on the importance of his boyhood environment. "For," he says, "my contention is not only that the child is father of the man, but that about everything worth while happens to you (with the exception of your marriage and your funeral) before you are twelve years of age. What you may do when you are 40 or 50 is determined by what you do when you are 5 or 10." In the period that preceded the long-trouser era, when the foundation stones of character and calling were being laid, he spent much of his time on the pell-mell waters of the drowsy, sun-steeped Thames, invented the famous "Stringer Wriggle" (which he still counts one of his greatest achievements), and generally acquired a love of adventure and an inventiveness which later determined his choice of a creative career. His first literary activities were the result of an enforced sojourn to escape the big brother of a comrade who had suffered partial scalping at his hands. The first sustained literary effort was a modest poem of some 800 lines on "The History of the World Up to the Time of the Trojan War," a notable piece of blank verse and indifferent spelling.



On the Thames, near Chatham, where he now lives.

of Dread," the dramatic intentness of "The Iron Claw," and the style, perfection and gripping interest of "The Anatomy of Love" and wonder comes at the brilliant versatility of this young Canadian genius.



Arthur Stringer still has all his boyish love of field sports.

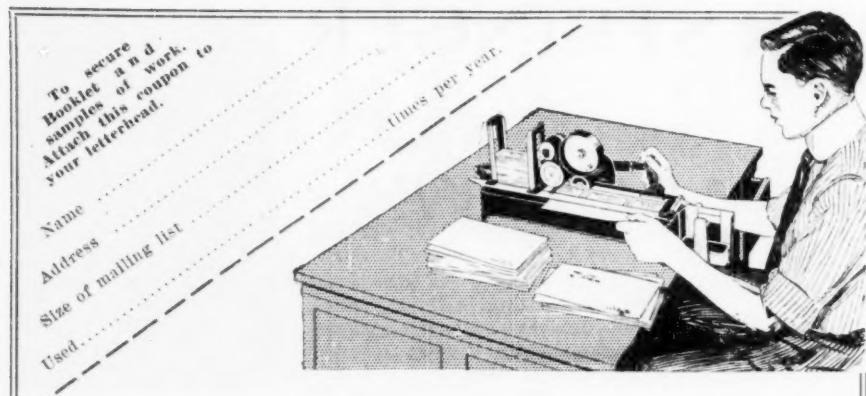
Thus properly started on his career, Arthur Stringer passed through the comparatively unimportant stages of college life and journalistic experience and then drifted down to New York in the company of two other ambitious Canadians, Arthur E. McFarlane and Harvey J. O'Higgins. They all had their eyes on the goal of literary success to which, as they discovered, there is no royal road. It was a pretty strenuous time that they put in. Right from the first there was no question as to the ultimate success of the Chatham boy (or of his two companions for that matter), as the resourcefulness that had resulted in the discovery of the "Stringer Wriggle," added to the undoubted genius that he possessed, was a combination calculated to batter down the portals of editorial indifference. The story of the safe salesman is the best evidence of the thoroughness with which he went at things. He was doing some safe-cracking stories and it seemed reasonable that he ought to get whatever technical information could be obtained from the manufacturers. So he wrote to one firm. This occurred when they occupied the top floor at 146 Fifth Ave. It was a ramshackle building, but they were all three most proud of the Fifth Avenue address, and went slim on meals until they had some embossed stationery with that number duly inscribed on it. He used that in writing to the safe company, and the very next morning they sent up a salesman in a Prince Albert and a top hat. As only the halls of the building were heated, the three slept with the studio doors open; and slept late. So the man in the top hat walked right in on the three of them, stretched out on camping-cots. One of the trio dropped a milk bottle on him as he strode downstairs again; and, of course, they claimed it was an accident when he came back.

The editor of MacLean's is trying to persuade Mr. Stringer to write the story of those early days, and perhaps before long he will consent to do so. If he does, that will be a story!

Of recent years his success has been nothing short of phenomenal. At present he stands among the leading novelists, and certainly, for versatility, he is the greatest of Canadian authors. No stronger proof of his versatility could be shown than the work that he has given to the public during the past twelve months. In addition to "The Anatomy of Love," there are

"The Breaker," a counterfeiting story which ran through Saturday Evening Post; "The Door of Dread," a series of secret service stories which came out in Hearst's Magazine, and is now being published in book form; "The Iron Claw," a moving picture serial just starting, and a book of poems, "Open Water." In the latter he has added to his previous record as a poet of parts. His verses have a melancholy insistent rhythm, fitful and cadenced like the autumn wind, with a sadness that cries that the world is old, the world is tired, the world is sad. Consider the weird charm of his verse, the clever character sketching shown in "The Breaker," the thrilling action of "The Door

## Watch for the first instalment in next issue of MacLean's



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## What is Music?

*A Definition of the Nature of Music as Well as Its Form*

**I**N the course of an interesting article on music in the *Atlantic Monthly*,

Thomas Whitney Surette gives a remarkably clear definition of music, its nature and very essence, as well as its form and technique. It is impossible to reproduce this definition at full length, but two extracts from the article serve to present his ideas in more or less complete form:

Any discussion of the art of music—of its significance in relation to ourselves, of its aesthetic qualities, or of methods of teaching it—to be comprehensive, must be based on a clear recognition of the one important quality which is inherent in it, which distinguishes it from the other arts and which gives it its peculiar power. Painting and sculpture are definitive. It is not possible to create a great work in either of these mediums without a subject taken from life; for, however imaginative the work may be, it must depict something. In painting, for example, the very soul of a religious belief may shine from the canvas—as in the "Sistine Madonna"—but that belief cannot be here presented without physical embodiment. And when the physical embodiment is reduced to its simplest terms, as in some of Manet's paintings, there is still the necessity of portrayal; Manet's wonderful light and opalescent color must fall on an object. Turner paints a mystical landscape, a mythological vale, such as haunts the dreams of poets, but it is impossible to produce the illusion *by itself*; the vale is a vale, human beings are there. Sculpture, which makes its effects by the perfection of its rhythms around an axis, and by its shadows—effects of the most subtle and, at the same time, of the most elemental kind—it, too, must portray; the emotion must take form and substance, and that form must be drawn from the outward, visible world.

In poetry the same limitations exist. It, too, must deal in human life with a certain definiteness. But the greatest poetry is continually struggling to slough off the garment of reality and free the soul from its trammels. It trembles on the verge of music, seeking to find words for what cannot be said, and attaining a great part of its meaning by a sublime euphony. The didactic is its grave.

Before I attempt to describe the peculiar quality which distinguishes music, it will be well to state quite clearly what it cannot do. This can best be understood by a comparison between it and poetry, which of all the arts is nearest to music, because it exists in the elements of time, whereas painting and sculpture exist in space. Poetry is made up of words arranged in meaning and euphony. Each of these words signifies an object, idea, or feeling; the word *chair*, for example, has come to mean an object to sit upon. Now while notes in music are given certain alphabetical names indicating a pitch determined by sound waves, the use of these letters is arbitrary and has no connection with their original hieroglyphic and hieratic significance. The musical sound we call *a*, for example, means nothing as a sound, has no common or agreed-upon or archæological significance. Combine the note *a* with *c* and *e* in which is known as the common chord and you still have no meaning; combine *a* with other notes and

form a melody from them, and you have perhaps beauty and coherence of form—a pleasing sequence of sounds—but still no meaning such as you get from the combination of letters in a word like "chair." Combine *a* with a great many other notes into a symphony, and this coherence and beauty may become quite wonderful in effect, but it still remains untranslatable into other terms, and without such definite significance as is attained by combining words in poems. So we say that notes have no significance in themselves; that musical phrases have no meaning as have phrases in language; that melodies are not sentences, and symphonies not poems.

If we compare music with painting or sculpture we find much the same contrast. Just as music does not mean anything in the sense that words do, so it has no "subject" in the sense that Turner's *The Fighting Temeraire* has, or Donatello's *David*. It does not deal with objects. It cannot portray a ship or a star. It may seem to float, it may flash for a moment, but it does not describe or set forth. Furthermore, it cannot, strictly speaking, give expression to ideas. It may be so serious, so ordered, so equable—as in Bach—that we say its composer was a philosopher, but no item of his philosophy appears. Above all, it is unmoral, and without belief or dogma. Too much stress can hardly be laid on this negative quality in music, for it is in this very disability that its greatest virtue lies. I shall refer later to the frequent tendency among listeners to avoid facing this problem by attaching meanings of their own to the music they hear. I need only note in passing that these so-called "meanings" seldom agree, and that the habit is the result either of ignorance of the true office of music, or of mental lassitude toward it. "It is not enough to enjoy yourself over a work of art," says Joubert; "you must enjoy it."

In his conclusion, Mr. Surette says: Music, obeying the great laws that underlie all life and to which all the arts are subject, having for its means of expression the most plastic of all media, depending on intuitive perception of truth, not compelled to perpetuate objects, dealing with that larger part of man's being which lies hidden beneath both his acts and his thoughts—that which Carlyle calls "the deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious"—music is the one perfect medium for this dream of humanity. In its expression of human emotions it enjoys the inestimable advantage of entire irrelevance. It does not have to develop a character or person, but only an attribute or quality. The "Eroica" symphony, for example, has all the force of a mythological epic in which the heroes are pure spirit-types of humanity, of no age or time—Gods, if you will, and above human limitations. This is the quality of music that makes it precious to us. It builds for us an *immaterial world*, not made of objects, or theories, or dogmas, or philosophies, but of pure spirit—a means of escape from the thrall of every day.

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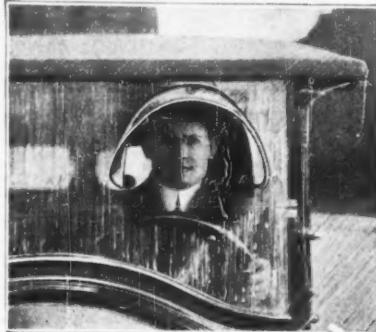
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## A Life-Long Habit

*Continued from page 38*

to be up and about that the absence of the two old men was noticed.

"It's time all this foolishness was ended, Dan," she told her husband. "I'm not going to have the two grandfathers of my son going on in this way. They've got to make it up or—I'll forbid them the house."

So she and Dan got their heads together over a plan for effecting a reconciliation. The tact of a Boswell in arranging the notable meeting between Johnson and Wilkes was as naught compared to the deep-laid schemes that were talked over by the proud Dan and his pretty and competent wife. They had, in the first place, to lull the suspicions of both the old men and avoid any possible hint of what was pending from reaching either. The final arrangement made was that both were to come for dinner and Mull was told that the meal would be served at 6 o'clock while McNulty was instructed to be on hand for 6.30. It was felt that in this way the danger of their meeting en route—which would have been fatal—would be avoided. There were other precautions taken too; and so successfully that, when Phineas McNulty was ushered into the living room, there sat Johnny Mull, all dressed up and as proud as any new grandfather ought to be.

On the whole the two men carried it off well. They shook hands, slowly if not quite reluctantly, and gave each other even a longer stare than usual.

"Good evening, McNulty," said Mull.

"Good evening to you, Mull," said the other.

There was a pause, which Dan broke by producing the baby from his cradle in another room. The two old men gave it an almost frightened inspection but did not say anything. It was almost like two boxers sparring for an opening.

"He's a beauty, don't you think, dad," appealed the mother, holding the child up to Mull. "He's got the Mull nose."

"So he has," said Mull, with something of triumph.

"And I think he has eyes like his other grandfather," she continued, taking the precious bundle over to Phineas, whose grimness had increased with the discovery of the resemblance in noses. He looked critically into the eye question however, and it lessened his gloom somewhat when he was able to confirm his daughter-in-law's opinion.

The ice broken, they went in to dinner and things became quite cheerful. Both the old men did considerable talking, though not to each other. The baby was the big theme, but the young couple had to steer the conversation carefully through the shoals on this subject; for it was obvious that McNulty resented any suggestion of Mull-ish traits in his grandson and Mull, for his part, was patently worried on the score of red hair. It will be remembered that he had always held McNulty's particular shade of hair against him.

As the evening progressed the conversa-

tion became more general and Johnny Mull even went to the length of cracking a few jokes. Not to be outdone McNulty, senior, discussed some of the questions that were uppermost in the civic arena, enlarging particularly on the campaign he was starting for the paving of Prince street on which he lived—a special hobby.

When they left the two old gentlemen shook hands; and voluntarily, at that, although there was about the ceremony still something of a suggestion of sparing.

"Wasn't it grand, Carrie" exclaimed Dan, when the door had closed on the last of the grandfathers—they took pains not to go together. "To see them, bitter enemies of a lifetime, settle their differences over the cradle of our son! I tell you, it was sublime! I felt a lump in my throat so that I could hardly say good-night."

• • •

NEXT day when Phineas strolled into the office, his son hailed him with broad urbanity.

"Dad," he said, "you don't know how happy you've made Carrie and me by making up with Mr. Mull. It's just too good to be true!"

"Exactly," said McNulty, and there was a rasp in his voice that, betokened exasperation, determination and unabated hate. "Because it isn't true. I'll have a word later to say about the trick you and Carrie played on me. I may forgive that part of it—for the boy's sake, he's a fine lad, except for the nose—but do you imagine for a minute that I'll ever forgive Mull! You misjudge me, my lad, if you think that."

"But—but—" stammered Dan, absolutely taken aback, "you talked to him and shook hands with him. You laughed at his jokes!"

"Do you think," demanded his father, "that I'd let that doddering old viper outdo me in politeness? Dan, listen to me for a minute. I've had two objects in life—to make a success of my business and to get the better of Johnny Mull at every turn. I've given my business over to you and all I've left now to occupy me, outside of such trifles as civic affairs, is my hatred of Mull. Do you think I'm going to let him go at this stage? Not much, son. I'll enjoy my hate of Johnny Mull to the day of my death."

Dan looked at his father with pretty much the expression of a child who has discovered the sawdust in a doll. He was thunderstruck and grieved all at once.

"What will they think of you?" he almost wailed. "Now that Mr. Mull is ready to make up, your attitude will appear ungrateful, childish and—er—churlish. Dad, for my sake, don't let Carrie's father get ahead of you in magnanimity!"

But Phineas did not let that consideration worry him. "If Johnny Mull was any more sincere than I was last night, then I've misjudged him," he said, calmly. "If he's weak enough to give in now after the consistent way we've fought and hated each other man and boy for forty-five years, he's a weakling and I'd hate him



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all the more for that. You've got my business. You dropped the fight. You married against my wishes. Can't you be fair enough to leave me one thing—the privilege of hating that skunk of a father-in-law of yours?"

ADVISED by her husband of the state of his father's mind, Carrie made every effort to sound her own father on the same subject. But it was three day's later before she was able to catch him in for that purpose.

"I'm so glad, Daddy, that you've decided to be friendly with Mr. McNulty from now on," she began. "I know you mean to drop all this quarrelling. You do, don't you?"

"Sure," said Johnny, easily.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. It's worried me a lot. I've been trying to get you for three days. What has kept you so busy?"

Mull rolled his cigar in his mouth with unctuous enjoyment.

"I've been working like a nailer," he said, "I'm getting up a petition against this paving of Prince street."

## Bringing Up the Reserves

*Continued from page 43*

Much of the organization work done is outside of Number Two Division. During one of Mrs. Hamilton's recent trips she visited Thessalon, the Soo, Blind River, Webbwood, Massey and Sudbury—six places in six days—besides starting a Divisional organization at London for Number One District, previously unevan-

gelized.

The Toronto Branch, under the presidency of Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, also does extensive educational work.

"I was speaking in Number Three (Kingston) District recently," said Mrs. Cummings, "and I must say I never ran into such an epidemic of obedience to parents in all my life.

"There are many women who don't seem to realize what this war means. One intelligent lady in our own city—who doesn't go to the Red Cross—assured me that, to be perfectly frank, she couldn't see what difference it would make to her if the Germans did win. After I had talked with her for about ten minutes, I think she began to realize a little of what was involved. Normal Germany would be bad enough, but Germans ruling over Canadians whom they now profess to hate even more than they hated the English when they launched the famous Hymn against them—well, ask any returned man what he thinks about it."

There are many girls in stores and factories who don't realize either. Tom and Edith were coming out of a Sunday recruiting meeting recently.

"I don't care, I can't stand this any longer," said the boy, scowling at the ground, "I just gotta enlist, Edith."

"Don't be a fool," said the girl; "if you went, who'd take me to the movies, I'd liketa know?"

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**S**ELFISH? Yes. But when was uninformed youth anything else? Edith, like Aunty, needs educating. And the Women's Emergency Corps are taking no chances. Each ward of Toronto is organized, every women's society is represented, and factory meetings at noon will be held to trace Edith's conscience to its lair, in case she doesn't read the papers, go to church, Bible class, Y.W.C.A., Red Cross or public recruiting rallies.

In the meantime members of the Corps are doing a little quiet investigating.

"One of our ladies took two business blocks here in Toronto," said Mrs. Cummings. "She didn't go upstairs except in one instance, yet she found one hundred and eighty-seven men doing work which could easily be done by women. And one hundred and forty-six of them were of military age. In one store she saw seventeen men selling jewelry, and in another, five boys ladling out ice-cream."

In an insurance company in Toronto there were sixteen men who wanted to enlist. The chief said he couldn't replace them.

"If I were to give you sixteen women, college graduates, would you let them go?" queried the recruiting officer.

The manager wasn't unpatriotic. When he saw a way to aid his country without injuring himself, he jumped at it. The officer applied to the Emergency Corps and the sixteen girl-substitutes were secured and are now on the job.

The Deputy Minister of Agriculture has made favorable comment on the out-to-the-farm campaign of the Divisional Corps, suggesting that city women take the farm kitchen, releasing the country-women for the outside work. Dr. Creelman of the Guelph Agricultural College promises to put on special courses for women as soon as there is any demand for them. A big conservatory man writes that fifty of his floriculturists have enlisted, and he wants girls to teach the rose-vines how to shoot. A fruit farm proprietor short forty men, says there will be hundreds of idle acres unless the women enlist on behalf of the beleaguered berry. Six banks want girls, and want them quickly, though only those with business training need apply.

Meantime the registration forms are flying out all over the District and are coming back filled. Within two months of its establishment, three hundred women had registered at the local bureau in Toronto, and every mail brings applications for enrolment—some of them from the country, many from unorganized cities outside the Division, a few from the States. That some at least of these volunteers will be needed seems indisputable when one considers the women postmen, elevator men, tramcar conductors and taxi drivers that stream to work through every English dawn, to say nothing of the record of the munition plants where there are three women to every man—and the British Emergency Corps crying that the lead must be raised to six!

"A friend of mine just home from England says that only twice during all her visits to the shops was she waited on by men," Mrs. Cummings said in conclusion, "and they were middle-aged."

## Here is a New Salad Recipe for the readers of

### MACLEAN'S



#### TUNA FISH SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine, 1 cup cold water. 1 cup tuna fish.  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery.  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper, finely chopped. 2 tablespooonfuls chopped olives.  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiled salad dressing.  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt.  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful paprika. 2 tablespooonfuls vinegar. Few grains of cayenne.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add to hot tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into six individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pickles, diamond tips, and watercress.

*This  
Calls  
for  
Knox  
Gelatine*

**Have you sent for  
your copy of the New Recipe Book?**

It tells how to make Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, Candies, also wholesome dishes for the convalescent.

It will be sent free for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose a 2 cent stamp.

**KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE**

180 St. Paul Street West Dept. C Montreal, Canada

## For Your White Shoes

"**QUICK WHITE**" (in liquid form with sponge), quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c.  
"**ALBO**" cleans and whitens Buck, Nubuck, Suede and Canvas. In round, white cakes packed in metal boxes with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes with sponge, 25c.  
"**GILT EDGE**," Ladies' and Children's Black, self-shining dressing, 25c.  
"**ELITE**" combination for gentlemen's black shoes, in 25c or 10c sizes.  
"**DANDY**" combination, cleans and polishes all kinds of russets and tans, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.



ASK YOUR  
DEALER  
FOR

**Whittemore's  
Shoe Polishes**



SOFTENS  
PRESERVES  
THE  
LEATHER  
RESTORES  
COLOR  
LUSTRE



*A view of the new Government House of Ontario. The beauty and dignity of the building is very strikingly demonstrated.*

## The Most Complete Home In Canada

**R**OYALTY, and all pertaining thereto, is never associated in the public mind with the word "home" in its accepted meaning.

The home of royalty is generally a huge, glittering pile, with state rooms big enough for battalion manoeuvres and dining-rooms where multitudes could feed without too much confusion; in fact, the average palace is about as cosy and home-like as a drill-hall or a departmental store.

The magnificence and grandiose proportions of the homes of royalty are, of course, necessary features of the panoply of state. Palaces are designed, first, with a view to the proper staging of the spectacular occasions that are so outstanding a feature of royal life. If, after the building has been properly constructed for the holding of receptions and state balls and the housing of huge retinues, there is any possible way left of providing real home comforts for the members of the royal family, well and good. But the state side comes first; neat little boudoirs and cosy dens and proper heating and so forth are a rather bad second. It is said that some of the royal palaces of Europe, that are the most pretentious from the standpoint of appearance, lack running water and open plumb-

### Description of Ontario Government House at Toronto

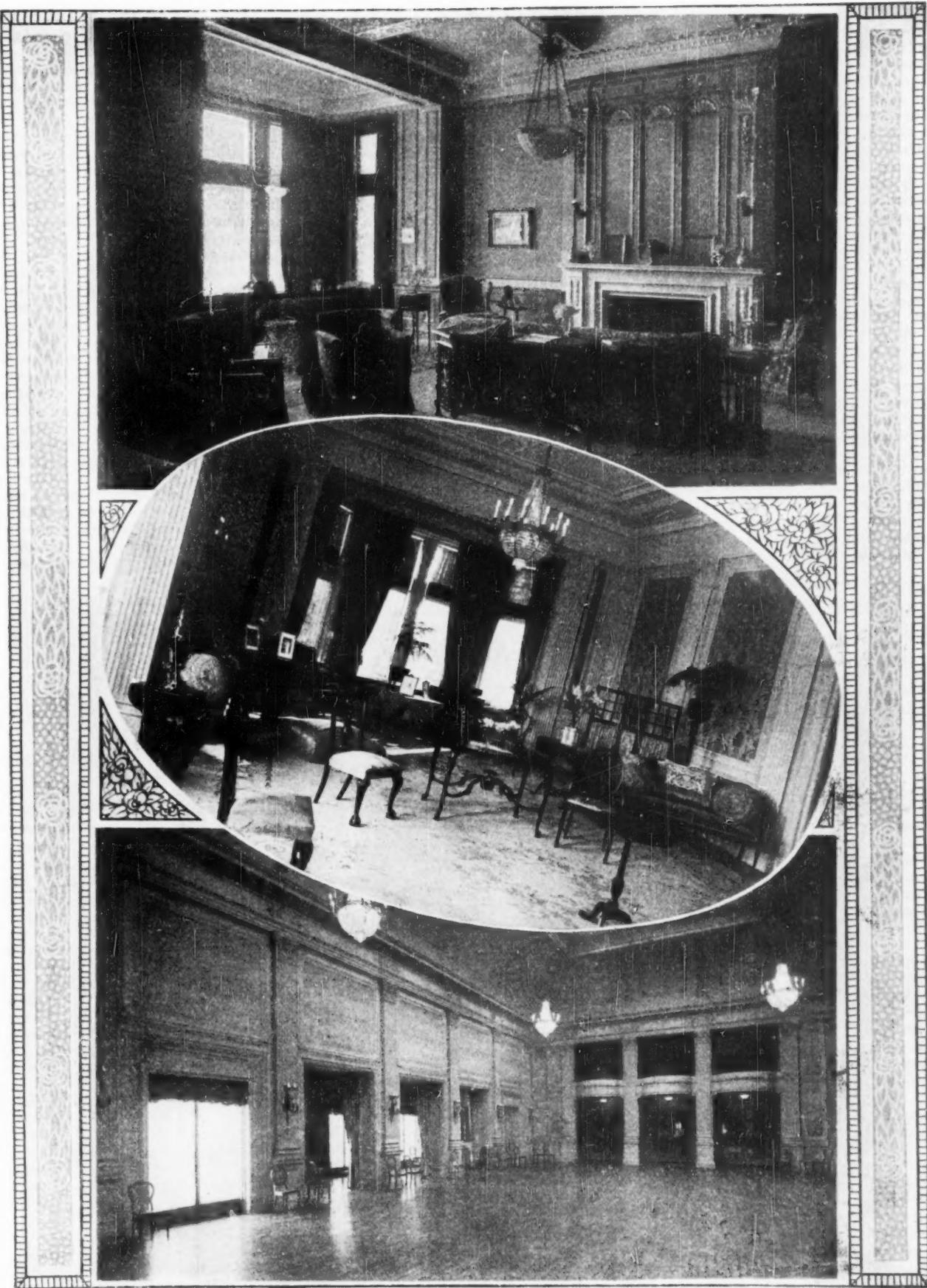
ing, and are cold as barracks on the upper floors. Most scions of the Hohenzollern dynasty are not really as comfortable as, say, the Smith family who live out in the suburbs of a Canadian city in a nine-roomed house with all modern conveniences.

AND this is the reason why the new Government House at Toronto is quite a remarkable achievement. Mr. F. R. Heakes, the Provincial Government Architect, on whose shoulders devolved the designing of a new home for Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor that would uphold the dignity of the office, was confronted with the task of combining everything needed for State purposes with home comforts, of bridging the gulf between the palace and the modern home; and that, as all who know anything of architecture will attest, was a pretty considerable order. However, he succeeded, and now there stands in Rosedale, overlooking the wide though not too picturesque valley of the river Don, a building that has well earned the title, "The finest home in Canada."

There has been considerable criticism of the location of the new Government House. In fact, it threatened

at one time to become a political issue, and the brick-yards of the Don Valley loomed up like real obstacles in the path to re-election of the Whitney Government. It is not the intention to enter into this controversy here; though the unbiased opinion of the writer is that, in an industrial city like Toronto, it is difficult to find a commanding location anywhere, without at the same time commanding a view of distant smoke-stacks and busy cupolas. Reference, Sir Henry Pellatt. This however, is beyond the question. Let politicians fall out about the site; the fact remains that the House itself is a remarkably complete and attractive building and it is with this that our article deals.

THE grounds are spacious and laid out on the sunken garden principle that Italy, the home of most things beautiful, originated and perfected. The property comprises, in all, fourteen acres. The residence is located on the north-east angle facing south. The main entrance to the grounds is off Roxborough Drive, the lodge being located at the south-west



*Top: A view of the morning room. Centre: The drawing-room, taken from the north end. Bottom: The ball-room, showing the vice-regal dais at the end.*

corner. A driveway, twenty feet in width, leads to the outer circular court, in the centre of which a fountain will be placed. Beyond this is the fore court, in front of the building, the two being connected by a handsome stone bridge over a gully (a common Saxon word that seems out of place in this description, but one, unfortunately, with no Italian equivalent) that leads to the lower flat. The fore court is connected with a broad terrace extending the full depth of the residence on the east side. A balustrade of cement stone is continued alongside the main drive, and around the courts with electric light standards at intervals on the pedestals. A rose garden, with pergola at the north end, has been constructed to the north of the side drive and a path leads from here to a flight of stone steps that take one down and under the bridge to the ravine. On the east side a rock garden has been built at the foot of the steps, a fountain rippling down through the plants and rocks with a pool at the bottom. A park that gives promise of singular beauty has been laid out to the west of the main driveway. The slopes at the sides of the driveways and also the west and north sides of the property will be planted in shrubbery with herbaceous beds at intervals. The Plateau or lower level

at the bottom of the ravine, will be laid out in gardens with a small lake or lily pond, fed from a creek which runs through this part of the property. Rustic steps lead down from the upper plateau.

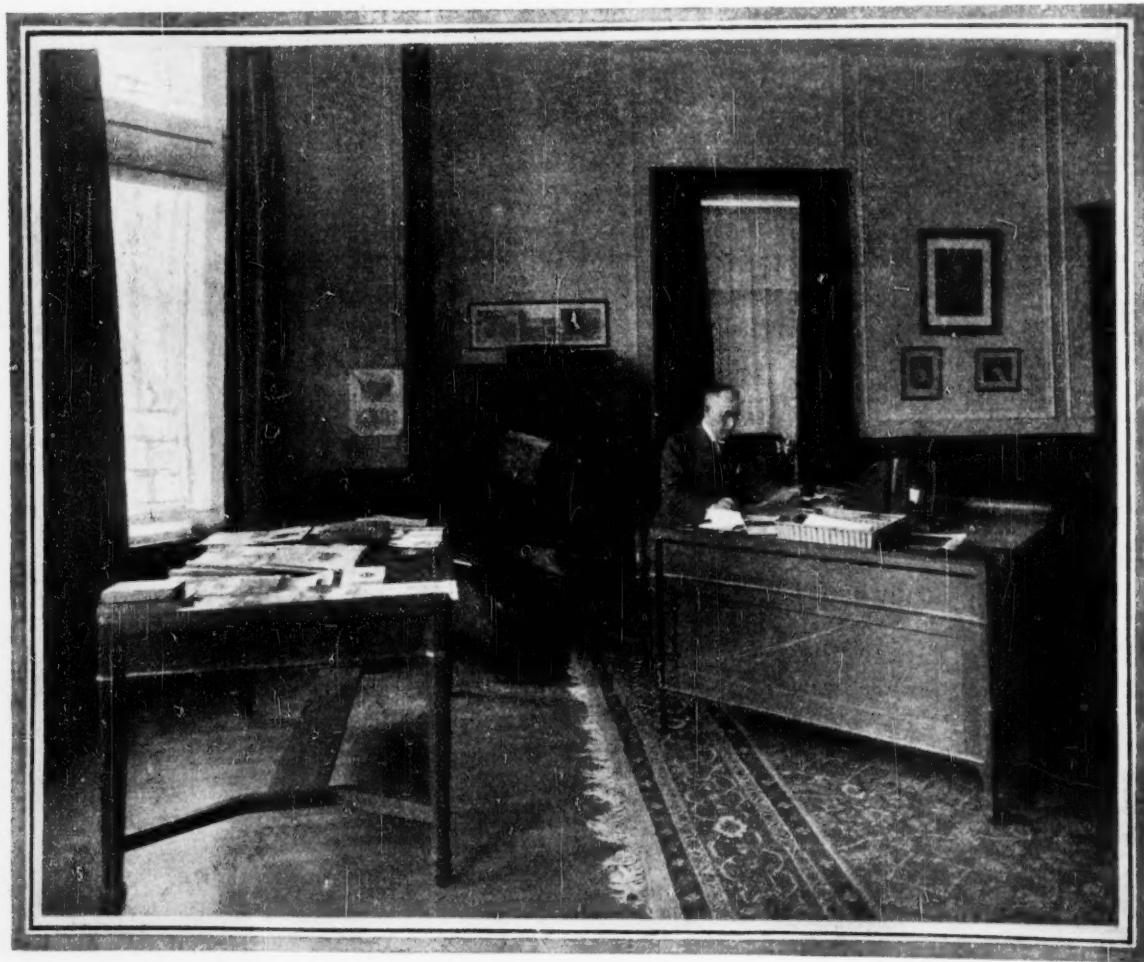
This necessarily detailed description gives but a faint and colorless conception of the beauty which will have been achieved when the landscape gardening has been completed. The Government House will then stand in a setting of winding paths and beautiful gardens, a blending of engineering skill and unforced rusticity.

**G**OVERNMENT HOUSE combines beauty with a substantial massiveness. It is pure French chateau style; the order of architecture from which the Chateau Laurier and most of the large railway hotels in Canada were adapted. The selection of the Chateau style was most fortunate, for it gives the building somewhat of an official air without any resort to the sheer bareness and uniformity of line combined with a monumental decorativeness that distinguish the typical European official abode.

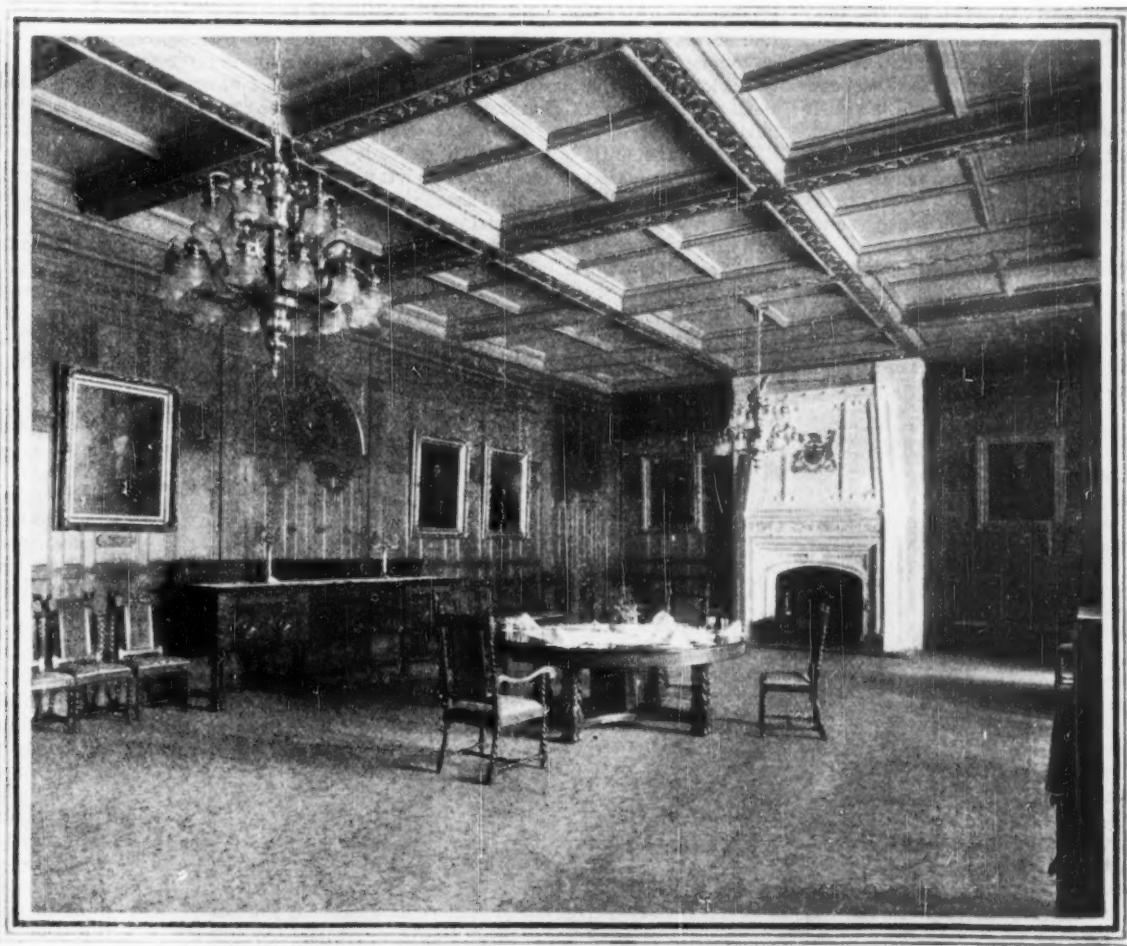
It is impossible to give any idea of the building without plunging boldly into a perfect flood of facts. So, let the reader follow up the stone steps of the massive

*porte cochère* and enter through the glass-paneled main door. First is a stone vestibule which is connected with a circular lobby finished in Caen stone and marble, with fluted pilasters and enriched capitals; the floor of resounding marble. Beyond this, one catches a glimpse of the Atrium or Grand Hall, most imposingly lofty and handsome and overlooked by balconies of the floors above. But more of that again. For the moment we leave the circular lobby to the left and pass into a waiting-room reserved for those who have business with His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor. When your turn comes you pass out of the waiting-room into the office of the secretary. After certain necessary formalities have been observed you are admitted to the office of the Lieutenant-Governor, a commodious room that combines the efficiency of the business office with an unmistakable home atmosphere. The executive offices are *en suite*, the Lieutenant-Governor's room being in the sunny south-west wing of the building.

The main corridor is entered from the above-mentioned circular lobby and extends nearly the full width of the building. The walls are covered with oil paintings of the past and gone great men of the province; and there is just sufficient depth to the carpets and gloom in the cor-



Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at work in his private office at Government House.



*The handsome State dining-room, furnished in Jacobean period. The table, as shown, is arranged for family luncheon*

ridor itself to hint at the time-honored traditions that are connected with the gubernatorial office.

**T**HE reception and drawing-room are to the right. They are not particularly large, but one feels the state atmosphere on entering. They are both designed in Louis XVI and are finished in old ivory with furnishings to correspond.

The Atrium is the show-place of the structure. It is designed in Louis XVI style and finished in marble, with marble pilasters, columns and balustrading extending the full height of the three floors of the building, terminating in a groined ceiling with a paneled skylight, brilliantly illuminated at night by electric lights obscured from view.

The main stairway is located at the end of this hall and immediately opposite the entrance. It also is constructed entirely of marble, reaching to the top floor and extending all around the Dance Hall, with balconies overlooking the same.

The room to which chief public interest will attach is the Ball Room. It is immediately behind the Grand Hall—an expanse of floor that might almost be said to shimmer, with walls painted to a semblance of silk and leading up to a dome of glass in white and amber tints. Again Louis XVI is dominant, the plans and de-

corations being laid on the note of that most aesthetic of periods. There are four crystal and gold chandeliers and twelve gold brackets on the pilasters for lighting purposes so that at night, when a ball is in progress, the room would be one brilliant blaze of light. There is a long alcove at one side with chairs for resting and tall mounted mirrors which will serve even more important uses. At one end is a dais to be used only when a Government House function is graced by the presence of royalty or vice-royalty.

Space will not permit an extended description of all the rooms. On the ground floor to the right of the Grand Hall are the living-room and smoking-room, from both of which French easements open out on a court paved with stone and brick, and with a fountain in the centre. Beyond the court is a terrace and lawn, overlooking the ravine. The living-room is connected with the palm room, which in turn adjoins the ball-room.

On the west side of the Grand Hall is the state dining-room, in some respects the very handsomest room of all. It is in the Jacobean style, the walls paneled in fumed oak and most richly carved, and the ceiling beamed and plastered with corresponding enrichments. In no part of the house are the decorations or furnishings garish or overly ornate, but the

state dining-room attains the perfection of restful dignity combined with sheer beauty of arrangement. Perhaps its outstanding feature is the massive Caen stone mantelpiece on the south end which extends from floor to ceiling and is richly carved, with the Ontario coat of arms in the centre.

Close by is the private dining-room, or perhaps more accurately the breakfast room, which by way of contrast has been designed in the Adams style. From here a most pleasing view is secured over the rose garden and pergola. Beyond this, again, is the service wing, containing the butler's pantry, kitchen, scullery, pantries, etc.

**G**OVERNMENT HOUSE is, of course, the official residence of any member of the Royal family or the Governor-General, when visiting Toronto. On the first floor the royal suite is located. It is to the right of a large sitting-room, the Lieutenant-Governor's suite being to the left. In the Royal suite, the bedrooms have dressing rooms, boudoirs and bathrooms attached. A feminine writer, with a gift for adjectives, in the course of a glittering description for a newspaper, refers to the sitting-room as "a real turquoise gem of a room"—and that perhaps is the best way to describe it in a single

phrase. Blue and old ivory are the prevailing shades in the bedrooms.

Next in interest on this floor is the billiard room. It again is in the Jacobean style, with high wainscoting in English oak and with a most harmonious frieze. The ceiling is beamed in the approved Elizabethan style, and the suggestion of that golden age of English romance is further carried out in the Caen stone fireplace.

The upper floor is planned something similar to the one below, containing one sitting-room and eleven bedrooms with bathrooms *en suite*. The servants' wing contains seven bedrooms for maids and five for men-servants.

IT is only by comparison that an adequate conception of the completeness of the equipment of Government House can be realized. Most of the official residences of governmental heads in Europe are centuries old and the efforts to modernize them have not in all cases been very successful. It is said, for instance, that the Kaiser's palace in Berlin possesses only a limited number of zinc bath tubs of prehistoric pattern and that, as there is no running water in the building, whenever the All-Highest desires a bath there is much hurrying up and down the corridors with copper kettles filled with boiling water.

One can imagine the consternation that a vacuum cleaner would create, say, in the gloomy, albeit gorgeous official residence of the Czar! A new infernal machine, truly! In fact, official residence the world over are noted for their huge grates and their terrific cold draughts, their gorgeous chandeliers and insufficient light, their external splendor and internal behind-the-scenes discomfort. And this is not confined to Europe by any means. Some of the state houses across the line are not nearly so comfortable as the private homes which were forsaken for the gubernatorial splendors.

By way of contrast, the new Ontario Government House is a model of efficiency. The heating system is by steam generated in two huge boilers in the basement. Heat is piped underground to the greenhouse, garage and stables. The

kitchens are fitted up with gas and electric stoves for heating. Huge fires blaze on open hearths when the monarch or governor of a European state is to be fed; at Government House they push a button.

Drafts are quite as unknown as bad air and extreme heat, for there is a very complete ventilating system. There is only one way to describe a ventilating system, and that is by means of technical phrases; so perhaps the reader will forgive the introduction of a little technical description at this stage. The fresh air is drawn through a large heating coil by an electric

old-fashioned palace; one maid, a long tube and an electric current will do as much at Government House.

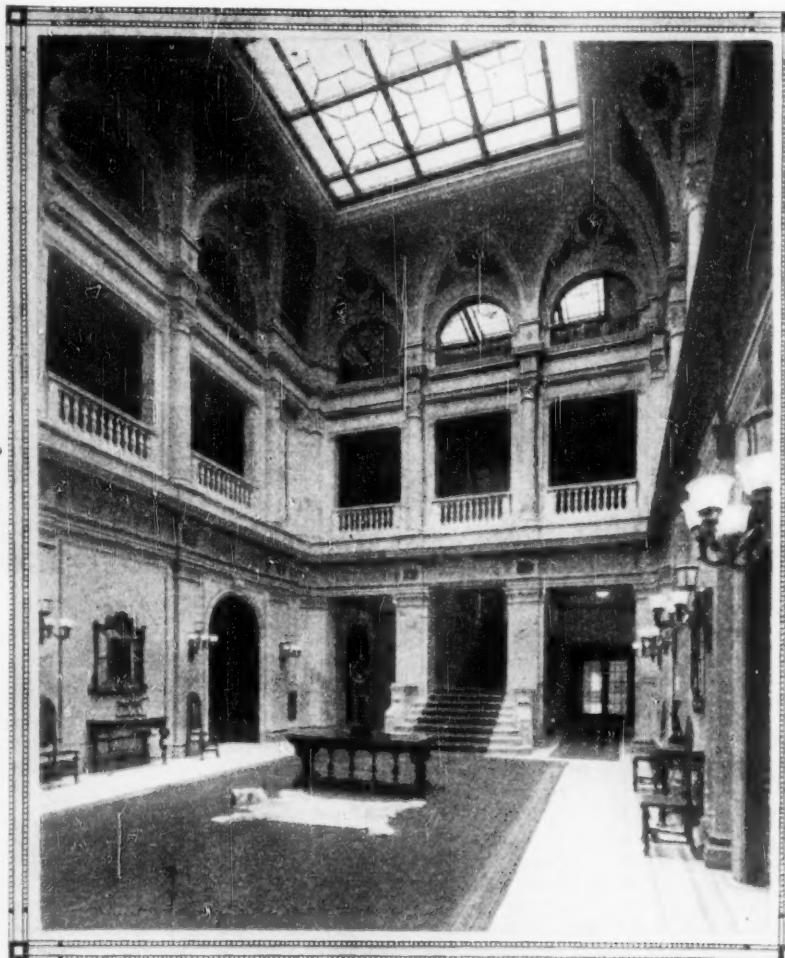
A cold storage plant is located in the basement, also electrically operated. There is in connection an ice-making machine. A water filter is used to filter all the water before it reaches any of the faucets. Incinerators are provided to consume all garbage. There is a hydraulic lift to convey ashes from the boiler-room.

The buildings are lighted by electricity, with an auxiliary system of gas heating. An electric passenger elevator is located near the main entrance, extending to the upper floors.

FINALLY, let it be said that the building is made in Canada from the concrete foundations to the red-tiled roof. American and Canadian millionaires ransack Europe to find the materials and furnishings of their homes; bringing whole rooms over holsus-bolus; getting mantels from English manors, mosaic floorings from French nunneries, stained glass from Italian abbeys, and furnishings generally from the far corners of the earth.

But the new Ontario Government House, the most complete home in Canada, was built and furnished by Canadian-made goods. The firms handling the larger contracts, who share with Mr. Heakes the credit of producing a Government House, Canadian-built and Canadian-equipped from corner-stone to flag staff, included the T. Eaton Co., who supplied all the furniture and decorations with the exception of the personal pro-

perty of the present Lieutenant-Governor. Other large contractors were: Fred Holmes Sons, Toronto, stone work; Thomson Bros., Toronto, cement work; Geo. Lindsay & Co., Toronto, first contract, woodwork; J. W. Trick & Co., Oshawa, interior woodwork; Hodge Marble Works Co., Toronto, marble work; John Stewart, Toronto, painting; Purdy, Mansell Co., Toronto, plumbing, heating, ventilating; Cement Products Co., Toronto, cement balustrading in grounds; Douglas Bros., Toronto, roofing; Glass Garden Builders Co., Toronto, greenhouse; Italian Mosaic Tile Co., Toronto, marble floors.

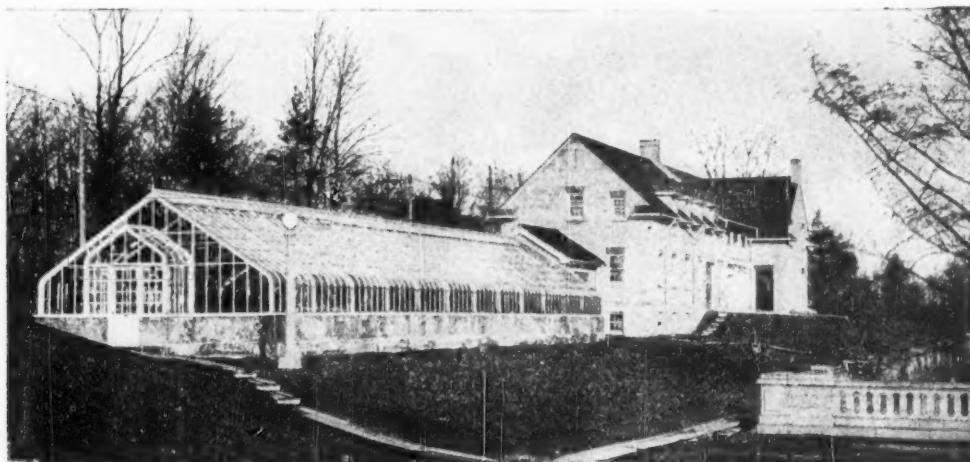


An exceptionally fine view of the Grand Hall. To the left is the entrance to the dining-room. The glass doors on the right lead to the Ball Room.

fan, then through a water curtain which eliminates all impurities, and then through another heater. After that it is distributed by means of ducts to the various apartments in the building. The foul air is exhausted by means of electrically-driven fans and forced up through a large flue, extending far beyond the roof. Both the heating and ventilating are operated by thermostatic control, so that the temperature can be regulated to any degree required in any apartment.

An electric vacuum system has been installed in the basement and tubes lead to the various floors. An army of domestics maintain semi-spotlessness in the

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA



—The Greenhouse

**T**O the lover of Nature one of the most interesting parts of the new Government House is the greenhouse—for here, whatever may be the condition of the weather outside, flowers will blossom in abundance. One can stand amidst a tropical riot of blossoms while looking out over the wind-swept, snow-covered country.

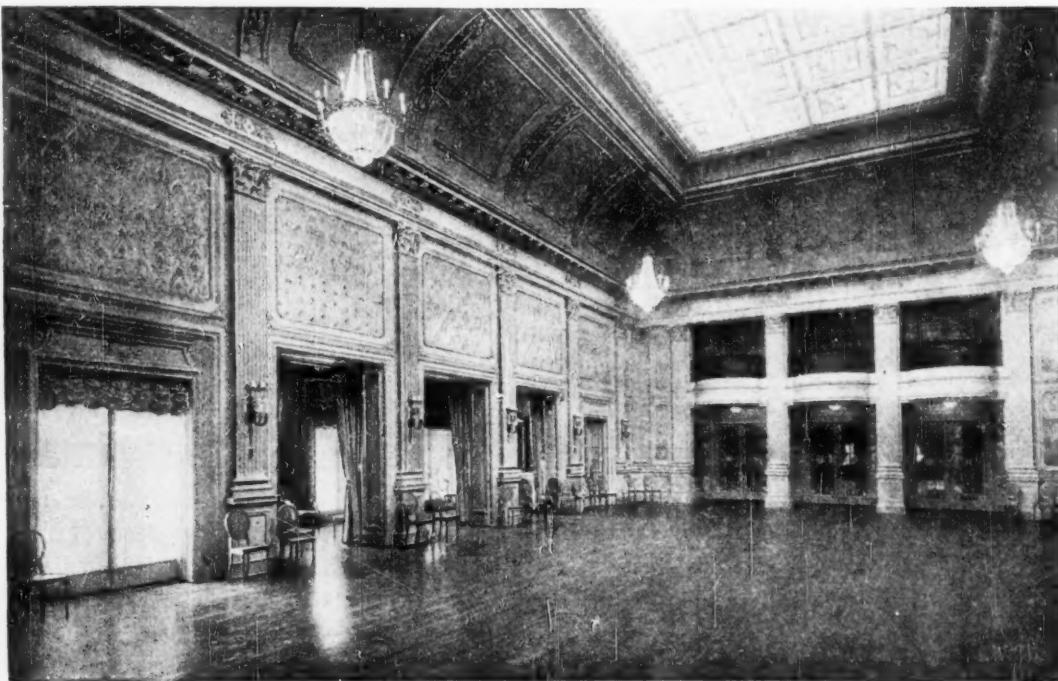
There is a wealth of pleasure in a greenhouse when falling leaves and frost in the air herald the approach of Winter, while horticultural work goes on with renewed enthusiasm under the protecting glass.

The work of designing and erecting these particular greenhouses was entrusted to a wholly Canadian company, *GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, Limited*

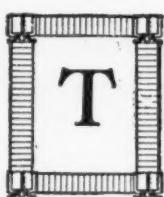
Glass Gardens! How much the name suggests! What greater delight for the man, or woman, whose hobby it is to raise fine flowers and succulent vegetables, than to have such a greenhouse as part of the home. Not so big, perhaps, as the houses shown above. The joy of a greenhouse is not confined to mansions and palaces; it is for *your* home. You will realize this from the book which may be obtained without charge by addressing *Dept. M.*

GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED, 201 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO  
Transportation Building, St. James Street, Montreal. Factory, Georgetown, Ontario

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA



— *The Ball Room*



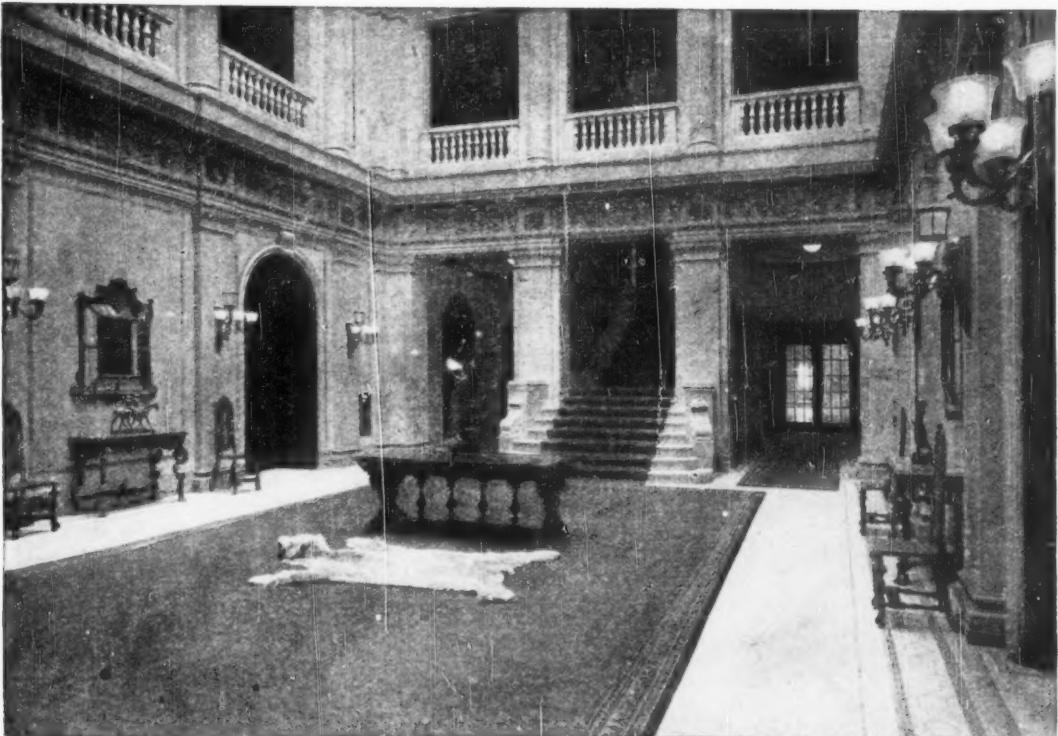
THE beautiful interior woodwork decorations in all the principal rooms of the Government House have added further laurels to the skill of Canadian workmanship. These beautiful decorations are among the most attractive features of this magnificent home.

The W. J. Trick Company, Limited, who are responsible for this beautiful panelling and wood decoration, have in this work an abiding and striking testimonial to their originality, skill, and ability to carry out work equal to best examples on continents across the sea.

Persons interested in interior decorations for their own homes will do well to write the *W. J. TRICK COMPANY, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO*, for estimates which will be furnished on request.

W. J. Trick Company, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA



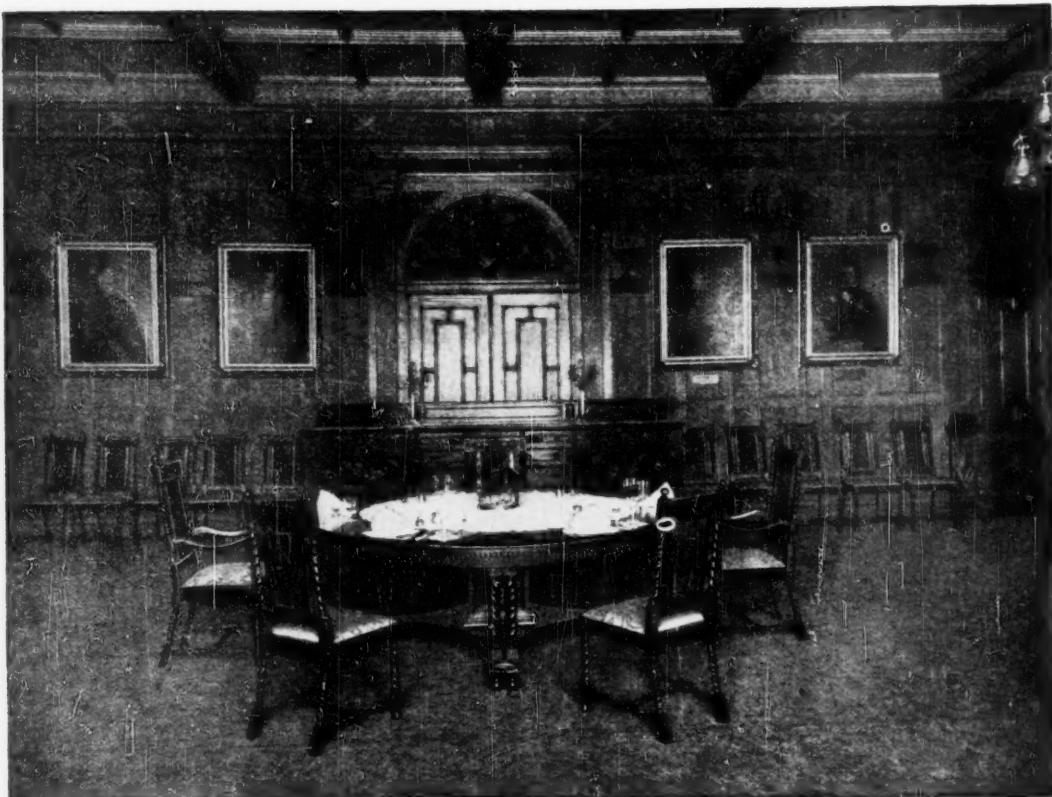
—*The Entrance Hall Corridors*

**S**T. JAMES'S PALACE, the ancient home of Britain's Sovereigns, offered the suggestion of warmth and comfort realized in the rich floor-coverings of the Entrance Hall and Corridors of Government House. A simple design, the Ascendant Star, treated with 17th century grace and dignity, is worked out in exact reproduction of the carpet in the historic London palace. The tones constitute a perfect harmony, the figure in gold being seemingly afloat in Burgundy reds. The gold border is relieved with a delicate touch of ethereal blue. The magnificent Emperor Axminster rug in the Entrance Hall is 18 x 30 feet. The Royal Wilton Corridor runners carry the same happy combination of colors to the farthest reaches of the spacious halls. These carpets were made in Toronto by the Toronto Carpet Manufacturing Company, Limited, expressly for the T. Eaton Co., Limited, contractors for the complete furnishing and decorating of Government House, and are a tribute to Canadian skilled workmanship. So another leaf has been added to the laurels of Canada's textile industry.

Those in Canada who favor Canadian-made products and who are interested in knowing more about rugs and carpets made in this country, should write to the **TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO., Limited**, for particulars as to how and why Canada is rivalling the Old Land in her ability to make floor coverings of excellence and distinction.

THE TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited, 1179 King Street West, TORONTO, makers of yarns, rugs and carpets. The very fact that this company was entrusted with the making of the sumptuous carpets for the New Government House is sufficient evidence of the place this company holds in its particular field.

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA



—The State Dining-Room

**T**RULY a noble room this. Dignity and spaciousness are made impressive by design and embellishment. Note, among other enrichments, the furniture—sideboard, table and chairs. These are Jacobean, harmonizing with the fumed oak panelling of the walls. The immense sideboard has a length of twelve feet. Its size betokens plenteous plate, cutlery and rich glass, ample for all the demands of a menu of many courses. Of like generous dimensions is the spreading table, eight feet across and with a length, when fully extended, of twenty-two feet; and around which may gather a company of thirty-five. This period furniture is in small flaked quartered white oak, finished a soft nut brown; and was made in Toronto by the Toronto Furniture Company, Limited, for the T. Eaton Co., who had the contract for the complete furnishing and decorating of Government House. To the Toronto Furniture Company also was entrusted the making of the furniture of the private dining-room, the Royal suites, and the sleeping chambers of Government House. In the Royal suites, the furniture is of Adam design, finished antique ivory enamel, and Queen Anne in solid Honduras mahogany.

The Toronto Furniture Co., Limited, 187 DUFFERIN STREET,  
TORONTO - CANADA

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA



*Ontario's Lieutenant Governor's Residence*

VICTROLA XIV

Choice of Government House,  
Toronto

**S**ELECTED for its superb tonal qualities and lifelike reproduction—and adopted the world over in homes where refined musical entertainment is appreciated and desired.

Victrolas in a great variety of styles from \$21 to \$400. Write for free copy of our 450-page Musical Encyclopedia listing over 6000 Victor Records.



Berliner Gram-o-Phone Company, Limited, Montreal

THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE HOME IN CANADA

THE very high standard of excellence maintained by the T. Eaton Co., Limited, staff in important furnishings, is demonstrated in the work done in the Government House, the entire furnishings of which, in draperies, furniture, floor coverings and decorations, were done by the T. Eaton Co., Limited, thus exemplifying the very highest form of achievement in artistic arrangement and furnishings.

THE T. EATON CO.  
TORONTO LIMITED  
CANADA

## The Frost Girl

Continued from page 30

plied the missionary sternly. "I have something more valuable than gold. Sit down and listen to me, and to-morrow you can eat your fill. I promise it, the appointed of the Lord, and the Apostle of the Select."

The missionary had risen and, while his voice did not carry far beyond the fire, it was stern, sharp, commanding. The two who had risen hesitated and then returned to their seats.

Hardisty looked about the circle for a moment, studying his audience. Not so much his promise of food as the sudden change in his manner, the impressiveness of his tone, the unusualness of his figure in a white canvas parka, from the folded hood of which his hair flowed out in thick black masses, held the crew's attention. His face was covered with an untrimmed beard. His eyes shone with the zeal of fanaticism. To the rough, unthinking, plastic woodsmen, he appeared as a new, strange person. The smiling, ingratiating missionary was gone. In his place was one who appeared to be what he claimed.

"I, the appointed of the Lord, the Apostle of the Select, speak to you," he began at last in a low, measured, awesome tone. "To me has come the vision, the appointment. To you, my brothers, has come the opportunity. Into my hands has been given the leadership of the Select. To me has come the vision from on high. With my own ears I have heard the law of the prophets."

He paused and looked about the circle. Not swiftly, his eyes running over the faces lighted up by the campfire, but slowly, looking long and carefully at each man.

"You, my brothers," he suddenly exploded, "are to be the Chosen Twenty. In my vision were twenty men, men of great strength, great wisdom and great courage. These were the Chosen Twenty, the men who were to accompany me into the land of plenty, who, with me as their leader, were to found the order of the Select."

"In my vision these twenty men, strong, brave, wise, were the lords of all that lay between the two mighty rivers. All others served them. Men of another race did their bidding. Women of another race were their hand-maidens. They dwelt in fine houses, each man in a house of his own. And each man had twenty men of another race to do his work and twenty women of another race to wait upon him."

"And these twenty men, each with his forty slaves, ruled this great land between the two mighty rivers. And every piece of fur that was caught in that land was laid at their doors. And every bit of food that was sold in that land went from their doors. And every traveller in that land paid his tax to them."

"I was taken into their houses, and I saw the gold and the fur piled in the store rooms. I saw the kitchens filled with busy cooks. I saw the gardens tilled by the handmaidens. I saw the storehouses filled with food, with flour and sugar and tea and fruits and bacon and puddings,

# "VIYELLA"

(Reg'd)

## FLANNEL

### New Spring Designs for 1916

Specially adapted for Women's! Children's! and Infants' Wear!

"Viyella" comes in a large variety of patterns, comprising Plain Colors! Stripes! and Tartan Plaids!

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores

Avoid Imitations

DOES  
NOT  
SHRINK

"Viyella"

(Reg'd)

For FROCKS  
KNICKERBOCKERS  
NIGHT DRESSES  
DAY SHIRTS  
PYJAMAS, Etc.

Look for the name on the selvedge

## DOES NOT SHRINK

*Yes! This is Right*

I can always tell

FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND  
BREAKFAST BACON

by the package. It is so appetizing that I always like to have a good supply of it. We all enjoy it so much for breakfast. FEARMAN'S is sugar cured under the most favorable conditions. It is selected from the best stock, and cured by experts. Its delicious, satisfying flavor adds zest to the morning meal.

When ordering Bacon, ask your grocer for  
FEARMAN'S Breakfast Bacon. It will please you.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED  
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owes much of its grace to C/C à la Grace Corsets.

That's why ladies who are careful of their appearance and comfort wear only C/C à la Grâce Corsets. See the new models at your favorite store or write us for catalogue.

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.  
LIMITED  
TORONTO

## VICKERMAN'S *SERGES and CHEVIOTS*

Are dependable—whether in Blue, Black or Grey. They make a dressy suit, and one that will keep its appearance. Wear and color guaranteed.

ASK YOUR TAILOR

Canadian Selling Agents:

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

and the cellars were filled with wines and liquors.

"I saw these twenty men, each in his own palace, each smoking the finest of tobacco, a handmaiden to run for his wine, two more to bring him his meals of many courses, and I talked with them and learned their happiness, their great joy.

"But, Lord," I said, for the glory of it was more than I could comprehend, "I am only a poor mortal and doubts come to me."

"And I was answered: 'Doubts shall no longer come to thee. Waken, and thou shalt see this land over which thou are to be the ruler.'

"And immediately I wakened. That night when the vision came to me I was sleeping in the wigwam of an Indian hunter north of here. It was still dark when I arose and went out beneath the stars. And there before me stood a team of eight dogs, each white and twice as large as the dogs you know, and each harnessed with gold and silver-covered leather. And behind them was a carriage trimmed with gold and gems, and behind it was a driver wearing a suit of black fox skins. I sat in the carriage and was covered with a robe of the same precious fur, and the next instant we were off.

"For miles without end we flew over the snow. No trail was broken, and yet the dogs, so strong and fleet were they, skimmed over the surface without a pause and with the speed of lightning. And after a while, just as the light of day was coming, I came to the city of twenty houses and saw that which I have told you

"That day I spent there, and that night the eight white dogs took me back to the wigwam of the Indian hunter.

"But, Lord," I said, "if I am to be the leader of the select where am I to find the Chosen Twenty?" And I was told to go forth from the wigwam a day's journey and I would find them."

In the engineers' tent Matthews and Jacobs were asleep. But Denny Slavin, who lay on the side nearest the fire, was wakeful. He heard the murmur of Hardisty's voice at the beginning. Later as it rose, he caught the words and lay listening. As the missionary finished he chuckled beneath his robe.

"The crazy fool!" he said to himself. "It's better than a show. I mustn't forget any of that."

HE listened for more. Hardisty was talking again. But now the tones were low, subdued, and the words did not reach the tent. After a few minutes Denny dropped off to sleep.

But the hungry men outside had ceased to find anything amusing in what they heard. Their mouths watered at the mention of food. They did not believe, but they were interested. In time their interest induced hope that it might be true. Absorbed, they leaned forward until the missionary, in a low, tense tone, told of the new order he was about to found, of the riches and glory that awaited the Twenty Chosen.

"You got any samples of all this?" suddenly asked one of the listeners.

"Have you so little faith?" cried

Hardisty in reproach. Then his manner changed and he jumped to his feet.

"What is faith without works?" he whispered, holding up a hand for silence. "Lest ye doubt and fail to gain the glory which is yours, I have brought with me some things from the storehouses of the chosen, from the storehouses which shall be yours. Come!"

Without looking to see that he was followed, he turned toward the trail that led into the north. His tall figure clad in the wrinkled white parka that fell to his knees, the black hair tumbling out of the folded hood, his right hand pointing toward the sky, the missionary presented a figure that would have convulsed Denny Slavin.

It is generally conceded that any man with a beard, a fantastic distortion of some quotation from the Bible, a sensual inducement and an original feature in his address, can find a religious sect. History is full of such instances. To you they are only things of passing interest, perhaps of amusement or of pity for the dupes.

To the crew of hungry woodsmen this new prophet was becoming more and more interesting. Only those who have worked with such men, who have shared their hardships, who have read closely their simple sense of things, who have stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the presence of death, can understand their mental processes. Naturally unreligious, blasphemous, unthinking, yet the hunger that was with them, the death that hovered just outside the circle of their campfire, and the tempting offers of the missionary, combined to arouse their curiosity. At any other time they would have laughed him to silence.

Still each was reluctant to admit he would follow. Beyond the circle of the dying fire-light the white clad figure stopped.

"Within the hour you shall eat and drink," came the low, clear voice.

**A**GAIN he turned and went on. Still the crew remained at the fire. None wanted to be first.

"Hell!" whispered Jimmy the axeman. "We'll starve as quick here. And maybe he has got grub."

"And he said there was a lot to drink," came an eager voice. "I'm game to try it."

It was all the men needed. They hardly believed it but, reckless, easily led, and with the added impulse of the woodsman's superstition, they needed only self encouragement to follow Hardisty, only a jesting mask of their real reason.

Denny Slavin, sophisticated Denny, lay smiling in his sleep. But the crew was gone.

(To be continued)

### Zeppelins Built Since the War

According to a recent press despatch from Berne, Switzerland, there are now some eighty Zeppelins in the German service. Recently, one of the latest type Zeppelins made a trial flight. It bore the number LZ-95, and in design varied considerably from the ante bellum Zeppelins.



## Save the Babies ↓ TANGLEFOOT



Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT; not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined.

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 48 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death, if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum."

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY, Walkerville, Ont.  
American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.



A Pure  
White Soap  
of Exquisite Quality

One Price  
10c  
Everywhere  
in Canada

WHITENESS has always been the emblem of purity. Taylor's "Infants-Delight" soap is pure, white, dainty and delightful to use. Sold in dainty cartons.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. LIMITED, TORONTO

1-B Established 1805

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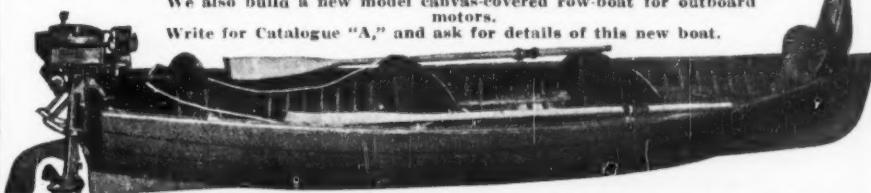
## For Outboard Motors

### A New Boat Especially Built

For outboard motors. It is stoutly built, light, copper fastened and varnished. It makes a light, speedy row-boat when not used for motoring.

We also build a new model canvas-covered row-boat for outboard motors.

Write for Catalogue "A," and ask for details of this new boat.



The Canadian Canoe Company Limited 216 Rink St., Peterborough, Ont.

## MACLEAN'S School Directory



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Excellent Business College, High School, College or Arts Departments. New Buildings, with latest Hygienic equipments. First-class Board. Comfortable Sleeping Rooms. Rates moderate. Large Gymnasium with swimming pool. Address

Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., Ph.D., President

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RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Beautiful site. Modern buildings. Pure water. Small classes. Gymnasium, Chapel. Many recent successes at R.M.C. and other universities. School reopens Sept. 9th, 1918. For Calendar apply

Rev. GEO. P. WOOLLCOMBE, M.A. (Oxon). Headmaster.

### St. Clement's FOR BOYS College Residential and Day School North Toronto, Ont.

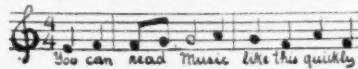
Boys prepared for the University. Royal Military College and for business.

For information apply to Rev. A. K. Griffin, Principal

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### Ridley College St. Catharines Ontario

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
Preparatory Department entirely separate as to buildings, grounds and Staff. The School has won scholarships at University matriculation in four out of the last five years. Three were won in 1913.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

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or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

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LEAVE TORONTO 6.40 P.M. DAILY  
VIA THE TRANSCANADA

Through equipment including Electric Lighted Compartment Observation Car, Standard and Tourist Sleepers, Dining Car, First-class Coaches.

"The frequent C.P.R. Service passing through the Business Centre of each city is an asset to the Traveller."

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write W. B. Howard, D.P.A., Toronto.

## The Problems of Promotion

Continued from page 40

back. He's there now—and the best man, perhaps, we could get for that job. But he'll never get any higher and his salary will probably stay around where it is now.

"Finally, tact. This last quality isn't absolutely necessary. If no man got along in life unless he had tact, the successful man would be almost as extinct as the dodo. There are scores of resourceful men and hundreds of clever men to one tactful man. But if you do happen to have a streak of that rare God-given gift in your make up, you have a wonderful asset for advancement. Every step up you take creates the necessity of adjustments with others and, if you can make them tactfully, your progress on to the next advance will be quicker and easier. As I say, a man does not actually need tact to get up the ladder. He can make out on resourcefulness and judgment—added to the other qualities that every man in business must have—and hammer his way through to the top with his bare fists. Your bristling, fighting, cross-grained man can sometimes get along. But if, in addition to resource and judgment, he has tact also—then there is no limit to where he may climb to and he'll break all speed limits on the way!"

IT is perhaps safe to say that in most large business concerns the question of staff promotion is handled on this same broad basis. It goes without saying that the best interests of a company are served by giving every capable man on the staff a chance and by filling every position with the best man available. It follows, then, that every effort is made toward those ends.

In every factory, in every office and store, it will be heard that appointments are made on pull or purely personal grounds. Undoubtedly a great many positions are filled through influences of this kind. Many inferior men are elevated to positions so much too big for them that they look as ridiculous to the unprejudiced observer as a size 6½ head in a size 7½ hat. Sometimes inferior men are maintained in high positions through the enforced exertions of capable subordinates. It frequently happens that capable men are held down by such circumstances; but not often, for the man with the "stuff" in him to get to the top will get there if he has to overturn any number of puffed-up superiors on the way. Most businesses will show at least one sample of incompetence enthroned in authority.

But on the whole promotions are strictly on merit; perhaps in as often as nine cases out of ten. Business concerns acquire the facility for picking men and they pick them pretty much on the lines laid down above.

# Certain-teed



CERTAIN-TEED is exactly what you want on your buildings. It's safer than wood shingles; it looks better than galvanized iron or tin, is easier to lay and cheaper than either.

It is guaranteed for 5, 10 and 15 years, according to ply—actually lasts longer. This guarantee is backed by the biggest roofing concern in the world, and is as dependable as CERTAIN-TEED itself. CERTAIN-TEED is very different from the cheap roofing sold by mail.

Get Certain-teed from your local dealer whom you know and can rely upon. It will save you money in the end. Certain-teed is sold by good dealers all over Canada, at reasonable prices.

## General Roofing Mfg. Co.

World's Largest Manufacturers of  
Roofing and Building Papers.

Distributing centers: Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, N. B., Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver.

## Corson's CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

A TOOTH PASTE that combines the cleansing and purifying qualities of refined charcoal in a dainty and delightful dentifrice. It polishes the teeth beautifully, purifies the breath and gives a fine feeling of freshness and mouth cleanliness.

Send 25c to-day for full sized tube of this fine Tooth Paste and free sample bottle of Corson's "Ideal Orchid" Perfume.

Sovereign Perfumes Limited  
146 Brock Avenue      Toronto

Superior Toilet Requisites, Made in Canada Exclusively

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ANY KIND FOR ANY PURPOSE  
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

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30-32 Temperance Street      TORONTO

**DENNISTEEL**  
LONDON - CANADA  
THE BEST STEEL LOCKERS MADE IN CANADA  
MADE BY  
THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED  
LONDON, CANADA

SOME executives work on intuition in picking men or in promoting employees. "I believe he's got the right stuff in him," was the explanation of the manager of a large departmental store, for putting in a young window trimmer to manage a fairly large department. "Why do I think so? Well, I don't know but I bank on that lad strong." It so happened that the window trimmer made a good department manager and later he controlled a store almost as large as the one where he got his start. But making promotion on the "hunch" principle did not always work out as well as that. The same store witnessed the unparalleled spectacle of a driver being put in as assistant manager of the toy department, for the reason that he had in some inexplicable way caught the eye of the general manager; and later, not very much later, the spectacle of the new assistant being forcibly ejected by the toy department manager, enraged at the crass incompetence of the man. The head of this store was a good judge of human nature in the main and his selections generally proved far-sighted. But depending, as he did, too much on his own judgment and not on a thorough system of observation and checking of results, he made a larger number of mistakes than an organization can stand. This led to the impression in the store that appointments were made on favor or pull, that hard and loyal work was not the way to win recognition and that it did not really matter whether one took an interest in the work or not. The result can be imagined.

IT is so important that vacant positions should be filled by promotion rather than by importation, that most large corporations follow this rule whenever it is at all possible. Staff members will often keenly resent the bringing in of an outside man unless there are exceptional circumstances. In the first place it cuts some of them out of a promotion and, again, it is taken as a reflection more or less direct on the whole staff. The lot of the newcomer is not always a pleasant one. He will find perhaps a shallow welcome from the sycophantic part of the staff, but a frigid politeness from the majority. And he may find it very difficult to secure co-operation in getting into the swing of his work, which is the really bad feature of it.

IT is one of the most important phases of our executive man's work to see that he has men coming up capable of filling vacancies. By keeping the personnel of the organization supplied with "under-studies" he can fill any gap without delay and without the more or less upsetting effects which the importation of an outsider entails. It is said that the managers of a large Canadian departmental store are judged failures unless they have developed men capable of stepping into their places if the occasion arises; in other words, the training of a substitute is an important and necessary part of the manager's work.

## DUSTBANE



Preserves and polishes hard-wood floors. Brightens floors and carpets and gathers up minute particles of dust that would be left untouched by ordinary sweeping.

Order  
a tin from  
your  
grocer.

## Do you want to earn \$10 a week or more in your own home?

Reliable persons will be furnished with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitting Machines, \$10 per week readily earned. We teach you at home, distance is no hindrance. Write for particulars, rates of pay, send ac. stamp.

AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO.  
Dept. 179B, 257 College St. - Toronto  
(Also at Leicester, England)



## Royal Naval College of Canada

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—90794.

## The more you know about Coffee —



## The better you like - SEAL BRAND

In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole—ground—pulverized—  
also Fine Ground for Perco-  
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Genuine Photos of living models in bewitching poses. Classy work for art lovers. 3 swell cab inets, 25c; 6 for 50c, with  $6\frac{1}{2}$  x  $8\frac{1}{2}$  photo FREE with every order for 6. DOLLAR SPECIAL: 6 cabinets, two  $6\frac{1}{2}$  x  $8\frac{1}{2}$  and 50 small photos all for \$1. Money back if not as represented.

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Dept. 16  
2130 Clifton Ave.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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ONLY PERFECT SCREENING MADE

Specially made in wood, steel or bronze frame, to suit any size of window, porch or balcony. Send for booklet K.

WATSON LIMITED, BRADFORD, ONTARIO

THE rule of the survival of the fittest applies more surely in business than in anything else. If a man is going to climb — and keep on climbing — he must be prepared to pay a certain price. He must not be willing to feel satisfaction with himself no matter how capable he may have become or how far up the ladder of success he may have climbed. He must always realize that there are weaknesses in himself that must be rooted out, that the position he holds can be held only at the price of keeping thoroughly abreast of the times; and that, for the man who keeps abreast, there are opportunities continually opening up for further advancement.

Caesar expressed his fear of the "lean and hungry looking" man, meaning the man who had not grown fat with contentment. A modern industrial Caesar — the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Canada — expressed the same idea in more modern, if more emphatic, terms. "Give me a man with a 'go devil' in him," he said. "I want men who are ready for anything, who are always looking for more to do—and more to get."

It is a stern rule—the rule of business success. No one can escape it.

AND so, if a man asks himself what he must do to keep on the upward path, the answer is simple.

In the first place, he must develop his ability, work hard and show loyalty. These qualities will ensure him a reasonable amount of success. He will go a certain distance by this means and win promotion to a certain point.

Few men ever get beyond that point.

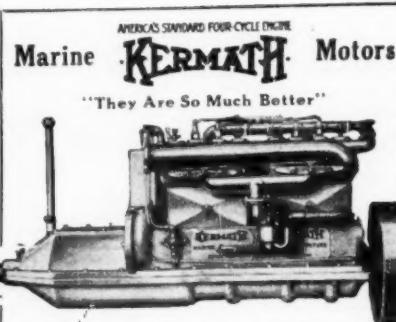
And if he would go beyond it? If he would climb higher, to an executiveship or beyond that?

He must so develop his resourcefulness and judgment as to be always broader than the position he holds. That, in brief, is perhaps the best definition that can be given. It goes without saying that, in addition to fitting oneself for advancement, it is necessary to be always on the lookout for the opportunity. The spectacle of a man fully accoutred for a sally out into the world's highway, and waiting only for the signal, but who has not learned to distinguish the knock of Opportunity, is a common one.

PRESNAIL was the owner of a fairly large departmental store and Prentice was one of his department managers. Although he kept his hand on the pulse of the business, Presnail began to feel that he really needed a general manager to relieve him of much of the supervision. He felt that he ought to choose one of his department heads but his inability to select the man who would best serve his purpose—they were all so capable—held up the appointment indefinitely.

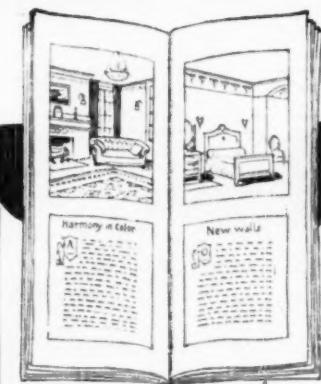
One day one of the managers resigned and the very first visitor that Presnail had after learning of the resignation was Prentice.

"I have a suggestion which you may regard as neither feasible nor desirable,"



4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 10 to 25 H.P. Separate Engines or Unit Power Plants. Used and recommended by every leading boat builder in Canada. The smoothest operating, most perfectly controlled and thoroughly satisfactory boat power plant used in Canada to-day, and will make every minute of your boating season a real pleasure.

\$180.00 to \$375.00. Catalogs on request.  
KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO.  
Dept. "M." Detroit, Mich.



## Going to Decorate?

If you are going to "do" the dining-room or the bedroom, or even the kitchen, this spring, you need this book. It illustrates in photogravure, in colors, rooms done with Alabastine. It contains suggestions and ideas for color schemes, and it shows how you can do the work yourself.

## Alabastine

### Artistic Wall Tints

A copy of "Homes Healthful and Beautiful" costs but 15c. (coin or stamps), but if it saves you from making even one mistake—and there is nothing easier to make than mistakes in color—will it not pay for itself a hundred times over? Then send for it now and study it before you start housecleaning.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY  
LIMITED  
19 Willow Street  
Paris, Ontario

he told the head. "But I'm going to make it anyway."

Presnail nodded to him to go ahead.

"My department and Barton's have considerable in common," went on Prentice. "I happen to know that there is no one under Barton capable of taking his place so I presumed you would be looking around for an outside man to step in there."

"We have ways all our own in this organization to which a new man must become broken before he is very useful. A new manager, would be up against that difficulty. It would be some time before he had the department speeded up again."

"Now, why not make the best man that Barton had assistant manager and give me charge of that department as well as my own? I don't intend to enter into any extended argument as to the feasibility of the scheme. All I have to say is that I can make it go."

It is hardly necessary to add that Prentice got the department—and became in time general manager of the store. He proved a complete success. At the same time the records show that there were other department managers who had conducted their branches of the business quite as successfully as Prentice had his. The difference between them was that Prentice knew Opportunity when he saw it. It is probable that he had long before grasped the possibility of that general management and had lain in wait for the first opportunity that could be used as a wedge.

#### THE JUNE ISSUE

The June issue of MacLean's Magazine will have many fine features. First and foremost will be the opening instalment of Arthur Stringer's new serial story "The Anatomy of Love." The second instalment of "Behind the Bolted Door?" will develop the mystery to a point where it will seem absolutely impenetrable. More of "The Frost Girl" will be given, bringing this splendid story of the Canadian north close to the concluding point.

Other features will be articles by Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Lant, and Nellie L. McClung; a war poem by Robert W. Service; an extremely interesting article "Eavesdropping on War," in which Britton B. Cooke tells all about how war news is gathered and censored; an authoritative article on the subject of immigration to Canada after the war, by Grant Brown; and an article on the extension of Canadian industry and interests in Mexico and South America, by W. A. Craick.

In fact the June issue will be the very best number yet.

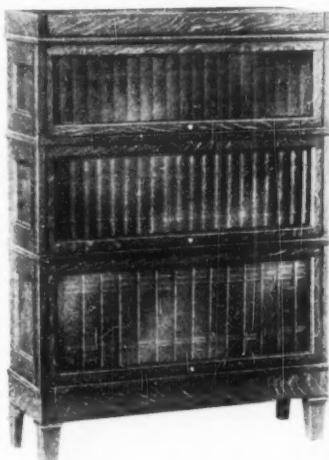
The cover is a handsome painting of a typical summer scene by Lorne K. Smith, a rising Canadian artist.

MADE IN  CANADA

## The "Old English" Style

Is One of the Newer Conceptions  
Designed to Match the Popular  
Period Styles at Present in Vogue

### AN IDEAL STACK



Where a single stack, such as the one illustrated, will fill all needs, there is nothing quite as adaptable as the "Old English Style" which conforms to the popular period styles at present in vogue in household furniture, such as Jacobean, Elizabethan and William and Mary. Best of all, perhaps, the price is within the reach of all. Either in Mahogany or in Quartered Oak.

### YOU WILL LIKE IT IN YOUR HOME

Not only because it furnishes ideal storage for your books, but also because you will have a piece of furniture that will delight your eye, and elicit admiration from your friends because of its beauty and entire freedom from the defects of the common sectional cases.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR "MACEY STYLE BOOK. IT'S FREE

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS  
LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.



#### Save Money for Office, School and Home

Sharpening pencils is a messy, time-taking operation when done by hand, and the chances are that a couple of points will be broken in the endeavor. With one of these **New Pencil Sharpeners**, time is saved and the life of the pencil lasts longer. This is no small consideration where pencils are extensively used.

The Chicago Pencil Sharpener will pay for itself many times over. Sent to any address postpaid for \$1.65.

ORDER YOURS NOW.

THE A. S. HUSTWITT CO.

44 Adelaide St. West

TORONTO, ONT.

## No Effort

### No Pumping or Puffing

Pump your tires with a Motor-Driven Tire Pump. Don't get hot and tired and dusty pumping by hand.

### A Canadian Gearless TIRE PUMP

will pump your tires firmly and quickly. It is driven direct from your motor crank shaft—great convenience. Keeps your tires in good condition all the time. No trouble. Attached in thirty seconds.

**CARRY IT IN YOUR TOOL BOX—**Light, Compact, Durable, Quick-Acting, Oil-Proof.

**\$10.50, Complete**

*Send your order to-day, if your dealer cannot supply. Write for circular showing how this Canadian Gearless Tire Pump saves time, effort and tires. Free for the asking.*

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**THE DOMINION FORGE  
& STAMPING COMPANY**

Walkerville, Ontario

*Built Like Your Motor.*

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the PACIFIC COAST

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For Parry Sound, Sudbury, Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, North Battleford, Edmonton, Vancouver and Pacific Coast, with connections at Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver to and from all Points.

### ELECTRIC LIGHTED TOURIST CARS

For through tickets and Berth reservations apply to City Ticket Office, 52 King St. East, or write R. L. Fairbairn, General Passenger Agent, 68 King Street East, Toronto.



### For Our Subscribers' Information

Every subscription is entered under the name of the town from which the subscription is received. If you change your address and desire to receive your magazine without delay, always give us your old address in addition to your new one, otherwise we are unable to make the correction in our mailing list.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, 143-153 University Ave., TORONTO

## Speaking of Women

*Continued from page 26*

Yet this type of woman, who had no thought beyond her own family circle, has been exalted greatly as the perfect mother, the "living sacrifice," the "perfect slave" of her children.

It was a daring woman who claimed that she had a life of her own; and a perfect right to her own ambitions, hopes, interests, and desires.

BUt time goes on, and the world moves; and the ways of the world are growing kinder to women. Here and there in a sheltered eddy in the stream of life, where the big currents never are felt, you will find the old mossy arguments that women are intended to be wageless servants dependent upon man's bounty, with no life or hopes of their own. But the currents of life grow stronger and stronger



in these terrible days, and the moss is being broken up, and driven out into the turbulent water.

On March 1st, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Woman Suffrage Bill was given its second reading in the Legislature of Alberta, and the women of the Province gathered in large numbers to hear the debate. For over an hour before the galleries were opened; women waited at the foot of the stairs; white-haired women, women with little children by the hand, women with babies in their arms, smartly-dressed women, alert, tailor-made business women; quiet, dignified and earnest; they were all there; they filled the galleries; they packed every available space. Many were unable to find a place in the gallery, and stood outside in the corridors.

"I consider it an honor to stand anywhere in the building," one bright-eyed old lady said when someone expressed their regret at not having a seat for her, "and I can read the speeches to-morrow, and imagine that I heard them."

When the Premier rose to move the second reading of the Bill the silence of the legislative chamber was tense, and the great mass of humanity in the galleries did not appear to breathe. The Premier, in a straightforward way, outlined the reasons for the granting of the franchise; he did not speak of it as a favor, a boon, a gift, or a privilege, but a right, and declared that the extension of the franchise



was an act of justice; he did not once refer to us as the "fair sex," or assure us of his deep respect for us. The Leader of the Opposition, whose advocacy of woman franchise dates back many years, seconded the reading of the Bill; and short speeches were made by other members. There was only one who opposed it; one timorous brother declared it would break up the home.

ON the same day that the Bill got its second reading, and at the same hour, the women of Calgary met together to discuss what women should do with the vote; and they drafted a platform, which must commend itself to all thinking people. Each subject discussed was for human betterment, and social welfare.

Women will make mistakes, of course, —and pay for them. That will be nothing new—they have always paid for men's mistakes. It will be a change to pay for their own. Democracy has its failures—it falls down utterly sometimes, we know, but not so often, or so hopelessly, as any other form of government. There have been beneficent despots, when a good king ruled absolutely. But unfortunately the next king was not good, and he drove the country to ruin. "King Jehoash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but Amaziah, his son, did that which was evil."

Too much depended upon the man!

Democracy has its faults; the people may run the country to the dogs, but they will run it back again. People, including women, will make mistakes, but in paying for them they will learn wisdom.

#### We Must Deserve Victory

A very striking statement of the present situation with reference to the war is given in *The Times of India*: "Many people go about asking when the war will be over. None but the foolish would attempt to give an answer. Those, however, who think that Prussia will likely abandon the hopes of victory are ignorant of that state. What we have to do is not to dream of victory or to anticipate it; but to deserve it. If only we could feel, honestly feel, at the bottom of our hearts that we deserve victory by our personal sacrifices, then nothing else matters; we shall have found the anodyne for failure, the antidote for pessimism."

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# Do You Know About the Advantages of Internal Bathing?

## The Dangers of Auto-Intoxication Explained

In these days of super-activity in business and social life, when we all—men and women—are burning up our vitality and nervous force in the endeavor to keep up with the taxing pace, it is a welcome sign that men and women are entering upon an era of common sense in the care and preservation of their physical selves.

Less and less do the great mass of intelligent people place dependence on nostrums and drugs. On every hand, often in our own intimate circles, we witness convincing demonstrations of the uselessness of hoping for real relief from such harmfully stimulating, unnatural means of combating the hundred and one ailments so common.

Your physician will tell you, in case you have not yet realized it yourself, that probably fully 90% of the ills and diseases from which we suffer are due to the clogging of the system by waste and poisonous matter that should rightly be eliminated immediately if we would remain in health and escape even more lasting evils.

By the way in which we live our lives, the demands of unnatural convention, the forcing of our bodies to try to adjust their activities and functions to the call of personal convenience—the forming of unhygienic habit, in short—is yearly exacting a terrible toll in suffering.

If you are run down, tired out, lacking energy and vim; if your nerves are "all gone"; if you are bilious and headachy; if everything is a burden and an effort; if your physical condition tells you all too plainly that you are even more seriously affected, you may be quite sure that you are paying the penalty, either directly or indirectly, of a system that has been mismanaged. You are no longer paying yourself dividends in health; you have no surplus in vitality—you are exhausting your capital.

And all these things because you, like nearly everyone else in a similar plight, have paid the least attention to the part of your body that needs it most, for, as Professor Metchnikoff, the world-eminent scientist, states, it is the insidious, health-destroying disease-breeding germs generated in the lower intestines that are the chief cause of our premature old age, and, of course, are responsible for the many bodily disorders that cause it, by reason of the poisons that cause them to deteriorate.

Your own physician, when he comes to you in illness, first makes sure to thoroughly purge your system of the accumulated waste—he knows he cannot help you until he has

done so, just as he knows that if you had kept your intestines hygienically clean there would have been no need for his services.

And that is why the internal bath is the natural, the logical, the ideal way to eliminate this waste matter, and by eliminating it remove the source of most of our ills. It does not drug your system; it is not a violent, system-racking thing, but a pleasurable, scientific, efficient adaptation of a curative method that is as old as civilization itself. It corrects the very conditions that give the blood a chance to absorb these poisons. It keeps you clean inside by removing waste matter, prevents the blood from having a chance to carry them to the organs and tissues of the body, infecting them and starting that lowering of bodily efficiency and vigor which makes us miserable and unhappy, even if it does not pave the way for more serious ills and diseases that endanger life itself.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 241, 257 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in Maclean's Magazine.

Like all really worth-while things, the internal bath is as simple as nature's processes always are. You will find in its use a new freedom from the effects of drugs that at best can but temporarily, and then only partly, aid nature in freeing the system of its waste. It is above all else thorough and rational and right, and in accord with the laws of health. And it is something beyond even this. It is the means of keeping your body at par even when you are not suffering from any particular organic disease. It enables your system to do its work fully and freely under all conditions. It is a wonderful tonic—a tonic that braces without artificial stimulation or any harmful results. It keeps you free from the risk of disease that gets its start from accumulated waste; and by keeping the intestinal tract always hygienically clean prevents the blood from absorbing poisons that otherwise reach every organ of the body through the circulation. It can never become a habit, something one cannot say for drugs. What the Internal bath has done for so many thousands of grateful men and women it can do for you. We believe you will be interested in reading a more thorough discussion of the subject than is possible or advisable here.

## Time and Chance

Continued from page 24

V.

HE came along the road through the woods. The hot August sun beat fiercely on the hillside. The lake lay at her feet, a mirror of beaten silver. Falconer lay outstretched in the grass at the edge of the wood. His flushed face and heavy breathing told her he was sleeping off a drinking bout. The noonday sun beat on his unshaded face. The terrier at his side looked up at her, pathetic appeal in his eyes, as if he knew the shame of his master, but loved him in his degradation. The scene shocked and disgusted every fine, clean instinct of the girl's nature. She was about to pass but she must stop to shade his face.

"Dick!" she called.

His eyes opened. He sprang to his feet, sobered, shamed, and stood before her. Great resentment and greater pity stirred her breast.

"Believe I fell asleep. I was tired and hot," he began weakly.

"We never see you now, Dick. Have you forgotten old friends?" she asked. The man's shamedness dispelled her anger.

"Friends!" he repeated. "We travel opposite ways. You on the upward path; I'm going the other way. You know it well enough, Agnes."

"Once, Dick, I never thought of you but as a man, strong, great-hearted, always facing the uphill trail," she replied. "I remember when you laughed at failure. All you talked about was the next fight."

"That was in the old life," he said. "That's dead and gone. The best get the knock-out sooner or later, and what's the use of this fighting and working to be a bit finer and more powerful than the average? I envy no one. I don't think I hate anyone now. What I wanted I failed to get, like lots more. There's got to be a big number of blanks and few prizes in the lottery. It's no use looking scornful, Agnes." And he laughed a little after his old fashion.

"I wanted money and success," he continued, "because I wanted you, and they would be a stepping stone to you. What did I care for money to hoard and save? I'd as soon hoard rocks. But I wanted to win you."

"And you thought money would buy me?" she asked.

"You know my thought of you better than that," he said. "A man can't ask a woman to share a prospector's tent. He wants to win for her, whether she wants it or not. Agnes, I went to your house that first night after I struck it—I mean after I thought I struck it, to put it into your hands and ask if you'd take it, and not mind me thrown in. You were away. Guess if you'd been home that night I wouldn't have been like this, but, do you know I was drunk in your house? Think of it, drunk in your house. I remember your father talking to me, then he went

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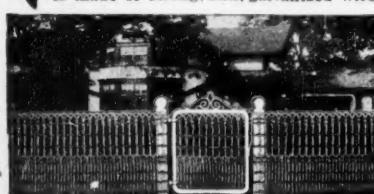
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downstairs, and afterwards I took a lot to drink, and that was the start of the finish. You see how the luck goes. The day before you'd gone away, a day or two after you came back, and just that bit of chance made all the difference between my being a man, and a winner maybe, and what I am now." And he spread his hands with a gesture of helplessness that stabbed her to the heart.

"I'm not saying this to stir your pity, or ask you to tackle the job of reforming me," he continued. "If you'd say 'Yes' now to the question I meant to ask that night I wouldn't put it. I'm still man enough for that. The man that wins you has got to come clean. I've no use for the woman who thinks she can take a man tied to a whiskey bottle and reform him, and I've less use for the coward who'll let her try. Doesn't it seem strange, Agnes, I want you so much that every little nerve and fibre of me tingles and cries out for you, and yet I'd kill myself, I believe, before I'd wrong you by asking you to take me, just as I'd kill any other man who'd wronged you?"

THE heart of the girl thrilled, not so much with the love that throbbed through the speech, and the quiet intensity of it, but because of the realization that the man was far from beaten yet.

"I used to believe you a man who couldn't be beaten, Dick," she answered. "It isn't the defeat, the disappointment that matters. It is the being content to be beaten. Oh, Dick, I've watched it all, and I'd give everything I have to see you stand where you once stood, beaten or winner. I hate to see you a broken, cowed man. If you had just gone down in the fight that would matter little, but to see you afraid, a quitter! It hurts, Dick."

He stared at her in frowning amazement. That view had never occurred to him.

"I hate this whimpering about the downward path!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot, scorn in her eyes. "I hate to see you afraid to meet your friends. I hate to think the drink is more powerful than we are. Dick, I'm jealous of the drink, that means more to you than I am. But I don't believe, I won't believe, the man I used to know has turned coward and shirker."

She had not meant to say so much, but her feeling had mastered her. She turned abruptly and walked away. For some moments he stood and watched her. Then he took a long, deep breath. Something stirred within his breast, an echo from the old life sounded in his ears. His strong figure whipped upright, shoulders squared. He turned from the path and plunged into the woods, away from Silverton. None knew how or where he had gone. A card came later to his employers from a distant town saying he had quit. There was sorrow in many a laborer's cottage for the loss of the big white boss, but in one home great gladness and hope. Agnes knew that the man's face was set again to the uphill trail.



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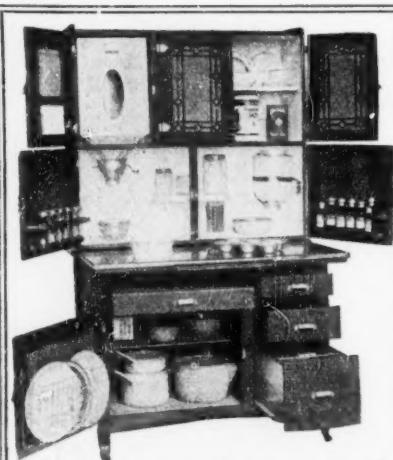
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### VI.

IT came to Agnes Manton as a grievous shock to find her estimate of her father not that of many in their new world. She was observant, and in her growing intimacy with his business affairs, she came across many things that did not accord with her own ideas of strict right and wrong. That he had always been strict in business matters she had known, but she found him unscrupulous in the use of his new power. He paid the lowest wages, drove bargains she considered unrighteous with men's necessities, was relentless in his demands, and ruthless in enforcing them. This came home to her one day with especial force. There was a small farmer named Danford whose land bordered the Manton holdings. Her father wished to buy him out, but the owner did not want to sell, hoping that presently he would be able to follow the example of his neighbors and build fortune on the land that was believed to be rich. The man was land poor, and the property mortgaged. Manton bought the mortgage, demanded payment, and shortly afterwards began foreclosure proceedings. The evening the papers were served, Danford came to the big house in furious wrath. The two men were closeted for some time in Manton's home office. The farmer was a blunt, loud-voiced man, and Agnes could hear him plainly.

"Guess you think you can handle me like you did Dick Falconer," he shouted. Agnes lifted her head and listened now. She could hear her father trying to calm the angry man.

"You are making yourself rich on the toil and sweat of other men, trampling under your feet the weak and crippled," the visitor said. "These mines you are working were located by Falconer. Year after year he labored in heat and cold, and he found the stuff, and you robbed him. He came to your house as a friend, and you made him drunk, forced the whiskey on him, knowing his weakness. He thought the sun rose and set by you. He wouldn't take a drop at the hotel, but he believed he was safe with you. He thought your daughter the grandest thing the world held. I'm saying nothing against her, for she's not like you. That Saturday night and Sunday morning you made the boy whiskey crazy and pumped his secret out of him. He was working on an expired option which he had neglected to renew. He showed you his papers, and you went and bought the property over his head, and ruined him, body and soul. You robbed him of what he'd won by work, stole his self-respect, and manhood, and broke him. Damn you! You killed the soul of as fine and square a boy as this country ever knew. And you think you can do the same with me and mine. Remember, Manton, I'm not Falconer. I'll fight you back not only with law, which is a poor thing in a case like this, but without law. Watch yourself, George Manton."

"You mean to threaten me?" asked the other.

"You bet I do," replied Danford. "I've got a houseful of children at home, and a wife I'd like to see in silks and a fine place

like this. Just you get in the way of that dream of mine and I'll be my own law. I know I owe you money legally. I'll pay my interest, and every cent of that mortgage, but don't try to crowd me, that's all."

AGNES sat white, and in anguish, as she listened to the disclosure. She heard the angry man stamp away, banging the door as final defiance. Then she hastened to her room. She could not look upon her father this night.

The next morning at breakfast he mentioned Danford's visit. He was anxious to ascertain whether she had heard him.

"Yes, I think I heard every word. Did he speak the truth, father?" she asked.

"Truth and its deductions are different things," he replied. "If you mean, have I bought the mortgage on his place, I may say I have. It was an excellent investment, but I do not intend to proceed with foreclosure. It was a move to see if he could be brought to the selling point."

"And the terrible things about Dick Falconer?" she asked. "Were they true, father?"

"You don't understand these things, Agnes," he said. "There are tactics in business that might not pass the scrutiny of the moralist. What may seem wrong to the college professor or clergyman may be expedient in everyday business. Falconer undoubtedly made some discoveries on this property, but you know what he is. Had I not profited by the knowledge he would probably have told it to the gang at the hotel."

"But he said you made Dick drunk, father," she cried. "Set the trap for his feet, spread the net for him. What have you done to the man I loved?" She rose and faced her father.

"You are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Agnes. And please do not join your name to that of the former town drunkard," he answered.

"If I knew where I could find him, and if he would have me, your daughter, I would marry him to-day!" she cried. "Are you not going to make restitution?"

"I am afraid they taught you duty to parents very badly at college. I do not propose to discuss the matter further." And he rose and left the house.

### VII.

AFTER Agnes left her father's home and began her hospital training, the luck of the mine seemed to change. Early promise, to a great extent, failed. Beginning with a rush of prosperity, there came a gradual slowing up. Men were saying that Falconer's Find, as it was called, was a flash in the pan, a pocket discovery. Others shook their heads ominously, for there is a strong Celtic strain in the hills, that studies signs, omens, portents, and believes in good and bad luck. "It came ill and will go ill," they said.

Manton was not the man to put faith in omens or maxims. He spent much money in exploring the property, but without success. The absence of Agnes he felt at first keenly, but she had absolutely refused to remain and enjoy what she considered ill-gotten gains. Now and



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IN THIS PAPER

again she visited him, but preferred to earn her own living.

There had been times when he almost decided to push Danford to the wall, but at the decisive moment the lawlessness of the man's defiance made him stop. There are risks the bravest do not take lightly. It was in the midst of these debates with himself that he received a visit from the farmer.

"I called to say that I'd be obliged if you'll step into the notary's office in the morning at ten," he said. "I want to clear up that mortgage."

"I'll be there," answered Manton, but with a feeling of irreparable loss that he could not explain to himself. "You've been able to get round to it quicker than you expected."

"Yes, farming's pretty good these days," said Danford amiably.

Next morning they finished their business quickly, and stopped to chat a moment.

"They tell me Dick Falconer's back," said the notary, the genial village gossip-vendor. "Dropped off the mail this morning, looking fit as a fiddle. Finished the booze fight, they say. Hasn't touched a drop these four years."

"Are you ready yet to consider an offer for your place?" asked Mr. Manton of the farmer.

"It would have to be a mighty big one, and I'd have to talk it over with Dick," the other replied.

"Dick?" echoed Manton. The other nodded.

"He's been with me these last few months prospecting on my land," explained Danford.

## VIII.

HE came down the trail through the woods again. After the long hospital year the world seemed fairyland, the air sweet and clear, the woods deliciously fragrant. She seemed taller, and slighter, her face paler than formerly. For four years she had heard nothing of Dick. Other men had sought her, but she was wedded to work and memories. She rambled down the path to the spot where she had last seen him. There was a rustle in the grass, and she looked up startled. The man of her dreams stood before her, big, handsome, clear-eyed, with a new fineness and power in his face.

"I knew you'd come," he said. "I sent out a wireless half an hour back. God!" he went on reverently, "what a wonderful girl you are! I didn't know you were so beautiful. Remember the time we stood here, when I was down, and too big a coward to get up?"

She nodded, her face radiant, and spring-time in her heart.

"They say they never come back, Agnes, but they do," he went on. "I'm a winner, honey, so far. I've beaten the mine luck, I've beaten the whiskey. I'm a man again, and I wonder if I'm to be a winner in the big things, Agnes?"

Precisely what she said matters not to the rest of the world. Enough that they went up the trail, his arm about her, in the white noonday sunshine, into the new world that lies just where the blue of Heaven touches the hills of earth.

## The Canadians in Hospital

Continued from page 33

leeches. This is a noticeable feature of all soldier discussions, both British and Colonial. Civilians appear to be more than willing to award generous pensions. So are the soldiers.

AND the wounded Canadian, let it be here recorded, receives the kindest treatment and most wide consideration. The women of the vicinity, irrespective of class, were insistent in their kindness. Like the medical officers, they felt a rush of personal gratitude to every wounded soldier and doubly so to Canadians. These they spoil. Their imagination had grasped the vital points of the worst side of this war more readily than the male civilians had done. The failure of the latter to do so caused common remark in the free-masonry of wounded soldier circles. "Blimey, them blokes don't know they're a war on." "Not awf," I said.

The authorities in general evinced a surprising degree of tolerance for the impatience with which the overseas man treats some phases of the Imperial discipline. The Canadian thinks that his own individual and personal discipline of character is more efficacious than the discipline that presumes the disciplinee to be an imbecile. It was more than tolerance. They expected, nay admired in a shame-faced sort of way, the aggressive insubordination and truculent impatience at petty restraint of the Colonials, as they called all overseas men.

One day a group of Canadians were lounging on the grass idly talking. A sergeant stepped smartly up. "Get out o' here, you men. Jump to it, now!" he added as they did not move. One of them glanced up with a nasty laugh, "Oh, go 'way." The sergeant looked at him. What he saw there made him turn on his heel and go. A sergeant-major strutted up. A "color-bloke" always struts. "Don't you men know you're not allowed here? Get out when you're told." The men continued with their talking with an air of not having heard. "Get out of 'ere. D'ye hear me?"

The man nearest spoke up. "Don't you see I'm talking to my friends?" He seemed mildly pained about it. The sergeant-major retired.

Soon there came a subaltern. He had the appearance of excitement. "What's this . . . ?"

"Now are you going to make an ass of yourself too?" a third soldier enquired good humoredly, albeit impatiently. "Look here. We've come four thousand miles to fight for you, and if we're good enough to fight for you we're good enough to lay on your grass. Besides, we're not hurting it. Why, we thought this was a free country."

The officer turned a dull white.

"You men appear before the C.O. Every one of you."

The men lounged off to their ordeal. What transpired before the Colonel my informant did not know. But the men re-



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**THE LAKEFIELD CANOE COMPANY, LIMITED**



turned and lay on the grass and continued to do so daily.

HERE was a great bond of sympathy between Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians. If their speech differed their mentation did not. The men from the antipodes were more nearly like the British in the modulations of their voices. But they thought in different vein. They had that sense of humor and that breadth of vision that comes with a young civilization that has been swaddled in big places.

There were some Australian bullockys, the equivalent to our muleskinners, and equally proficient in profanity, in another ward. They found, as most men do, that although one must either be wounded or else in a dying condition from disease to gain admittance to hospital in France, one must be possessed of persuasive powers to an unusual degree to get out of one in England. This irritated the bullockys. They felt quite fit. So they set aside precedent and upset convention. Blue clad as they were they scattered on French leave. The hospital staff was shocked, astounded, and finally wound up by being pleased. The incident vastly tickled a countryman of theirs, an elderly major on the hospital staff. He actually taunted mere New Zealanders and Canadians with it.

But woe betide the poor Tommy who sought to emulate these brave deeds. They had just cause for complaint. Even women visitors impulsively fell into the kindly error of singling out Colonials, more particularly Canadians, for especial favors.

"Blimey, it's a bit thick," says Swan. "When she says, 'Oh, are you a Canoy-dien? Won't you please 'ave some cigarettes?' Then, 'Oh, you're not a Canoy-dien!' and takes 'er bleedin' fags away. Bit thick I calls it."

Swan was an old soldier, albeit a young-old one, barrack bred, and could turn his hands to wonderful account. Knitting was his specialty. He might be seen all day long amid great skeins of wool, the long sticks clicking to and fro, the shawls and scarfs growing like things of life. He had an eye to strategy. His daily seat was one of great tactical advantage from a wounded soldier's point of view. It covered the main avenue of approach from that outer world of "fags" and sweets, and sweet young things. Here all the latter must needs stop to admire his work and shower him with the former. From all, Swan, with true Atkinian efficiency at swinging the lead, painlessly extracted gifts of material things, and from the younger, sweeter things. He resented my laughing allusion to spiders and webs.

The soldiers of all countries were warm in their admiration of the Canadian nurses. The press and public incline to a praise of Canadian soldiers that is probably as far removed from the truth as some of their anti-Ypres criticisms were; but praise of the nurses springs from the hearts of individuals and is more to be trusted.

*Continued in next issue*



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Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec," which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

**Hon. Honore Mercier,**  
Minister of Colonization,  
Mines and Fisheries  
Quebec, Que.

## One Manufacturer's Mistake

By RICHARD DAWSON

DONALD DRUMMOND was deep in thought, as he sat in the rotunda of the Windsor Hotel. So engrossed was he with his thoughts that he did not notice his old friend, John Graham, until he was right upon him. "Hello, Graham," says Drummond. "I did not expect to meet you here." "I have been watching you, Donald, for the last half hour, and wondering what has put you into such a brown study." "Well, I will tell you, John, I have just been wondering how many manufacturers in this country make the same mistake that I have. I have been in the manufacturing business for twenty years and I have only just realized what an important matter heating is to the average manufacturer.

"Every manufacturer knows he must have power to run his plant, and he pays little or no attention to heating; he does not realize that heating is a more important item than power. We manufacturers all go and buy the most expensive automatic cut-off engines, and spend no end of time planning to get our power economically, and buy any old rattle-trap to heat our factories.

"You know that new plant I have just put up to make the Drummond Shoes: well, just by chance I ran across a representative of a concern in Montreal, who make all sorts of steam appliances, and they explained to me how important it was to look to the heating of my place. Why, the cost of power in most manufacturing plants is nothing compared with the amount we spend on heating, and by using the appliances these people have to offer, you can use your waste products from power to do your heating.

"I have installed the Webster Vacuum System of heating in my new plant and have just been wondering how much money I have lost in past years by not having it. Why, with this system I can make use of all the steam again that I have used for power and without in any way taking away from the power of my engines. In fact, as I see things now, it does not matter to most manufacturers whether their engines are economical or not, as long as their heating is done economically, as even if your engines do use more steam than others, you can use all the steam that comes from the exhaust for heating and more besides.

"Of course this does not apply to every business; there are a few exceptions, but most manufacturers use more steam for heating than power, and there is not one out of a hundred that sits down and figures this out. I tell you, Graham, if you want to be in the running to-day you have got to look after your heating.

"Darling Brothers, Limited, of Montreal, with branch offices throughout this country provide this system, and sell a lot of other appliances as well that can save you money in operating your plant. They carry the most complete line of steam appliances in Canada. You would make just

as great a mistake in going to law without employing a lawyer, or in trying to nurse yourself through a serious illness without a doctor, as building a factory without consulting them. I tell you, Graham, I have been in the shoe business a long time and know all about making shoes, but I can make shoes cheaper now by using Darling's Steam Appliances. Your business is the roofing business and mine is shoes. You know more about roofing than I do, and I know more about shoes than you do, and Darling's know more about Steam Appliances than either of us. If you don't get them to fix up your heating plant you are not getting all out of your plant that you should."

This is an advertisement and it is also a fact, and it will pay you to think it over.

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# THE BUSINESS-OUTLOOK

## There's a Sound Basis for Prosperity

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—April and May, according to Mr. Appleton, will be as busy months from a business standpoint as Canada has experienced. There's a dearth of labor and it limits the expansion of business, but within these limits the productivity of Canadian soil and the ingenuity of her people can be under present circumstances turned to greater account than at any previous time. Canada is prosperous because her greatest products are the urgent needs of the belligerents.*

A MONTH ago we were able to point out that in Canada during the current twelve months no less than \$610,000,000 will be expended on account of the war, either for the maintenance of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces or the making of ammunition for the Allies. The big orders involved are now being carried out, and new ones are being placed every day. During the last week or two announcements have appeared in the newspapers to the effect that orders running into millions are being added to those already booked. In addition to the orders for shells there have been huge demands for food supplies. Most of the readers of this column will have noticed in the newspapers an order for \$100,000,000 worth of canned rations. Previous to the announcement of this particular order the Chicago newspapers told of Canadian buyers being in that market for hogs with demands that put up the price. To fill such an order no doubt it would be necessary not only to tap the United States supply of hogs, but also to place part of the order with United States factories. These orders and this instance are referred to merely to show what is going on in Canadian factories. It would take more space than is at our command or than could be usefully occupied, to deal with each separate order the writer has knowledge of. Suffice it to say that at no time in Canada's history have the industrial plants been employed so fully.

An obvious feature of to-day is the high wages being paid, and the dearth of labor. When labor is hard to get wages are generally high. That is axiomatic. Such a condition makes business hum. A glance

over the floors of the leading general stores of any city in Canada at the present time during hours of the day when shopping is generally done will leave the impression that the country is very prosperous. Over the counter goods are being sold at high figures and the buyers are not only ready to pay but they want high quality. No better sign need be looked for if one is needed as evidence of general prosperity. If you ask any manufacturer of clothing he will tell you that the mothers are buying plenty of clothes for the youngsters. They have more

money now than they have had for many a day. Even during the boom times of 1912 and 1913 the boys were not better clad nor were mothers as a whole furnished with so much cash to buy the wherewithal they are proud to pay for.

For some reason or other, not quite obvious, outsiders seem to have the impression that Canada should be suffering at the present time, and not prosperous. No other reason for this impression exists than the fact that Canada

*Why Should Not Canada Be Prosperous Now?* seems to dawn across the perceptive faculties of some of our neighbors to the south of the line that

Canada is not Belgium, Servia, or even Germany. She is at war along with other nations of the Empire and will no doubt be at war until the central powers of Europe are vanquished. But Canada happens to have the very resources that are most needed for the maintenance of the Allies' cause. Her great crops are needed as food supply not only in the United States, but in France, Italy, and elsewhere. Her industrial plant was turned to effective account. Shells were produced as rapidly as the more highly developed and older-established plants in England could produce them. Canada, moreover, set an example to Australia which that country is endeavoring to emulate. In this connection let me quote from our esteemed contemporary, *Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News*:

"Broadly speaking, and by virtue of our intimacy with shell manufacturers in Canada since its inception, we are perhaps more familiar than most with what has been actually achieved by our metal-working plants. In addition, it is on record that the editorial columns of this journal furnished the first reliable data on the manufacture of high explosive shells to Australia. One of our special Shell Numbers—July 1, 1915, was reprinted in booklet form in toto, together with the accompanying illustrations, by the Australian Commonwealth Munitions Committee, Melbourne, for the information of Australian manufacturers of munitions. Sufficient evidence is therefore at hand to show that the odious comparison set up and sought to be drawn between the two colonies was ill-conceived."

An eminent Australian authority, the *Engineering and Machinery Review*, says of Canada:

"In the production of munitions Canada has shown a promptitude and a power of organization

ation which leaves every other British community hopelessly behind. From her hastily adapted shops she landed satisfactorily shell cases in Great Britain even before the private factories of that country got going on munitions and by now she has delivered them to the tune of many thousands of pounds."

In addition, therefore, to the great resources of food which Canada has to place at the service of the Allies, she also has the output of splendidly organized munition plants. The wealth outturn of her industries and of her fields has therefore brought about in Canada a state of prosperity that is very exceptional, despite her having sent to the front approximately 200,000 men.

These facts are referred to, not as indicating what business is going to be like during the next twelve months or beyond that period, but to indicate that there is a sound basis for prevailing prosperity. What Canada is spending in maintaining her expeditionary forces is being more than compensated for by the added value the circumstance of war has given to her products. If we give Canada her real place amongst the nations from a business standpoint we will see at once that she is not at all abnormal in being prosperous. For instance, take Japan, one of the least active of the belligerents, who nevertheless did her share in fighting the central powers. She took the initial step to oust Germany out of China. From a commercial standpoint that was a great achievement. But her outlay in proportion to her resources has not been as great as that of Canada. But Canada has greater food resources than Japan. While the floral empire is extremely prosperous at the present time and is likely to continue so, it must be attributed wholly to war. When Germany raided Belgium, Russia and England were entirely unprepared for such a contingency. No country expected or was prepared for the attack. France was in a better position from the standpoint of ammunition than either Russia and England and the two latter countries in consequence had to turn to Japan, the United States and Canada. The effect of this demand upon Japan made that country prosperous, the United States also, then why not Canada? Japan can ship all kinds of ammunition to the Allies, but she has no food supplies to sell in so large a volume as Canada. In both respects, that is, in the supply of food and the supply of ammunition, Canada has exerted and distinguished herself and in consequence the basis of her prosperity at the present is sound. While doing this—a purely commercial part—that other more important part, providing men, has not been neglected.

Standing on the dock, a captain well known in Eastern Canada said to the writer that he had already engaged for his boat several crews. "A week ago," he said, "I retired with a comfortable mind, having signed up all the men I needed. A few days elapsed and three or four of them turned up in khaki. 'Captain, we couldn't resist.' That is all there is to it. The Captain started to engage another crew, and is continuing to do so, but he feels he

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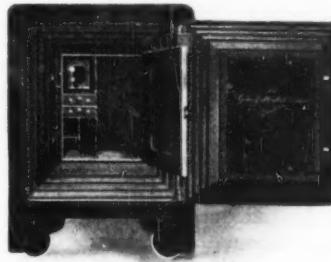
Our Printing Department has a staff of men who know how to present facts in a way that will sell your goods. We aim to give the greatest returns at the minimum of expense, to give to our printed matter typographical excellence that will bring rich harvests.

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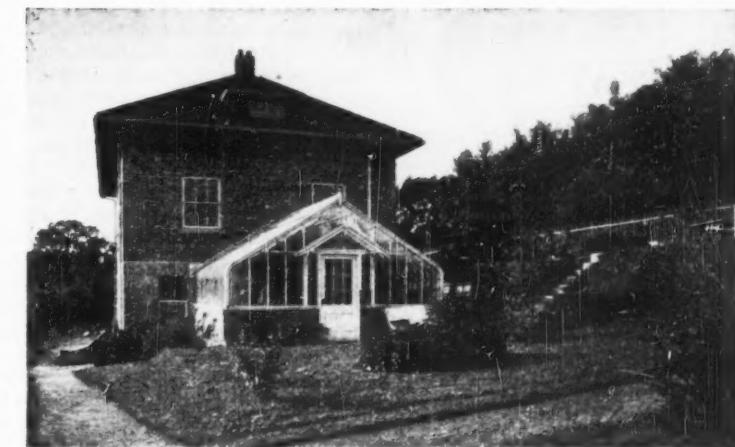
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will never know that he can get a crew until he gets them on the boat and off shore. There are factories all over Canada endeavoring to get adequate help. Quite a number of them actually report reduced output on account of lack of labor. Orders are being offered to them only to be declined. One manager calls female help together once or twice a week and urges them to look out for all the girls they can. At these two-or-three-minute gatherings the point is urged that the prosperity of the factory means steadier employment for the girls. Such is the pressure being exercised to obtain adequate labor. Let us point out here that these factories we have in mind are not employed in making clothing for our forces, but for domestic consumption. For some time dealers all over Canada have been selling from stock as much as possible, and the demands for such stock have been light. Since last fall, however, when so great a crop was evident and the price for the produce of the field was so encouraging, the buying has been steady and is improving. January and February were perhaps a little slack, but as spring advances the demand will become stronger. The people have the money to buy goods and they will buy them. Economy, such as followed the outbreak of war, could not last, as we have pointed out in this column quite frequently. Actual wear and tear have to be replaced. No doubt in prosperous times there are many extravagant people who do not make the best of their boots or their clothes, or get out of them all the wear they have in them. Boots are discarded when the cobbler could have fixed them up and made them presentable; so with clothing. But after the tailored patches have replaced holes, and heels of old boots are cobbled, they will nevertheless wear out, and the time comes when new garments and new shoes are imperative. If the factories stop for a certain length of time and the storekeepers do not keep continuously replenishing their shelves, there is bound sooner or later to be a reaction, and that reaction has come now. So long as the war continues there will be great demands upon Canadian factories. Their competitors in the United States, in Germany, in Britain, in France, Belgium and elsewhere are busily employed or occupied in other things than exploiting the Canadian market. The consequence is that Canada will have to take care of her own trade so long as the war continues, and her industrial plant is none too large for the undertaking. The war also has another effect which we have already referred to, the creating of a great demand for our resources in food and ammunition production. So long as the Allies need our ammunition and need our food supplies, tradesmen in all parts of the country and factories will be fully employed. That fact ought to instil confidence into business generally, the only uncertain factor being the duration of the war.

If Canadian farmers can maintain the good reputation of the last four or five years in so far as production is concerned, the foundations of business prosperity

will be greatly strengthened. Not for a moment is it probable that the crop of the current year will approximate that of last year. Such a phenomenal crop cannot be expected to occur twice in succession. We have the precedent, however, for such a thing in the United States. Last year they had a bumper crop; so they had in the year previous. Canada two years ago had the poorest crop in her history. We were fortunate in that prices that year were high and Canadian agriculturists received as much for their produce as they normally do. Last year was phenomenal. An average crop, say, of wheat for Canada would be about 230,000,000 bushels as against the abnormal crop last year of more than 350,000,000 bushels. It would be imprudent of business men to figure upon more than an average crop, say, of 230,000,000 bushels of wheat, and other grains accordingly. In this connection some rather pessimistic statements have been circulated, one being to the effect that the total acreage prepared for crop in 1915 was 13,372,615 and at the present time not more than 8,038,051 acres are already prepared. There is a nominal diminution of approximately 5,000,000 acres. These figures are not accepted as being reliable; that is, in so far as the final crop acreage is concerned. No doubt land tillage was interfered with in the fall of 1915 by reason of the very heavy crop and in the spring of this year tillage will no doubt be hindered somewhat by hauling grain which could not be shipped at the normal time in the fall of last year. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that a very large acreage of land was prepared for seed. Out of the big crop last year farmers have considerably strengthened their resources in power and implements. It will be noted that at many points in the West car-loads of horses are arriving from other parts of Canada and are being readily picked up by the farmers. It must be noted, also, that in addition to laying in a better stock of horses, greater attention is being given to cattle raising. Implement men report that demands upon them have been quite unusual. One bank manager in a note to the writer said that in his district the recruiting sergeant had taken away about thirty-six men. This fact alarmed him somewhat, and in consequence he discussed the matter with a number of his farmer customers. It was their impression that the loss of this number of men would not materially interfere with the acreage under crop or the amount of grain taken off it. Other means would be found of getting the work done. No doubt the farmers will be equal to the occasion and find some way of serving their country by producing as much as normally they do.

The heavy fall of snow in the West during the winter will be of some assistance to the farmer. Sloughs will be filled, thus ensuring a good crop of feed for cattle, and hay. April will, of course, be the critical month in so far as seeding is concerned. Usually the snow is gone by the commencement of that month and there is little likelihood of any of it being left this



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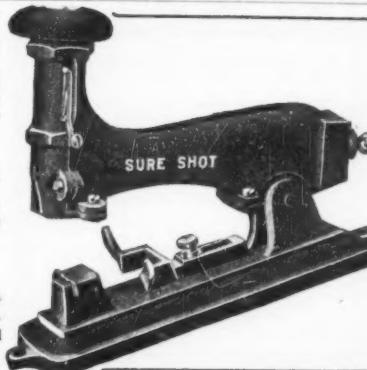
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During February there was a slight expansion in commercial loans and also an expansion in Canadian bank notes outstanding. This is a sure index of increased business activity. When the March returns are available there will, no doubt, be a further expansion along both lines and it will continue through the months of April and May, two months that should rank amongst the busiest in Canadian commercial history. Not only will there be a tremendous accumulation of produce ready for shipment across the ocean but there will be large orders of a domestic character. The great question in those months, April and May, will be that of labor. Canada will gain vastly more by the thorough organization of her industrial resources and in this work there is a splendid opportunity for leaders especially representatives in Parliament who by that right are looked to as the source of activity in mobilizing the labor and industrial skill of the nation.

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## Humor As I See It

Continued from page 13

Worst of all, perhaps, is the modest story teller who is haunted by the idea that one has heard his story before. He attacks you after this fashion:

"I heard a very good story the other day on the steamer going to Bermuda"—then he pauses with a certain doubt in his face—"but perhaps you've heard this?"

"No, no, I've never been to Bermuda. Go ahead."

"Well, this is a story that they tell about a man who went down to Bermuda one winter to get cured of rheumatism—but you've heard this?"

"No, no."

"Well, he had rheumatism pretty bad and he went to Bermuda to get cured of it. And so when he went into the hotel he said to the clerk at the desk—but, perhaps you know this."

"No, no, go right ahead."

"Well, he said to the clerk, I want a room that looks out over the sea—but perhaps—"

Now the sensible thing to do is to stop the narrator right at this point. Say to him quietly and firmly, "Yes, I have heard that story. I always liked it ever since it came out in *Titbits* in 1898, and I read it every time I see it. Go on and tell it to me, and I'll sit back with my eyes closed and enjoy it."

It is, I think, especially in the United States that the sin of story telling is prevalent. The second-hand story not only breaks up and destroys conversation, but becomes the stock-in-trade of the after-dinner speaker, the platform orator, and the political candidate. No man can run for office in the American Republic without at least making a pretense of possess-

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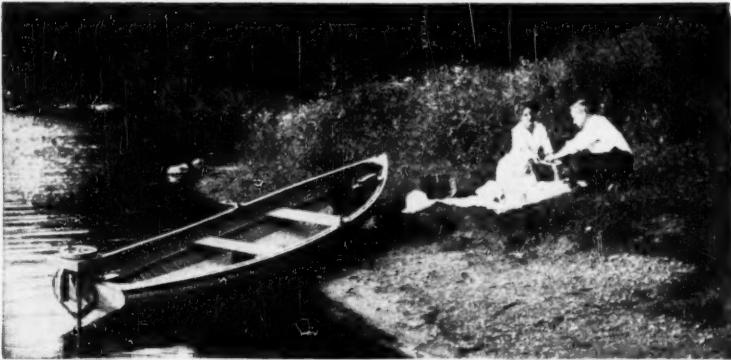
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ing that dry humor which has become an unhappy tradition of American politics. A speaker who would naturally prefer to begin at once his discussion of the Federal Banking Act, is forced by custom to open out, in a shamed-faced, miserable fashion: "They tell a story of an old darky down in Virginia before the war." It would be about as sensible for him to open his remarks with an attempt at a mandolin solo, or black his face and try a buck-and-wing clog-dance to conciliate the favor of his hearers.

The same fault obtains no doubt to a great extent in Canada. In the whole domain of humor, we Canadians stand, as we do in all matters of art and aesthetics, as a middle term between what is British and what is American. We can not fully participate in either. Indeed, our position is somewhat akin to that of the late Duke of Argyll, of whom it was said in Scotland that "his pride o' birth was sic' that he could na' associate wi' men of his ain' intellect, and his pride o' intellect was sic' that he couldn' associate wi' men o' his ain birth." In point of humor, as in all branches of literature, it would seem to me that we have little or nothing to call our own. There is no distinctly Canadian way of being amusing, just as there is no Canadian way of telling a story or writing a song. It is possible to write humorous things *about* Canada, and it is possible to write humorous things *in* Canada (I try to do it myself), but there is, in my humble opinion (reached after forty-six years of effort), no Canadian humor.

We ought not to repine at this, nor at the larger fact that there is no Canadian literature. We cannot have everything at once. We are a new people, made of a variety of elements, strung out in a thin line as if from London to Siberia, not yet amalgamated into a national type. We have all the advantages of boundless future, on the material side, and in art and letters all that comes from an ability to draw upon both British and American sources. The price that we have to pay is that we must of necessity remain long in an imitative stage, consciously or unconsciously adopting the models set by others. The attempt to force an original note,—as seen, for instance, in the typical French-Canadian story, with its everlasting *curé* made-to-order from a black cassock and bad French, and its impossible *habitant*, made with a ragged fur cap and rotten tobacco,—is tiresome beyond words.

But I fear that I am drifting from a magazine article to a professional lecture. Let me return to my subject with what haste I may.

**N**O doubt the story-telling habit owes much to the fact that ordinary people, quite unconsciously, rate humor very low: I mean, they underestimate the difficulty of "making humor." It would never occur to them that the thing is hard, meritorious, and dignified. Because the result is gay and light, they think the process must be. Few people would realize that it is much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's "funny" poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons. Mark Twain's

Huckleberry Finn is a greater work than Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and Charles Dickens' creation of Mr. Pickwick did more for the elevation of the human race—I say it in all seriousness—than Cardinal Newman's *Lead Kindly Light Amid the Encircling Gloom*. Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world. Dickens gave it.

But the deep background that lies behind and beyond what we call humor is revealed only to the few, who, by instinct or by effort, have given thought to it. The world's humor, in its best and greatest sense, is perhaps the highest product of our civilization. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artists or the blackface expert of the vaudeville show, but of the really great humor which, one or twice in a generation at best, illuminates and elevates our literature. It is no longer dependent upon the mere trick and quibble of words, or the old and meaningless incongruities in things that strike us as "funny." Its basis lies in the deeper contrasts offered by life itself: the strange incongruity between our aspirations and our achievement, the eager and fretful anxieties of to-day that fade into nothingness to-morrow, the burning pain and the sharp sorrow that are softened in the gentle retrospect of time, till as we look back upon the course that has been traversed, we pass in view the panorama of our lives, as people in old age may recall, with mingled tears and smiles, the angry quarrels of their childhood. And here, in its larger aspect, humor is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth.

## Behind the Bolted Door?

Continued from page 10

—made up my mind I'd come back, anyway. Things were queer then,—only I wouldn't let myself believe it. I never saw her. And just when I was leaving I heard some crazy, unaccountable sort of knocking—as if some one, up there in her room—”

“How long? How long? How long?” In his nervousness the Judge went to the head of the stairs. “And will you, whoever you may be down there, will you please be quiet, for a moment? . . . Laneham—all of you—listen. Can you hear anything in there now?”

All alike, they fell unbreathingly to silence. And then, halting them where they stood, from far within, and as if given by the muffled, bony hand of death itself, that “crazy, unaccountable knocking” could be heard again.

There could be no doubt of it. And, following it, came a sound of some one, or something, that moved stealthily, and of a door that opened.

“Good Lor—”

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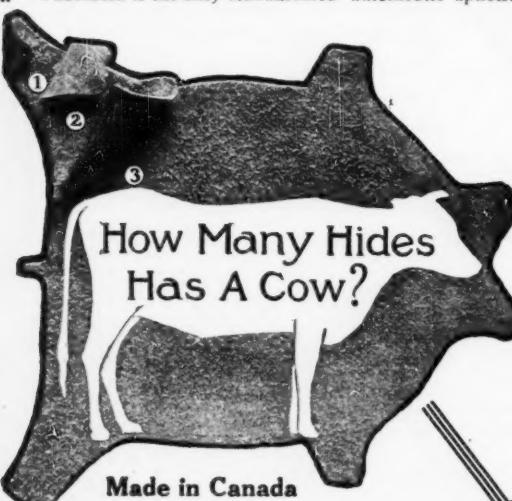
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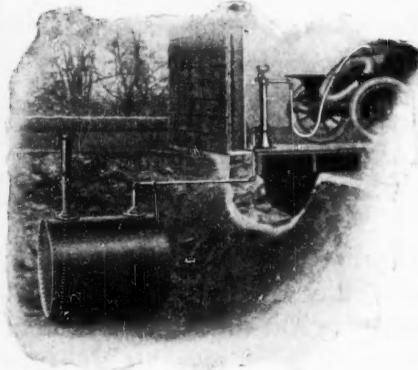
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that hand in cerements had begun to knock a second time.

Even while they listened, too, a third time, and still nearer it sounded. And then—hollowly, sighingly, moaningly—one would have said a soul was being led already to everlasting torture, there breathed out to them, "Oh, God! Oh, my God, my God!"

At the foot of the stairs the woman in hysterics uttered shriek on shriek.

"Down with those doors!" cried Bishop; "down with them, some way!"

But as, qually and quivering, once more he hurled his flaccid bulk against the nearest, a suddenly wafted reek of oil and engine grease came up the little stairs to them. And—"All right, Cap," called some one, thickly; "Comin' Comin'!"

It was the Casa Grande engineer.

"Here's an 'E. P.' man, too," he puffed, "an Electric Protection officer. They've just had a wire alarm—from the inside. Some one's been tryin' to crack the Fisher jew'lry box, that's all."

The "E. P." man—he looked like a bicycle patrolman—was lighting the way with a pocket flash.

"But have you—have you a weapon with you?" Bishop asked him.

For answer he turned the flash upon his other hand, and showed his gun.

"Good. And we're all of us backing you—all of us backing you!"

THE man of oil and grease had brought his ten-pound sledge with him. "Now, just hold your glim steady, Cap," he said, "on that there lock."

He swung. And with a snapping crash of bolt and casing, the door fell open.

"Some of youse coons stay outside," said the engineer.

And they were very willing to.

Meanwhile, following the miniature wheeling searchlight, the others found themselves looking here and there in Mrs. Fisher's morning-room.

But, clearly, it was empty and deserted.

"All right, Bill," said the "E. P." man. "Come on to the next."

The next room was a little library.

"Nobody here."

From the library there opened—the last of the suite in that direction—a tiny panelled writing-room.

"Nothin' doin' here, neither Nor no place for him to hide!"

They took hold of themselves again, and turned back to the rooms on the right.

"You boys stay on the door now. An' Colonel, ready with your little joker!"

The first room on the right was the bedroom, the second was Mrs. Fisher's dressing-room. And both alike were ordered and undisturbed, sweet and delicate and fragrant.

The third, and in that direction the last, was the big "two-floor" room which contained the swimming pool. Its door was closed.

"All right, bo's, he's in there. By G—he's got to be!"

"Ain't no other way out?"

"Only to the hall. An' it's covered now, twice over."

"Then come along."

The "E. P." patrolman opened the door just wide enough to admit his weapon.

"Come out of it, now, friend. For we've got you lined!"

There was no answer, and he pushed inside. For once, too, there was a switch button at the door. And he threw it on.

ABOVE the pool itself—about which the remainder of the room was merely a frame and setting—hung a great, closed, moon-like alabaster bell. Its light shone softly down through the quiet water, bringing out every blue and white tile of floor and walls, and throwing a heavy shadow from the lip-like marble brim of the pool, the edge of which rose some two feet above the floor itself.

To the right, the alcove of a big bay window was screened by a wide green stand of plants. The "E. P." man turned to the left, and started around the pool in that way.

But he had scarcely taken three steps when he stopped.

"It's here, anyway"—it came in a jerk—"wherever he is that done it!"

He began, indeed, to back away. For at his feet, and almost beneath that creamy, marble brim, was one great iridescent, crimson blot. And more of that terrible crimson led them on and around those screening plants.

On a low rattan sun couch in the alcove lay the body of Mrs. Fisher, clothed and girdled in her bath robe. Her temple had been crushed in by some round knobbed instrument. The hole was almost an inch in width. Her throat was blue-black, banded, and horribly tumid. Upon the whiteness of her left arm, where her sleeve had fallen back, were other markings, only too clearly made by fingers. And she had been dead, Laneham told them, for probably two hours.

But that was only a part of it.

The door from that swimming pool to the hall was locked. The key was on the inside. Every door of the apartment was locked; every window. And no detailed searching, taken up again and again, from doors to windows, and from windows to every closet and corner where a man might hide, revealed either murderer or madman, or any way in which he could have made his escape.

### CHAPTER III

OF A MURDER NOTE, THREE SPECIAL DEPUTIES, AND ZANCRAY'S POSTULATE AGAIN

GOOD! Sit down, now. And we're going to stay here for an hour if need be—till our nerves are right again!"

It was the Doctor who was speaking. Taking the Judge with him, he had returned and sought a haven for a time at least at his house. But all the horror of the thing was still upon them both.

"And, Bishy," Laneham continued, "you ask if, after all, it mightn't in some way have been an accident? Then, before we go further, I'll have to show you this."

He took something from his wallet.

ON THIS MATTRESS You can SLEEP 3,000 NIGHTS in comfort

**THE FISCHMAN**  
PATENT MATTRESS

CAN. PAT. MAR. 16/1909 U. S. PAT. FEB. 16/1909 OTHER PATENTS PENDING

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"I hadn't intended to bring it out till later. But I guess you'll have to get it here. I picked it up behind the desk in Mrs. Fisher's little writing-room."

It was a three-inch square of greyish bond such as is often made up into memorandum pads. And it bore a memorandum now. For beneath a death's head in red ink, drawn like a school-boy's caricature,—and somehow the more horrible for that,—somebody had written, with the same pen apparently, the following:

We have now reached the point where it must be either murder or suicide.

And beneath that, in black ink and in another hand:

Couldn't it be made to look like aa accident?

"Do you know the writing below?" the Doctor asked.

"Laney!" Bishop was a strong man and in his eventful life he had experienced much. But at that moment he was only the murdered woman's family lawyer and confidant. "Laney," he said, weakly, "it's Mrs. Fisher's own!"

"I thought so. But you don't know the first writing?"

"No." The Judge's fat round face looked sick and grey. "But it's murder—murder, even if she believed she was consenting. And the cruel devil seems to have written without a tremor!"

"Well, there's this: The writing at least is recognizable enough."

IT was. The script in red ink at the top had the fine, Elzevir-type distinction seen in old manuscripts, and, sometimes, in the label-writing of old druggists.

Bishop had let himself shakily down into a chair.

"Old man," he said, "is there any part of this that we'll ever be able to understand? Even my note from her—why should she have sent for me on this day of all others? And have you learned yet who sent the hurry call that took you to her apartment?"

"No, it went first to my down-town office, you remember. And it's closed now for the night."

"And the woman from across the court in hysterics—who heard the 'argument,' and some one crying 'See, see!' and 'No, no, no!'"

"I had her show me where her windows are. She couldn't have heard anything within ten rooms of the swimming-pool. It's the Fisher servants' quarters that look on hers."

"And that alarm to the Electric Protection people from the jewel safe?"

"They're blocked, too, absolutely. So far, they haven't even been able to locate the safe! The thing is worked into the wall, and probably covered by the built-in furniture somewhere. They always hide them now. And until the E. P. diagram boss gets back—"

"I know, I know. But, Lord, Lord, at bottom, what has all that to do with it? Wall safes and pearls, and a cheap, everyday attempt at robbery! All that is outside—utterly beside the mark!"

Once more Bishop got to his feet.

"I—I don't know what that knocking—that knocking alone—seemed to say to

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you. But it took me straight back to stories my nurse used to tell me of people who'd sold their souls, and then, at the dreadfully appointed hour—"

"Yes, yes! That is the very feeling it put in me."

"And then, the voice! If that was not the voice of the lost man's spirit—But—lost man's? After that, Doctor, after that?" And he pointed to where, before him on the table, there still lay that little memorandum of murder. "Shall I not rather say lost woman's?"

"Easy, now, Bishy. Easy! You know, in a few minutes we'll have to be going back again. Tell me about Fisher. It was you who had to meet him, wasn't it?"

"Yes—and that, too." He tried to smoke again. "Laney, you know they never hit it off—no woman could with a man like him. But, at times like this, I think it's sometimes hardest on the man when he hasn't—when he hasn't played the game."

"No doubt of it."

"I've always detested him, and said so. Even when he comes to the office on business, I make Potter take him. And he'd been at the office all to-day—since morning. I heard him 'phoning her at noon. Daphne Hope was speaking to her, too. And he tried to reach her again when I did, about three. It seems he'd been getting himself in bad somehow only yesterday. . . . She'd threatened to leave him. . . . And he kept telling me about it, over and over again to-night. I couldn't get away from it. . . . But they'd made it up, he says. That's how he came to be bringing Potter home for dinner. And afterward they were all going to 'Carmen'!"

"Could he tell you anything that might offer any light?"

"He wouldn't believe the half of what we had to tell him—any more than the police would. But would any one? Think of how it sounds. The doors bolted. Some one—or something—still there, and yet not there—and the poor woman dead perhaps for hours!"

He turned and smiled at Laneham, unhappily.

"Do you remember, too, what our talk was about, on the way uptown to-day? Crimes and mysteries! You were asking for one?"

"No!—no, thank you!" The Doctor shuddered and drank again. "I prefer something more human and less—"

THE telephone was ringing. He crossed to the desk and answered it.

"Yes. Yes, speaking. . . . Why, D. Hope! . . . Oh, it's the Judge you want? No? Both of us?—Then I'll put him on at the other receiver."

He motioned to Bishop that there was a second instrument behind his chair.

"I'm at the Casa Grande,"—the girl's strong young voice came to them, poignantly and achingly,—"and I was one of Mrs. Fisher's friends, you know."

"Yes—yes."

"But it isn't only that. They—the police—the head detective—are holding Mr. Willings."

To Be Continued

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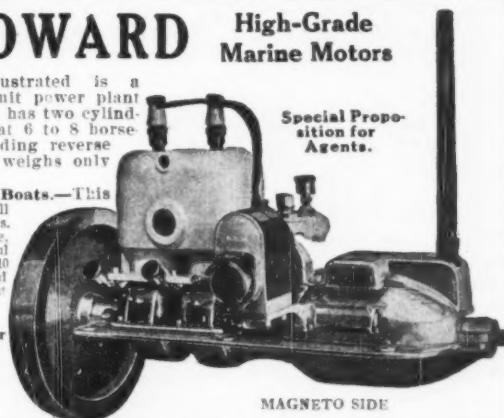
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## Public Speakers in Canada

Continued from page 16

FOSTER speaks and his audience thrills. John Doe, M.P., LL.D., speaks and his audience sneaks out. I wonder why. The general principle of the thing can be briefly suggested. The man who, like Sir George Foster, can, by the play of language, drive your harried old banqueter back to his childhood and make him throw sticks up into the butternut tree and look for hen's nests in the hay-mow, has put self-consciousness into the camphor-bag. His is not a trick of words. It is no trick at all. It is an adventurous imagination, a nature too philosophic to be stubborn or timid in the presence of new ideas, too poetic to lack for wit, too well-schooled in all breeds of human nature to be parochial or stuffy. They gloried over Foster in his journeys through England a few years ago, wrote Oxford-bred sketches of him, superficial and erratic enough to madden a saint. But the sketchers seemed to agree that he scarcely had a superior in the range of British politics, Sir George, perhaps better than any other Canadian follows the law of Lincoln. He breaks his political speeches in two, first convincing the intellect; second, clinching the victory by coaxing the emotions. In other words, he speaks according to plan. So does Sir Wilfrid Laurier. So emphatically, does Lloyd George, and so did Webster, Lord Brougham, Cobden, Beaconsfield, Demosthenes, Cicero, Phillips, Sumner, Gladstone. These men wrote out their speeches in full, well in advance of the time set for delivery. They pruned them, simplified and shortened them and enriched them, until the contents for practical purposes were *verbally* familiar.

Whether with our own few great speakers or those of other times and countries, the introduction, the peroration, and at least a few climactic passages of the speech have been *memorized in every detail*. A speaker who knows exactly how he will begin and has a few ready-prepared arrows for his pausing points, and can swing into his memorized peroration the moment the audience starts to yawn can hardly make a total failure of platform work and certainly is borrowing the thunder of the very gods themselves.

Comparisons between Canadian and British political speakers lead nowhere and therefore cannot be entered in an uncritical piece of family discussion such as this. "Style is the physiognomy of the mind," said Schopenhauer, and for anyone to pretend that the intellectual physiognomy of Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, for instance, could be made the copy-book for Australia or Canada is to pretend that an Icelandic schoolboy could feel comfortable at a Burmese death-dance. Mr. Asquith, similarly, cannot be usefully discussed as the peer or superior of Foster, Laurier and Co., in platform power because in training and opportunity their roads never knew one another's dust.



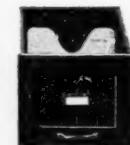
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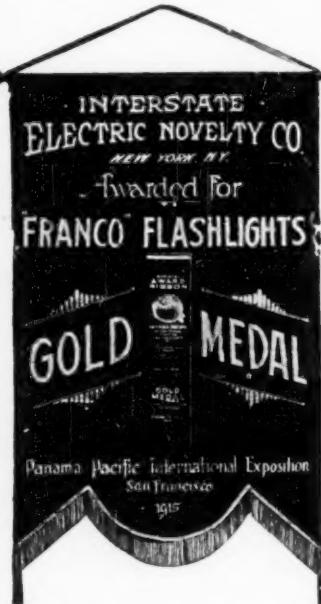
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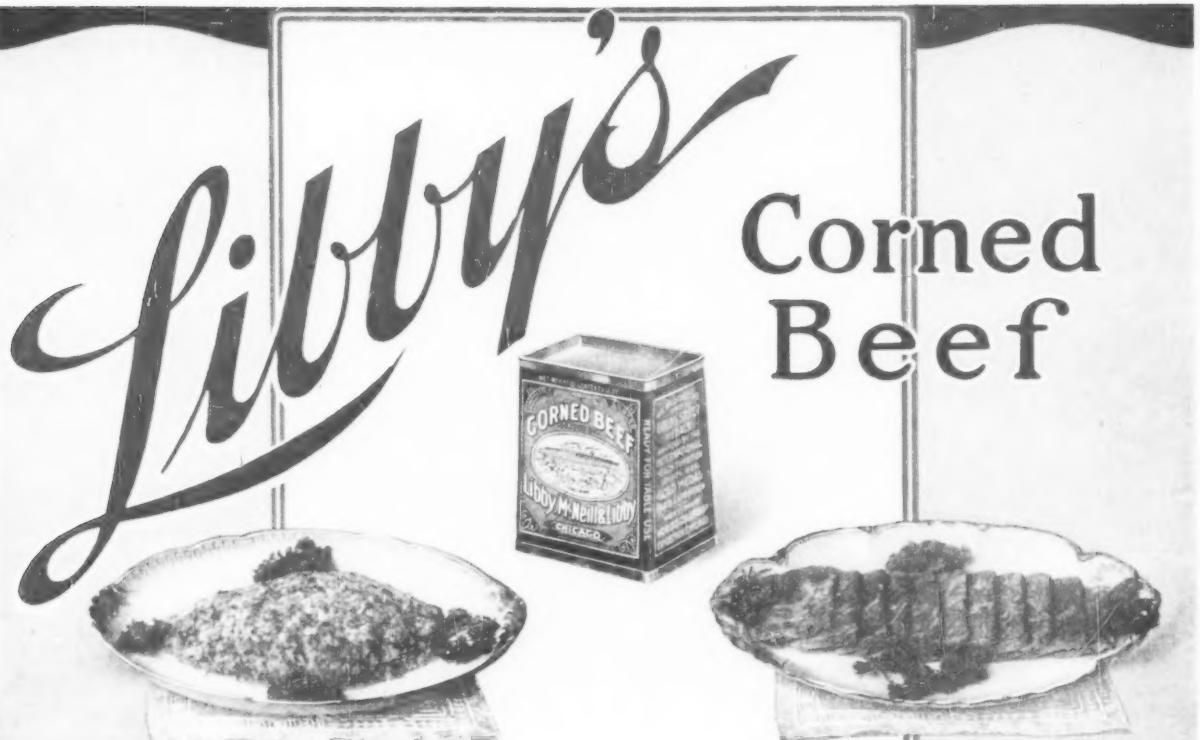
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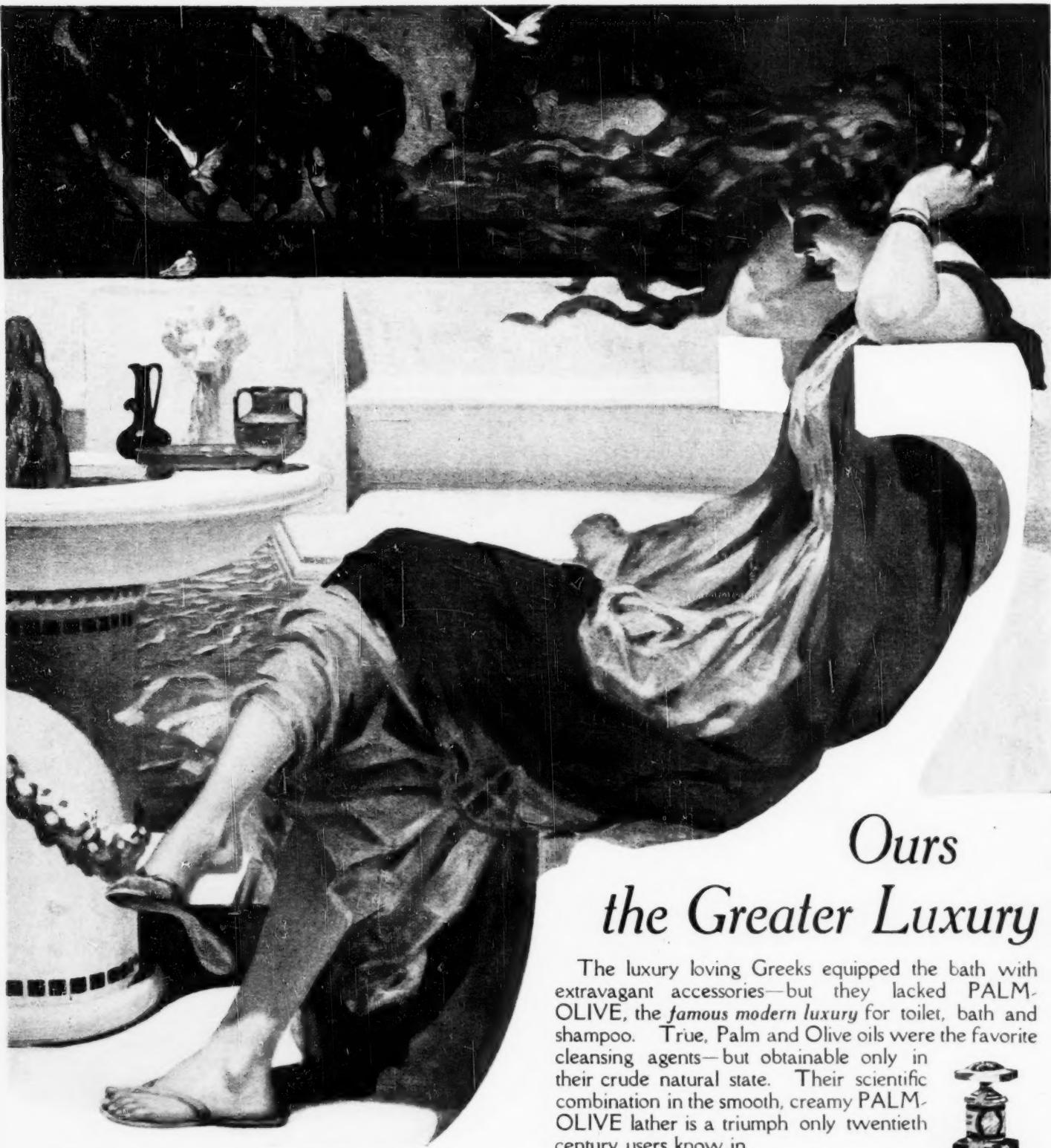
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